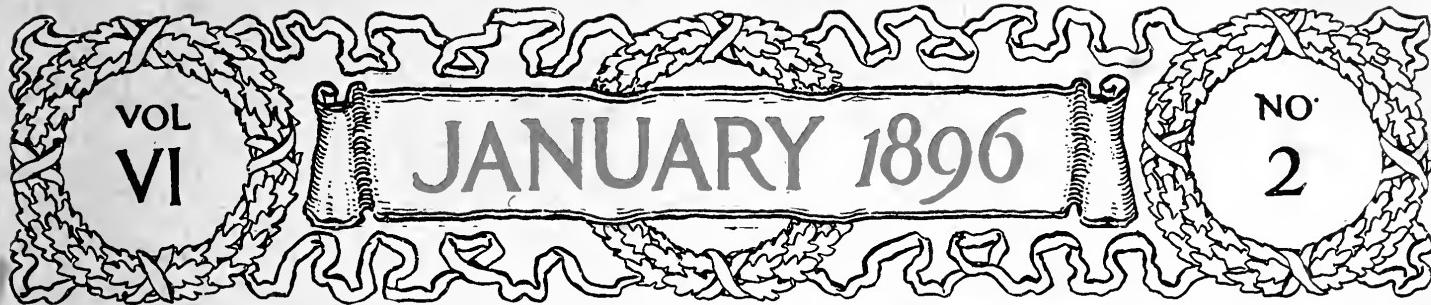
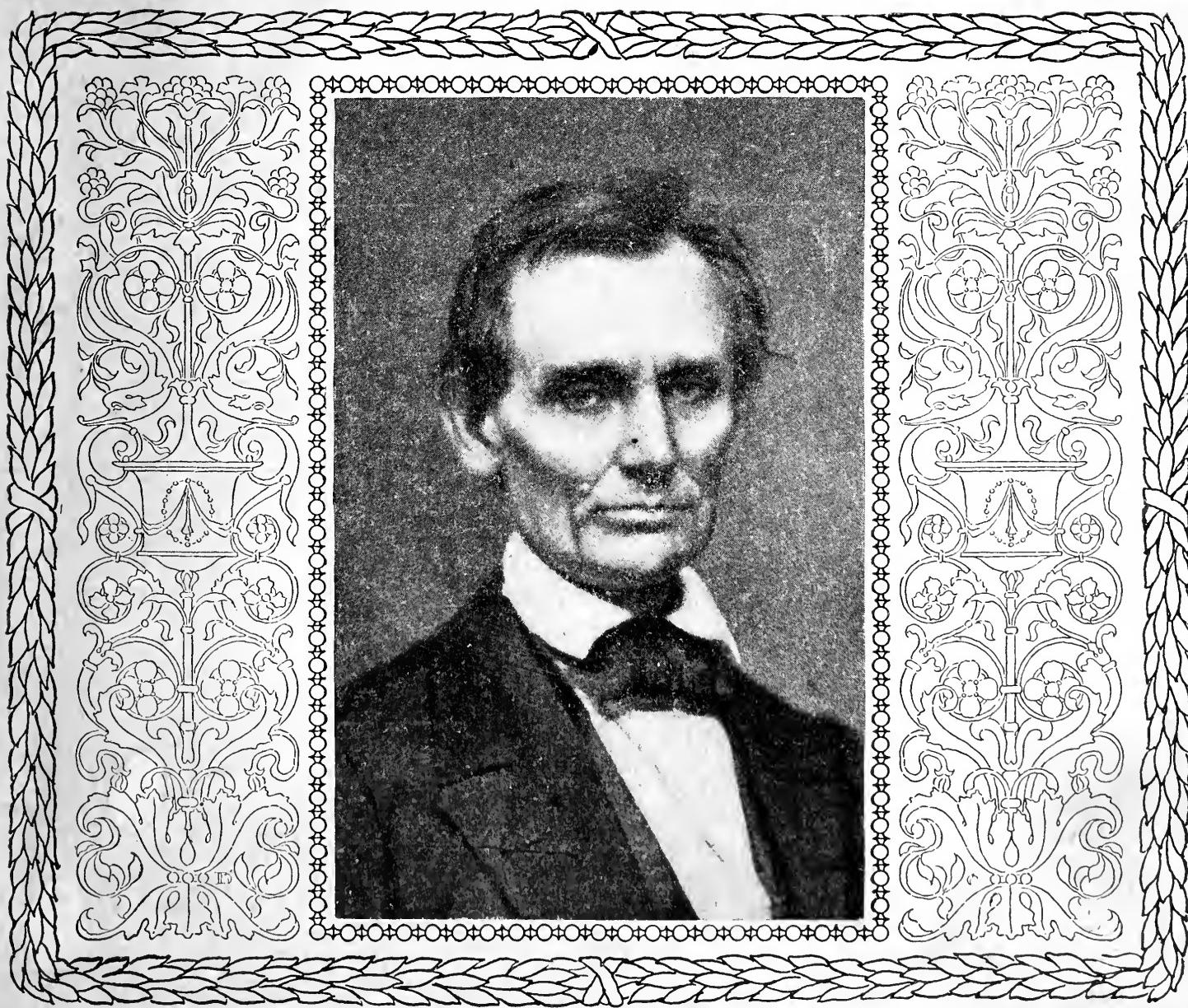


FIRST EDITION 300,000 COPIES  
10 CENTS A COPY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
S. S. MC CLURE · LTD · 30 LAFAYETTE PLACE · NEW YORK

# PEARS

"And fast by hangs  
this pendant to the  
world"—**It's Pears'**—  
The soap that, like a  
rich jewel, brightens  
even beauty's  
charms—  
Matchless  
for the  
Complexion  
—Luxurious  
for the  
bath—and  
cheapest, for  
it lasts longest.

---

All sorts of people use it. All sorts  
of stores sell it, especially druggists.

"You'll  
take  
a cup  
of hot bouillon  
I'm sure!"

It warms, comforts  
and refreshes!"

"Make it myself?  
Oh yes!"

With

*Armour's*

Extract of **BEEF**

It's so easy, and  
the matter of a moment. Simply add  
boiling water and a pinch of salt."

**Armour and Company**  
Chicago -



# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1896

I.	<b>Abraham Lincoln in 1861.</b> From a rare photograph. <i>Frontispiece</i>	114
II.	<b>Abraham Lincoln.</b> Lincoln as Storekeeper, and Soldier in the Black Hawk War . . . . .	115
	With 25 pictures, including 3 portraits of Lincoln.	
III.	<b>Eugene Field and his Child Friends</b> . . . . .	137
	With portraits, including the last portrait of Mr. Field.	
IV.	<b>Poems of Childhood by Eugene Field</b> . . . . .	140
	With portraits of the children to whom the poems relate.	
V.	<b>A Century of Painting.</b> Notes, Biographical and Critical—Art of France in the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century—David and his Followers . . . . .	145
	With reproductions of famous paintings by David, Prud'hon, Gérard, Boilly, Lethière, Girodet, Madame Lebrun, and Gros.	
VI.	<b>The Defeat of Blaine for the Presidency.</b> <i>Murat Halstead</i>	159
	With portraits, and facsimile of a letter written by Mr. Blaine just after his defeat, and hitherto unpublished.	
VII.	<b>The New Statue of William Henry Harrison</b> . . . . .	172
	With picture of the statue and portrait of Mrs. Harrison.	
VIII.	<b>The Silent Witness.</b> A Story. With pictures	175
IX.	<b>The Sun's Light.</b> With pictures	187
X.	<b>Chapters from a Life.</b> Life in Andover Before the War. With pictures	191
	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps	
XI.	<b>The Wager of the Marquis de Mérésailles.</b> A Zenda Story. With pictures	198
	Copyright, 1895, by A. H. HAWKINS.	
XII.	<b>Miss Tarbell's Life of Lincoln.</b> Letters and Comments from John T. Morse, Jr., Edward Everett Hale, T. H. Bartlett, Joseph Medill, Murat Halstead, and others	206

Terms: \$1.00 a Year in Advance; 10 Cents a Number. Subscriptions are received by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers.

BOUNDED VOLUMES II, III, IV, and V, handsomely bound in linen, carriage prepaid, \$1.25 per volume; in buckram and gold, \$1.50 per volume.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if returned post-paid and in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes, for 75 cents per volume for the linen binding, and \$1.00 for the buckram and gold binding. Missing numbers will be supplied at the regular subscription price of 8½ cents a copy, excepting the numbers from August, 1893, to May, 1894, inclusive, which are 15 cents a copy.

*The numbers for June and July, 1893, are out of print. Orders for Volume I can be filled only when these numbers are supplied.*

We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine. All numbers for exchange should be marked on the cover with the sender's name.

Remittances should be made by draft or money order. Indexes will be supplied, upon application, to subscribers who wish to do their own binding.

S. S. MCCLURE, President  
JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Treasurer  
ALBERT B. BRADY, Secretary

**S. S. MCCLURE, Limited**  
30 Lafayette Place, New York City

NOTE.—The publishers of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE furnish literary matter to a group of American newspapers. This branch of their business is known as The Associated Literary Press. Occasionally, articles and stories purchased by S. S. McClure, Limited, are published both in the newspapers of The Associated Literary Press and in the Magazine. Many of the articles and stories, however, and all of the pictures, receive first and exclusive publication in the pages of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office, June 9, 1893.  
Copyright, 1896, by S. S. MCCLURE, Limited. All rights reserved.

# Scribner's Magazine

## *Important Features*

### ROBERT BLUM'S

Decorative Painting for the Mendelssohn Glee Club. Illustrated.

### BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING

By T. R. SULLIVAN. Beautifully illustrated.

### WATER-WAYS TO THE LAKES

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARKE, the well-known engineer. With many illustrations.

### TOBOGGANING

A New Sport. How it is enjoyed in Canada and Switzerland. Copiously illustrated.

### FRED'K LOCKER

The English Litterateur. By AUGUSTIN BIRRELL. With portrait.

### STORIES

By J. M. BARRIE, JOHN HEARD, BLISS PERRY, etc.

for January (now ready) is representative of the varied and entertaining character of the programme for 1896.

## MR. BARRIE'S SERIAL

Ever since the publication of his famous story "The Little Minister," Mr. Barrie has been hard at work on a still greater novel, the opening chapters of which appear in the January SCRIBNER'S, entitled "**SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.**" It is a most charming story of life in London and Thrums, into which are brought many of the characters which have made Barrie's stories so fascinating and so tenderly human. It will be the chief serial in 1896. Illustrated.



## THE HISTORY SERIAL

by Pres. ANDREWS is absorbingly interesting as it approaches the present time. The January instalment, "**A DEMOCRAT AT THE HELM,**" deals with the first administration of President Cleveland. As the government was put into the hands of the Democrats in 1884, for the first time in more than 20 years, these years of the Presidency of Mr. Cleveland were of great public concern, and President Andrews describes the course of events with a remarkably picturesque and vivid pen. The illustrations are especially interesting.

## TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS

have been added, devoted to present-day topics, entitled "**ABOUT THE WORLD,**" and upon art subjects, entitled "**THE FIELD OF ART.**" "The Point of View" will be continued as usual.

## TWO YEARS FOR \$4.50...

The subscription price to SCRIBNER'S is \$3.00 a year. For \$4.50 we will send all the numbers for 1895 and give a full year's subscription for 1896.

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York**

# Interesting Books

## AN ORIGINAL WAGER

BEING A VERACIOUS ACCOUNT OF A GENUINE BET. By A VAGABOND. Illustrated by George Michelet. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

\*\* An account of a unique experience—a story of six weeks in France, during which the hero raced on foot, on bicycle and horseback, tried to beat the swimming record, etc., also raced on horseback against the champion lady cyclist of the world—told with brightness and vivacity. (*Just Ready.*)

## CHESS NOVELTIES

And Their Latest Developments. With comparisons of chess openings of the past century and the present, not dealt with in existing works. By H. E. BIRD. With diagrams. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"To the chess expert Mr. Bird's book is indispensable. . . . This book is a study of tabooed openings, showing their merits." —*New York World.*

## THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY (FRANCES BURNEY)

With notes by W. C. WARD, and prefaced by LORD MACAULAY'S Essay. With Portraits. In 3 vols., smooth dark blue linen boards, \$2.25 per set; or in "Roxburgh" style, cloth, gilt tops, \$3.00 per set, boxed.

\*\* The Diary of the author of "Evelina" contains most sprightly and entertaining anecdotes of fashionable and Court Society of the Reign of George III., as well as the literary circles of the latter portion of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, etc., etc.

## A POWERFUL STORY OF THE LANCASHIRE COTTON MILLS

### THE SHUTTLE OF FATE

By Miss C. WHITEHEAD. With full-page Illustrations by Lancelot Speed. Cr. 8vo, cloth, \$1.25.

### FOR ALL WHO LOVE A HORSE

### THE HORSE

Its Varieties and Management in Health and Disease. How to Choose, Stable, and Keep Him; with chapters on Vices, Breeding and Breaking. By Prof. ARMATAGE, M. R. C. V. S. With many Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

### THE CANARY

Its Varieties, Management and Breeding. With colored Illustrations of the choicer varieties, and much interesting information and anecdote for bird-lovers. By Rev. FRANCIS SMITH. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

### BIRD-KEEPING

A Practical Guide for the Management of the Various Varieties of Singing and Cage Birds. By C. E. DYSON. With Illustrations, plain and colored. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

### HERALDRY: ANCIENT AND MODERN

Including Boutell's Heraldry. Edited and revised, with additions. By S. T. AVELING. With 488 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

An excellent elementary work on a very fascinating historical study.

*Of all booksellers, or post-paid, on receipt of price, by*

**F. WARNE AND COMPANY**

3 Cooper Union, New York

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## MISS PHELPS'S GREATEST STORY

### A Singular Life

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Second Edition. 16mo, \$1.25.

"It is not the mere story that makes 'A Singular Life' so interesting, but rather the manner of its telling and the richness of detail Mrs. Ward has found in the simple New England life of a hill village and a coast town. The book abounds in sketches of character, some of the lowest types, and touching all grades of society possible in that environment. These are all remarkably good. The descriptive passages are lucid and powerful, and the play of humor is delightful. . . . This very readable story is fresh, bright, graphic, deeply pathetic, eloquent, powerful."

—*New York Times.*

"No American novel, since the days of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' has approached 'A Singular Life.' Into this book has gone the perfection of Miss Phelps's powers in all their maturity."

—LILIAN WHITING, in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## The Village Watch-Tower

By Mrs. WIGGIN, author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc. 16mo, \$1.00.

"They are not exactly stories, judged by the conventional standard, yet each of them in its way presents a revelation of certain phases of New England life with a subtlety of insight and a completeness of range that the most rigid adherent of the formal rules of story-writing might perhaps not be able to surpass." —*Boston Beacon.*

"Dainty and excellent work. . . . For directness, simplicity, and charm we think Mrs. Wiggin imitable."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

## HOPKINSON SMITH'S NEW BOOK

### A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH, author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "A Day at Laguerre's," etc. 16mo, \$1.25. Large-Paper Edition, limited to 250 copies. A beautiful book. \$3.00 net.

This book contains nine thoroughly interesting stories, told in the delightful manner for which Mr. Smith is famous.

### The Life of Nancy

A new volume by SARAH ORNE JEWETT. 16mo, \$1.25.

"Among recent volumes of short stories, 'The Life of Nancy' is one of the most delightful. . . . As we often have said before, in our judgment no other writer surpasses Miss Jewett in intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of New England character or in the ability to describe it effectively."

—*The Congregationalist, Boston.*

"Miss Jewett's charm is perennial." —*New York Times.*

### A Century of Charades

By WILLIAM BELLAMY. A hundred original charades, ingenious in conception and worked out with remarkable skill. Sixth Thousand. 18mo, \$1.00.

Mr. HENRY A. CLAPP, the brilliant lecturer on Shakespeare's plays, pronounces this "the cleverest work of its kind known to English literature," and adds: "In invention, ingenuity, wit, humor, and cunning, but always honorable craftiness, it far surpasses all its predecessors."

Sold by Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, by

**HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.**

BOSTON; 11 East 17th Street, NEW YORK

# T. Y. CROWELL & CO.'S NEW BOOKS FOR 1895

## CROWELL'S NEW ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY

THE publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in their efforts to make this new line of standard books the finest that has ever been produced at so low a price. The paper, type, illustrations, and bindings are of the highest excellence, and the substantial character of the volumes in this series renders them specially appropriate for Holiday Gifts. Among them may be mentioned DUMAS' two masterpieces, "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO" and "THREE MUSKETEERS," VICTOR HUGO's immortal work "LES MISÉRABLES," EUGÈNE SUE's world-famous romance "THE WANDERING JEW," BLACKMORE's prose idyl "LORNA DOONE," JANE PORTER'S "SCOTTISH CHIEFS," "TENNYSON," "KEATS," "MOORE," etc., etc.

Bound in 2 vols., Boxed, \$3.00 per Set, full 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Top.

Bound in 2 vols., Boxed, \$3.00 per Set, full 12mo, White Back and Gilt Top.

Bound in 2 vols., Boxed, \$6.00 per Set, Half Calf, Gilt Top.

(A FULL LIST WITH DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION.)

### Famous Leaders Among Women.

By SARAH K. BOLTON. Illustrated with Portraits, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Mrs. Bolton, in her long series of biographical writing, makes biography as entertaining as fiction. This is one of the most charming of Mrs. Bolton's "Famous" books.

### CROWELL'S POPULAR EDITION OF HANDY VOLUME CLASSICS

Beautifully printed on fine paper, and bound in a unique style. 47 vols., 18mo, white back, fancy paper sides, per vol., 50 cents

### THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN, CRANFORD, TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, SESAME AND LILIES, LADY OF THE LAKE, LALLAH ROOKH, ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS, PAUL AND VIRGINIA, LUCILE, Etc., Etc.

Just the thing for a dainty, inexpensive gift. A full list of titles and descriptive list sent on application.

 ASK FOR CROWELL'S EDITION—THERE ARE MANY CHEAPER EDITIONS, BUT NONE THAT COMPARES WITH OURS IN STYLE AND QUALITY.

**Ekkehard.** A Tale of the Tenth Century. By VON SCHEFFEL. With photogravure illustrations, 2 vols., 16mo, full gilt side and back, gilt top, \$2.50; half calf, \$4.50.

Good judges of literature put "Ekkehard" in the very forefront of historical novels. It has gone on increasing in popularity till now nearly 150 editions have been published.

### Dear Little Marchioness.

The Story of a Child's Faith and Love. With introduction by BISHOP GAILOR of Tennessee. 1 vol., 8vo, 60 pages, 3 illustrations by W. L. TAYLOR, cloth, \$1.00.

**Cuore.** By EDMONDO DE AMICIS, translated by ISABEL F. HAPGOOD. Illustrated edition. 8vo, \$1.50.

An Italian Schoolboy's Journal. Twenty-one characteristic full-page cuts by Italian artists. In this new and attractive form "Cuore" will have additional interest for the schoolboys of America.

### Children's Favorite Classics.

Few books written for young people possess greater merit or have had a wider popularity than the volumes in this series.

Fully illustrated. Colored frontispiece. Cloth back, fancy paper sides, 16mo. Each 75 cents. 8vo edition with colored borders, attractively bound in white and colors. Each \$1.25.

Alice in Wonderland	Lob Lie by the Fire
Through the Looking Glass	Peep of Day
Jackanapes and Daddy Darwin	Carrots
Story of a Short Life	Black Beauty
Little Lame Prince	Cuckoo Clock
Adventures of a Brownie	Water Babies

 DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION.

**Under the Old Elms.** By MARY B. CLAFLIN. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

TWO NEW BOOKS BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

### Dr. Miller's Year Book.

A message for each day in the year. 16mo, ornamental binding, gilt top, \$1.25, flexible levant, full gilt, \$2.50.

**The Hidden Life.** 16mo, unique binding, gilt top, 75 cents.

Dr. Miller's works are so well known that they need no extensive advertising. They are a source of delight to many thousand readers all over the land, and their essential qualities may be summed up as "Sensible," "Practical," "Devout," and "Interesting."

For sale by all Booksellers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

**THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., Publishers, 46 East 14th St., New York**

**JUST PUBLISHED**

❖

**Josiah Allen's Wife's  
GREAT  
NEW BOOK**

❖

Nearly a million copies  
of Josiah Allen's Wife's  
books have been sold . . .



**AGENTS WANTED**

❖

**Over 100 Drawings  
BY  
C. de GRIMM**

❖

Whose illustrations in  
"SAMANTHA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR"  
made such a great hit . . .

# "*Samantha in Europe*"

She that is Josiah Allen's Wife has once more turned her back, and her faithful pardner's back, on Jonesville and on all the Jonesvillians, and has ventured boldly over the threshold of the Old World.

Their adventures in strange cities and royal palaces and out-of-the-way places were most strikin' and skairful, and also humorous in the extreme. They visited **England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales**; also **France, Germany**, etc. What with seeing sights and hobnobbing with distinguished men and women, and getting her pardner out of some ridiculous plight almost every five minutes, Samantha's sojourn in Europe was **one round of excitement** never to be forgotten.

"I tell you, Samantha," exclaimed Josiah, on the steamer, homeward bound. "We *must* make a book of it. My! what a sensation it will make."

"What a sensation your crazy antics will make, you mean," replied Samantha, with unrelenting scorn. "You, a deacon of the Methodist Meetin'-House, and old enough to know better! But I'm a-goin' to put 'em all in, every one, even if they do make a sensation. It will teach you a lesson."

**"Over 700 pages of fascinating interest and rollicking fun"**

"How many delightful evenings will be spent over her new book, 'Samantha in Europe'!"

—*The Christian Guide*, Louisville, Ky.

"The tendency of her books is good, and they are sources of amusement which have few equals. Miss Holly can be pathetic as well as funny, and she is very much in earnest about things of which she writes in a jocular style. Her humor has a decidedly healthful moral tone."

—*The Commonwealth*, Boston.

"Josiah Allen's Wife's fun is not farfetched, but easy and spontaneous. She is now witty, now pathetic, yet ever strikingly original." —*New York Herald*.

"Samantha's books will take away the blues, mitigate the hard times, enliven the household, make merriment, and diffuse good cheer around the fireside."

—*The American Grocer*, New York.

"As a humorist, Miss Holly is first among living writers."

—*The Sentinel*, Rome, N. Y.

## · · · · · AGENTS WANTED · · · · ·

With its **profound interest, depth of wit, genuine humor**, and sound philosophy, this book will sweep all before it. Not only Americans, but English, German, French, and other folk are eager to read it. As many copies can easily be sold as were of all Samantha's other books combined; **nearly a million**. **Wide-awake agents** know what this announcement means—a bonanza to those who secure territory at once. Elegant outfit, \$1.00. Address as below.

Illustrated with over 100 comical drawings by the famous artist and cartoonist, **Baron C. de Grimm**, winner of the New York Herald \$2,000 Prize, offered to the leading artists of the country for the best series of cartoons.

### PRICES BY MAIL OR FROM AGENTS

Large 8vo—size 6½ x 9; over 700 pages. Elegantly bound. Cloth, with Gold and Silver Designs, \$2.50; Half Russia, \$4.00.

**FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers**

**30 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK**

# THE ART INTERCHANGE FOR 1896

The Oldest, Best, and Most Complete Art and Household Monthly Magazine

Indispensable to Art Workers and an invaluable guide in all Branches of Home Decoration. Each number lavishly and beautifully illustrated and accompanied by large full-size design supplements and exquisite fac-similes of oil and water color paintings \$5.00 per copy, at all dealers.

Yearly Subscription, \$4.00.

Trial, three months, \$1.00.

## NEW FEATURES FOR 1896

include, among others:

A Series of Papers on FLOWER PAINTING, prepared exclusively for The Art Interchange by Paul de Longpré, the greatest living flower painter; a series on HOUSE DECORATION, by Mary E. Tillinghast, who has earned the distinction of being the most successful woman in her field; a series on MODELING IN CLAY, by the sculptor, William Ordway Partridge; and a series on INDUSTRIAL ART, by Howard Fremont Stratton, Art Director of the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art.

The magazine will surpass all preceding volumes, and its position as the first of its class will be preserved.

FOR ONLY 25 CTS. will be sent to any address a specimen copy—Superb Christmas Double Number—containing 2 design supplements and the 2 remarkably exquisite color plates shown in this adv't. This is unquestionably the handsomest number ever issued. Cover in two colors. Richly illustrated and filled with appropriate topics and suggestions for home work. Every reader of McClure's should have a copy.



MADONNA—IN COLORS. Size, 10x16½ inches. Price 30cts., if sold singly.

## The Departments Embrace

Decorative Art, Illustration, Biographies of Artists, Sketching, Wood-Carving, Home Decoration, China Painting, Architectural Plans, Painting (oil and water colors), Photography, Art Criticism, Artistic Photography, Embroidery, Art Notes and News, etc., etc.

## Subscribe Now for 1896

and secure one of the special offers named below; you will be well rewarded for the investment.

FOR \$4.00 you will receive The Art Interchange for 1896, with all color and other supplements, and will get, as a premium, FREE—

### OFFER No. 1

12 Superb Oil and Water Color Pictures, 12 Art Work Design Supplements, and 6 Attractive 1895 numbers of THE ART INTERCHANGE, all beautifully illustrated, and full of valuable information on art matters and home decoration

### OFFER No. 2

Or, if you prefer china designs, instead of Offer No. 1, we will send you as a premium, FREE, a Choice Collection of 20 Sheets, containing a great variety of beautiful designs in color for china painting.

### OFFER No. 3

Or, as a premium, we will give you 3 Months Free—that is, for \$4.00 you will get THE ART INTERCHANGE for 15 Months.

When remitting be sure and state which of these liberal offers you want as a premium, and mention Jan.'96 McClure's Our 1896 Catalogue sent for 2-cent stamp.



ROSES—WATER COLOR. By PAUL DE LONGPRE. Size 8x35 inches. Price 50 cents, if sold singly.

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 152 WEST 23d STREET, NEW YORK



**IMPERIAL HIGH ARM SEWING MACHINE**  
Guaranteed 10 Years, shipped direct from factory on 10 days trial. No money in advance. Send for catalogue, we save you \$20.00 to \$30.00 on every machine, Freight paid. CHAS. RAISER MFG. CO., 62-64 CLYBOURN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

**A (FOWL) TIP.** \$15 Incubator, 100 egg. Self Regulating and guaranteed. Brooder \$5, 150 chick. Circular free. 4c for catalogue D. Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, O.

**SILVER-BRIGHT, STEEL-STRONG ALUMINUM COMBS**

Teeth keep clean, positive benefit to hair and scalp, and never break. Made in twelve styles and sizes. Prices from 25c. to 75c.



A comb like this for men, five inches long, in case, by mail, 25c. THE STAR ALUMINUM CO., Cincinnati, O.

## Who Were Your Ancestors?

RECORD THEIR NAMES IN THE  
Continuous Family Genealogy  
A New Record Book for  
A Complete Family History,  
Of Past, Present, and Future Generations.  
Sold by Booksellers, and by the Publishers.  
Send for Circular with Full Information.

Arms Publishing Co. 341 Asylum St. Hartford, Conn.



**School Pins.** Raised metal letters, any initials, if not more than four, with class colors. Sterling Silver 25c. \$2.50 per doz. Silver plated 10c. 1.00 per doz. Katalog for '96 free.

No. 26-F. McRae & Keeler, Attleboro, Mass.

# A NEW LIBRARY

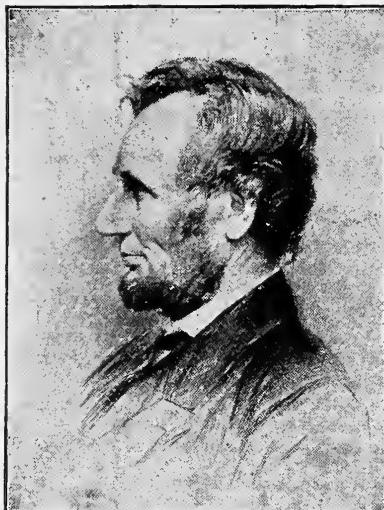
"UP TO DATE"

In artistic bindings—a Superb Gift. 1,100 pages, fine illustrations, boxed and prepaid to any address. Send for description.

## SOLICITORS EMPLOYED

**Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, 47 East Tenth Street, NEW YORK CITY**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AGE 52

THE FINEST PORTRAITS OF  
America's Heroes, Statesmen and Jurists

Published by CHAS. BARMORE 280 Broadway  
.... NEW YORK ....

*Artist Proof Etchings and Mezzotints. Limited Editions*  
Two cents for List, etc.

CHARLES BARMORE, Esq., Publisher,

*Dear Sir.—I have received a copy of the new portrait of my father by T. Johnson, and am very glad to have it.*

*It is an artistic reproduction of one of the two photographic portraits of him which I value most highly.*

Very truly yours, ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

THE BEST FASHION PAPER

VOGUE



# VOGUE

A WEEKLY PAPER  
FOR INTELLIGENT  
GENTLEWOMEN

## ATTRACTIVE FEATURES

Smart fashion designs

Leading essays on social topics

Unique short stories

Literature, Music, The Stage

Investment intelligence

Domestic pets

Well written articles on dress

Millinery

Questions from correspondents

Political matters

Whist questions

Verse, Humor

## ABUNDANT ILLUSTRATIONS

\$4.00 a year

\$1.00 for 3 months

Sold by all first-class newsdealers at ten cents a copy  
No free samples

Address, Head Office

VOGUE, 156 Fifth Ave., New York

## BOOKS AT LIBERAL DISCOUNT

When calling, please ask for Mr. Grant  
Whenever you need a book  
address Mr. Grant

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices, sent for 10-cent stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Books

23 West 42d Street, New York

Mention this advertisement and receive a discount

## AUTHORS' AGENCY

**Fourth year.** . Criticism, Revision, Disposal. Writers' supplies. All work between  
**Author and Publisher.**  
References: Noah Brooks, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, W. D. Howells, Mrs. Moulton, C. D. Warner, Mary E. Wilkins, and others. For rates, references, notices, send stamp (loose) to  
**Wm. A. Dresser, Director,**  
65 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.  
Please mention "McClure's."

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## I TEACH BY MAIL

Crayon, Pastel, India Ink, Water Color and Oil Portrait Painting by a new copyrighted method. I give diploma to each student and secure paying situation for all graduates. Does not require special talent; a child can learn. My terms and prices are within reach of all. If you wish to learn a good profession by which you can make money at any place and at any time, or if you wish to make money in spare time, or parents want children to learn a profession, send me a postal to-day; it will bring free instruction by return mail; also, terms for parties wishing to come to my school. Have been established in this city since 1882. Refer, by permission, to any bank, commercial agency, or mayor of this city, and to my students.

H. A. GRIPP, German Artist,  
Sole Owner of Gripp's Art School, Tyrone, Blair Co., Pa.

## TOKOLOGY A COMPLETE HEALTH GUIDE

Mrs. L. N. A. "If I knew no terrors for me, so great is my confidence in the science of TOKOLOGY. I cured myself of local troubles of the worst kind." Sample Pages Free. Best Terms to Agents. Prepaid, \$2.75

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison Street, Chicago

## UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

of Famous Paintings, Sculpture, American and Foreign Views, Celebrities, Figure Studies. Catalogue of 15,000 subjects and specimen cabinet and scrap photographs mailed for 15 cents. Mention McClure's.

MOULTON PHOTOGRAPH CO.,

50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.



## Wake Up, Old Man—Wake Up!

BE A BOOK-KEEPER—  
BE A FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER!

You Will Never Fall Asleep Over Your Work

or be troubled over long columns of figures, if you will purchase and master the contents of "GOODWIN'S IMPROVED BOOK-KEEPING AND BUSINESS MANUAL." This book is not a luxury, but a necessity—particularly to the progressive. It leads directly to money-making and money-saving. You can learn from it in three weeks all about the book-keeping and management of STOCK COMPANIES, how to open, keep, and close a set of modern double entry books for a business of any kind and any size, change books from single to double entry, find errors in trial balances, prove postings, average accounts, teach book-keeping, do expert work, make "balance sheets" and comparative statements, and more—MUCH MORE. Price (post-paid), \$3.00. Money refunded if you do not consider the book worth TEN TIMES what you pay for it! SAVE THIS and send for descriptive pamphlet, or for THE BOOK, mentioning the subject in which you are most interested. J. H. GOODWIN, Room 119, 1215 Broadway, New York.

## LANGUAGES FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH, ITALIAN

Actually Spoken and Mastered in Ten Weeks without leaving your homes by the Meisterschaft System. 550th Thousand. Pupils taught as if actually in the presence of the teacher. Terms for membership each language. All questions answered and all exercises corrected free of charge. Specimen Copies, Part I, 25 cents. Send for Circulars.

THE MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.

No. 196  
SUMMER STREET  
Boston, Mass.

**MASTERED**  
**IN 10 WEEKS.**

## A MAGNIFICENT GIFT FOR LOVERS OF ART

### An Idol's Passion

By IRENE OSGOOD. Illustrated by R. Machell, R.B.A.

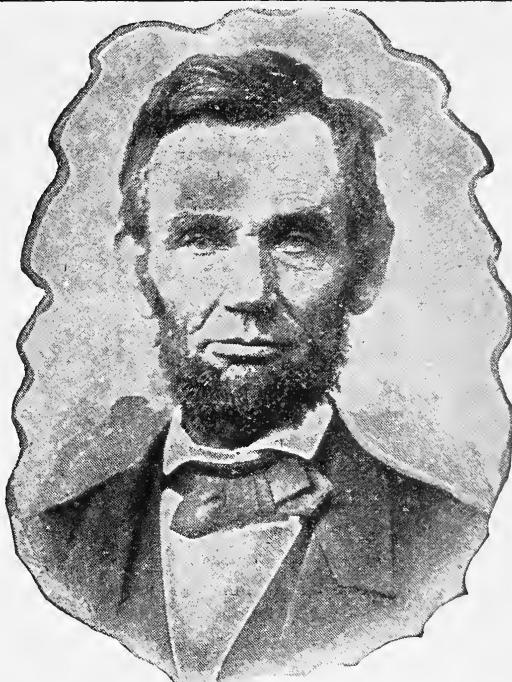
An Oriental romance; an idyl in rhythmic prose in which author and artist have entered fully into the languor, the passion and sombre mystery of the Orient.

The pictures are admirably reproduced on fine paper, and mounted on extra heavy background, in handsome portfolios, elegantly stamped and embossed, size 17x21 inches. The price is \$15.00.

An édition de luxe, limited to 50 copies, each copy consisting of *remarque* proofs, printed on Japanese paper, signed in autograph by the author herself and by the artist, is got up in mat-faced style, and with more elaborate adornments, at the price of \$50.00.

Send for circular.

The Transatlantic Publishing Co.  
63 Fifth Avenue, New York



### LINCOLN'S PORTRAIT

Twenty years ago, in crayon, life size 16x20, cost \$100.00. To-day we will make you one of him or any one else for \$1.98, Pastel \$3.98; the regular \$10.00 kind. Lincoln's portrait we keep in stock at \$1.98, enlarged from the original photograph.

We can enlarge any kind of a picture, and as our head artist is one of the best in America, guarantee a good likeness. We will frame them suitably at low prices, from \$2.50 up, but you are not obliged to buy a frame from us. The only reason we handle frames is to preserve the picture when ready to ship. Our reference for honest dealing is the Bankers' National Bank, capital \$1,000,000.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**CHURCH PORTRAIT COMPANY,** MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILLS.

## The Young Ladies' Journal

THE QUEEN OF FASHION JOURNALS

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, AND WONDERFULLY ATTRACTIVE

THE New Album of Colored Paris Fashion Plates, made in Paris, is superb. To have this *Album* is like spending two weeks in Paris amongst the Dress-making Establishments and Shops of the Boulevards. No lady wishing to see the very latest *Correct Winter Paris Fashions* should fail to ask for the January part of .... *THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL* ....

A new serial story, "FOR LOVE OF SIGRID," begins in this issue.

Price, 30 cents. Yearly \$4.00, including the Extra Christmas Number.

Of all Newsdealers and THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, New York

Subscriptions received for any Periodical, Foreign or Domestic  
Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



83 & 85 DUANE ST., ONE DOOR EAST OF BROADWAY.

*Maps**Globes**Charts*

# SCHOOL BOOKS

New  
Shelf-worn  
Second-hand

**SPECIAL CLEARANCE SALE**

Send List of what  
you want, and what  
you wish to sell

MENTION M 196

**WILLIAM BEVERLEY HARISON**  
59 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*Wholesale Priced List (7500) School Books, 10 cents*

*Books mailed to any address upon receipt of price*

**Unitarian Sermons and Other Liberal Religious Literature**  
SENT FREE on application to MRS. S. C. DAVENPORT,  
105 John Street, Providence, R. I.

**NEW**

READINGS, RECITATIONS,  
CATALOGUES FREE!!!  
DE WITT, ROSE ST., N. Y.

**PLAYS**



**CARDS** See our fine Sample Book of Hidden Name  
Silk fringe and Calling Cards for 1896  
also the Union Beau Catcher, But-  
ton Buster & Love Cards, with Agent's full outfit, ALL for a  
2c. Stamp. BUCKEYE CARD CO., LACEYVILLE, OHIO.

**PLAYS**

Dialogues, Speakers, Magic Tricks, Wigs,  
Mustaches, Music Goods. Catalog Free.  
G. H. W. Bates, Boston, Mass.

**A PERFECT PICTURE**

New method, without chemicals, lenses, baths, sunlight or flash-powder. Carried in vest-pocket ready for instant use day or night. A beautifully finished picture every minute. Complete apparatus, with impression slips, 10c.

M. C. STRACK & Co., 23 Chambers Street, New York.

**Hair**

A POPULAR BOOK on its CARE, DISEASES and TREATMENT, by Dr. LEONARD. 320 pp., 116 cuts, postpaid, \$1.00. Circular free. Gives self-treatment for ALL Hair and Beard Diseases. Illust'd Medical Jour. Co., Publishers, Detroit, Mich.

**"A Little Book about a Big City"**

in Addison Archer's most interesting style, telling sight-seers, pleasure-seekers, and shoppers how to make the most of a visit to the metropolis—just issued—sent free by

Westminster Hotel, 16th St. and Irving Pl., N. Y.



**STUDY LAW**

Systematic and thorough courses taught by able and experienced teachers. Splendid opportunity for a legal education. Send stamp for full particulars.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, REAPER BLK., CHICAGO.

AT  
HOME

**Unitarian Literature Sent Free**

upon application to Miss LUCY H. CLEVELAND, 182 Lafayette Street, Salem, Massachusetts.

**MUSIC**

Full size sheet, 10c. copy. List free. Sample piece music, 10c. Dance album, song folio, organ folio, 58c. post-paid. Robinson & Co., Cooper Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.

**SENT FREE.**

"WHAT DO UNITARIANS BELIEVE?" A Statement of Faith and other Unitarian Literature on application to Mrs. HENRY A. MILES, Hingham, Mass.

**The Edison Phonographic News**

tells where and how you can procure cheaply ...

The great money-earning wonders

SAMPLE COPY  
TEN CENTS

A PHONOGRAPH or a KINETOSCOPE

The Ohio Phonograph Co., = Cincinnati, Ohio

**MISS MARY PROCTOR**

Lectures on Astronomy

Subjects { "Other Worlds than Ours"  
"Wonders of the Star Depths"

For circulars send to

Miss Proctor, 29 E. 46th St., New York City

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



One of the Colored Plates given with a subscription for 1896.

# THE ART AMATEUR

Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine (ESTABLISHED 1879).

Monthly (size of page 11 x 16). Sumptuously printed and richly illustrated. Price \$4.00 a year. Single copies, 35 cents, each containing beautiful Color Plates and 8 extra pages of Working Designs for Painting, Carving, China Decoration, Modeling, Pyrography, Embroidery, etc.

Invaluable to all who make a living by Art, or who take up Art as an accomplishment. The only art periodical awarded a medal at the World's Fair. The following are the principal departments:

OIL PAINTING	BIOGRAPHIES OF ARTISTS
WATER COLOR	ART REVIEWS AND CRITICISMS
PASTEL PAINTING	ADVICE BY CORRESPONDENCE
DRAWING	CHINA PAINTING
TAPESTRY PAINTING	WOOD CARVING
ILLUSTRATING	MODELING IN CLAY
DESIGNING FOR THE ART TRADES	PYROGRAPHY
CHURCH AND HOME EMBROIDERY	WROUGHT IRON WORK.
HOME DECORATION AND FURNISHING	REPOUSSE WORK

A choice of the following two liberal offers is open to all who will send to the publisher \$4.00—the regular subscription price—and enclose this (McClure's) advt.

**GIVES**, with a year's subscription to the Magazine, **any one of Seven Portfolios**, each containing 12 admirable Reproductions of Studies and Pictures after fine original paintings in Oil, Water Colors, and Pastels. Portfolio No. 1, contains 12 **Exquisite Flower Subjects, painted for The Art Amateur by Paul de Longpré**; Portfolio 2: 12 Animal Studies, by Helena Maguire; Portfolio 3: Figure Subjects; Portfolio 4: Fruits, Flowers, and Still Life; Portfolio 5: Landscapes and Marines; Portfolio 6: Genre, etc.; Portfolio 7: China Designs.

The contents of any one of the Portfolios, at our catalogue prices, would cost from \$3.00 to \$4.00. The pictures are the same that are framed in thousands of cultivated homes, and are used as models for students in the leading art schools and academies, and in the Chicago High Schools.

*NOTE that these Portfolios, full of beautiful Pictures, are PREMIUMS, and are given in addition to the Color Plates which go with every issue of The Art Amateur.*

OFFER  
A

**GIVES THREE MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION FREE**, beginning with any issue. That is, for \$4.00 you get 15 months' subscription for the price of 12 months. To avail yourself of either Offer A or Offer B, you must enclose with your \$4.00 this (McClure's) advertisement. If you choose one of the Portfolios, state if you prefer Flower, Animal, Landscape, Figure or China painting subjects.

**Specimen Copy** of THE ART AMATEUR (with Color Plate and 8 pages of Working Designs for all kinds of art work) sent for 25 cents if this advt. is mentioned. Our new illustrated catalogue of 300 Color Studies and Pictures for a 2-cent stamp.

MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

## Our Contention

is that the

\$75 Envoy, for Men  
and the  
\$75 Fleetwing  
for Women

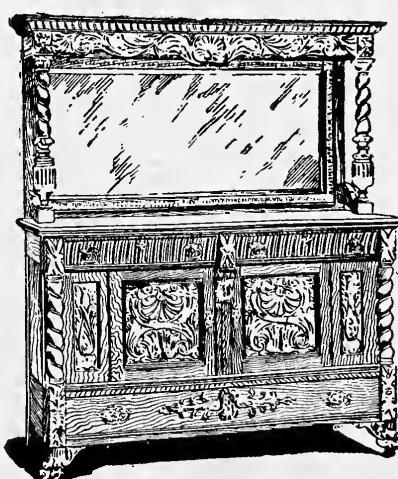
are just as swift, strong, durable, handsome, and in every way desirable Bicycles, as any Hundred Dollar wheel that was ever manufactured.

Now, when you come to buy, what about that \$25 difference?—Is it to stay in your pocket, or go elsewhere?

OUR TENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE  
WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

**BUFFALO CYCLE COMPANY,**  
364 Mass. Ave., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Flemish Renaissance



The sombre color of the Dark Carved Oak Wood-work of the 17th century, gives a richness of effect much sought after by people of taste in house Finishing and Furnishing.

The BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. is making a comprehensive line of Flemish Oak Renaissance,

suitable for the Bedroom, the Dining Room, the Hall, and the Library.

The BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. is also reproducing the best examples of

**Antiques, in Old Mahogany,**  
including several

**BEDSTEADS**

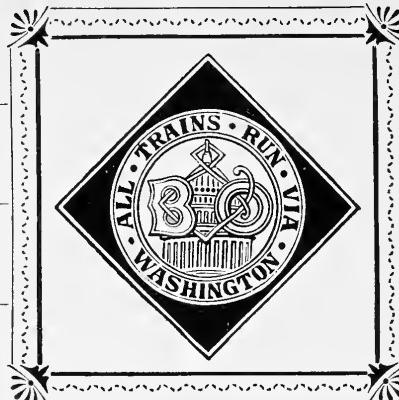
of notable historic styles.

Dealers can supply these goods.

An interesting pamphlet will be mailed to any address on application to the

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAFEST . . .  
FINEST . . .

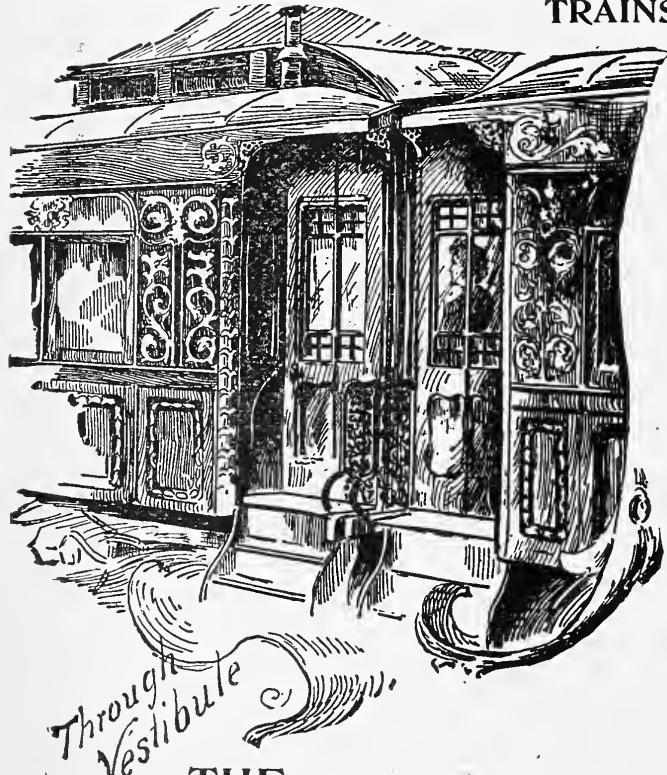


• FASTEST  
TRAINS

. . . IN THE WORLD ARE THE . . .

# Royal Blue Line

TRAINS BETWEEN



New York  
Philadelphia  
Baltimore  
Washington

RUNNING VIA



B. & O.  
R.R.

*All Trains Vestibuled from end to end, Heated by Steam,  
Illuminated by Pintsch Light, Protected by Pullman's  
Anti-Telescoping Device, and Operated under  
Perfected Block Signal System.*

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Maintains a Complete Service of

Vestibuled Express Trains between NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO  
equipped with PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, Running Through Without Change.

ALL B. & O. TRAINS between the EAST and WEST run via WASHINGTON.

..... PRINCIPAL OFFICES .....

211 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

415 Broadway, New York.

N. E. Cor. 9th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Cor. Baltimore and Calvert Sts., Baltimore, Md.

707 15th St., N.W., Cor. N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Cor. Wood Street and Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Cor. Fourth and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

193 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

105 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

R. B. CAMPBELL

General Manager

BALTIMORE, MD.

CHAS. O. SCULL

General Passenger Agent

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# HYGEIA HOTEL

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.



**P**ERSONS who want to escape from the rigors of a Northern winter cannot find a more agreeable Southern resort than the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va. The climate in this locality is delightful, is absolutely free from malaria, and the air is balmy and full of life-giving ozone.



The house is one of the best appointed in the country, and the drainage and other sanitary arrangements are perfect. The cuisine is first-class in every detail, and embraces every delicacy of land and sea food. The social attractions of the place are manifold. Castalia Spring Water, one of the purest waters known, is supplied to guests free of charge.

F. N. PIKE, Lessee and Proprietor

# Warren White Sulphur Springs

VIRGINIA

The Oldest Summer Resort in the United States

ESTABLISHED 1734

### TERMS

Per week, one person . . . \$15.00      Per month, one person . . . \$40.00

Two persons in one room, \$70.00

Special rates to parties of three or more

### GOOD FISHING, BOATING AND BATHING

Distance from Southern R.R., 1 mile; Norfolk & Western R.R., 3 miles; Baltimore & Ohio R.R., 4 miles.

Eight different waters, namely: White, Red and Blue Sulphur, Alum, Iron, Arsenic, Chalybeate and Lithia.

On top of the "Three Top Range" of the Masamitten Chain of Mountains. Elevation 2,100 feet above the sea. No mosquitoes, gnats, or malaria. Address

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

C. W. CULLEN & SON, Cullen P. O., Virginia

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Winter Tourists



OLD PALMS--ORMOND FLA.

the "Land of the Sky." Write to Mr. W. C. Rinearson, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, O., for time schedules. Low round trip tickets now on sale to Southern winter resorts.

Should go South this season over the QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE. Shortest route Cincinnati to Lookout Mountain, Atlanta, New Orleans, or Florida. Superb trains, steam-heated, gas-lighted, safety-vestibuled. Elegant day coaches, sleepers, dining, parlor, and observation cars on through trains.

Special trains and low rates to Atlanta Exposition—Greatest event ever held in the South. Through Pullmans daily to Asheville and

O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., CHICAGO, ILLS.  
Or, Room 6 F, 907 Broadway, New York

**DIRECTLY SOUTH**  
FROM A COLD  
TO A WARM CLIMATE  
**IN A FEW HOURS**

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.

CENTRAL  
I.C. R.R.  
ROUTE

To  
**CALIFORNIA** VIA  
**NEW ORLEANS**

IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC  
COMPANY  
SUNSET ROUTE

**THE ONLY TRUE WINTER ROUTE**

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CAR

connecting with Southern Pacific Company's famous "Sunset Limited," from Chicago every Tuesday and Saturday night. Through reservations to the coast.

THROUGH PULLMAN TOURIST CAR

from Chicago to San Francisco every Wednesday night.

Particulars of agents of connecting lines, or by addressing A. H. HANSON, General Passenger Agent, Illinois Central R. R., Chicago.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**FAT** FOLKS REDUCED 15 to 25 lbs. per month. Reductions permanent. Endorsed by the press and leading society ladies. For particulars send 6 cents in stamps to O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., CHICAGO, ILLS.  
68 Mo'Vicker's Theater Building.

Or, Room 6 F, 907 Broadway, New York

**SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER TRUSSES.** Cure RUPTURE. Send for book of particulars. I. B. SEELEY & CO., 25 S. 11th St., Phila.

**UNCLE SAM** will bring you a cake of NEW PROCESS DOG BISCUIT for 5 cts.; a cake of BIRD MANNA for 15c. This is a most wonderful SONG RESTORER for Canaries and all other Cage Birds. U. S. will bring you FREE either Bird Book, Dog Book, Horse and Cattle Book, paper of Fronfield's Cattle Powder, box of Corn Salve or Dye Color, if you name the paper in which you saw this. Address THE BIRD FOOD COMPANY, 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**COLD FEET WARMED**  
AND KEPT WARM. The suffering is not the worst of it. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swelling of the Limbs, Consumption are all the direct result of cold feet. These FOOT BATTERIES remove all aches and pains from feet and limbs, cause a feeling of new LIFE and VIGOR, equal to the days of youth.

Think of the luxury of WARM FEET all winter in all weather! These MAGNETIC BATTERIES increase the flow of blood, vitalize it and cause a most delightful feeling the moment your feet rest upon these powerful MAGNETIC INSOLES. They will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and SWELLING OF THE LIMBS. Every pair gives comfort and satisfaction. If you keep your feet warm you cannot catch cold. What's the use of suffering from those tired, all gone, worn-out feelings! A pair of our MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES will act like a charm on your blood, and give you a sensation of WARMTH and VIGOR at once. Try a pair of them quick. \$1.00, or three pairs for \$2.00, any size by mail. Send for our book, "A Plain Road to Health." It is instructive and interesting to the sick or well.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,  
A. N. Masonic Temple,  
Chicago.

New York City, 6 West 48th St.

### Miss Spence's Boarding and Day School

FOR GIRLS. Primary, Academic and College Preparatory Courses. Special students admitted. No more than eight pupils constitute any class.

**FRENCH WITH OR WITHOUT A MASTER.** 1 Vol., \$1.00. A most rapid method for self-instruction or schools. Send for list and sample pages of other work for study of French, German, etc.

BERLITZ & CO., MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.

**GOLDEN HILL SCHOOL FOR BOYS,**  
Kingston-on-Hudson,  
NEW YORK.

New York, Poughkeepsie.

**Riverview Academy.** 60th year. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies, and Business. U. S. Army officer detailed at Riverview by Secretary of War.

JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A.M., Principal.

*Rochester Business University.*

If you have the remotest idea of pursuing a BUSINESS or SHORTHAND course of study now or later, you should send right away for a beautiful cloth-bound book that tells about a **School of Business** more famous from ocean to ocean than any other on the continent. Invest a postal card. Address "R. B. U." ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### MOUNT PLEASANT MILITARY ACADEMY.

A high grade school for boys. Fits for college and for business. 7th year. Library of 12,000 volumes. Summer session.

Reference, Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE. Send for catalogue.

CHARLES F. BRUSIE, A.M., ARTHUR T. EMORY, A.B., Principals.

### MISS BAIRD'S INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS.

44 miles from N. Y. City. Primary and College Preparatory Classes. New buildings, steam heat, incandescent light, gymnasium. 24th year. Norwalk, Connecticut.

**SEMINARY** at Mt. Carroll, Ill.; Conservatory of Music and School of Art. Incorporated 1852. Oreads free—send for one.

### Massachusetts, Billerica.

**Mitchell's Boys' School,** Eighteen miles from Boston, B. & L. R.R.; strictly Select Family School; \$500 per year. Military. Only requisite for admission, good character. Special care and training to young boys. Fits for college, technology, and business. Send for circular to M. C. MITCHELL, Principal.

### Ohio, Cambier.

### HARCOURT PLACE SEMINARY.

For girls. The highest intellectual advantages, a beautiful and comfortable home, a bountiful table, and careful attention to all that pertains to good health, sound mental training, refined manners, and the best general culture. Address, Mrs. ADA I. AYER HILLS, Principal

### Ohio, Cambier.

### Kenyon Military Academy.

Prepares boys for college or business. Seventy-second year. Boarding pupils limited to 100. Early application desirable. Address, C. N. WYANT, Superintendent.

**Shorthand** for note-taking in a few HOURS; reporting in a few WEEKS. No shading, no position. Exclusive WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. FREE lesson and circulars. Write **H. M. PERNIN**, Author, Detroit, Mich.



**UNCLE SAM MAKES** 4,000 appointments annually without political influence, and Civil Service Examinations are being held periodically in every State to fill these positions. We can prepare you thoroughly by mail for any examination in the Postal, Customs, Railway Mail, Indian, Internal Revenue Services, Departments at Washington and Government Printing Office. Information as to dates, positions, salaries, etc., free if you mention "McClure's." Write to day.

NAT. CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**STUDY LAW AT HOME**

**A Story of Success.**  
The Sprague Correspondence School of Law is six years old. It is the original school in its line. It has the approval of leading educators. Over 3,000 men and women living in every State and many foreign countries, have studied with us. Over 150 practicing attorneys have studied with us. Over 1,000 testimonials are to be seen in our office, and the story is not one-half told. Students are surprised at the thoroughness of our course, and the care taken with examination papers. Tuition within the reach of all. Classes started the first of every month. Handsome catalogues (which can be had for the asking) tell about our College, Business and Preparatory Courses.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, DETROIT, MICHIGAN. Department G.

**ANDERSON'S SHORTHAND TYPEWRITER**  
is taking the place of stenography because it is so quickly learned, and a typewriter that prints a word at one stroke is plainer and faster than shorthand. You can learn at home. Anderson Shorthand Typewriter School, Bennett Building, New York.

### SHORTHAND SELF TAUGHT.

Send for Catalogue of Books and helps by BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD.

Thousands have mastered the art in this way. Or if you wish to save time by going to a good school we will tell you where to go. Address, THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE CO., Cincinnati.

### UNITARIAN LITERATURE Sent Free

Address E. FREEBORN, 1746 Mississippi Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

*Rochester Business University.*

There are hundreds and hundreds of readers of McClure's Magazine who hope and expect at some time to prepare for business success by pursuing a business or shorthand course of study, and

### GOOD JUDGMENT

dictates that care be exercised in selecting a school. A few miles or a few dollars should not keep one away from the best school to be found. The Rochester (N. Y.) Business University—at least one of the best—solicits the patronage of ambitious, worthy young people from North, South, East or West, and a cloth-bound "Book of Information" is gladly sent to those interested. If you are really in earnest about your education you should send for this book.

# The St. Denis

Broadway and Eleventh Street

NEW YORK

(Opposite Grace Church)

EUROPEAN PLAN

The great popularity the St. Denis has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its homelike atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON



FOR THE HAIR.

CURES DANDRUFF, SOOTHES ALL IRRITATION OF THE SCALP, MAKES THE HAIR GROW AND GIVES A BEAUTIFUL LUSTRE.

PRICE, 50C. AND \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR OUR PAMPHLET ON THE HAIR.

ITS CARE AND MANAGEMENT.

Joseph Burnett Co., Boston.

## WINTER TOURS IN PRIVATE PULLMAN PALACE CARS

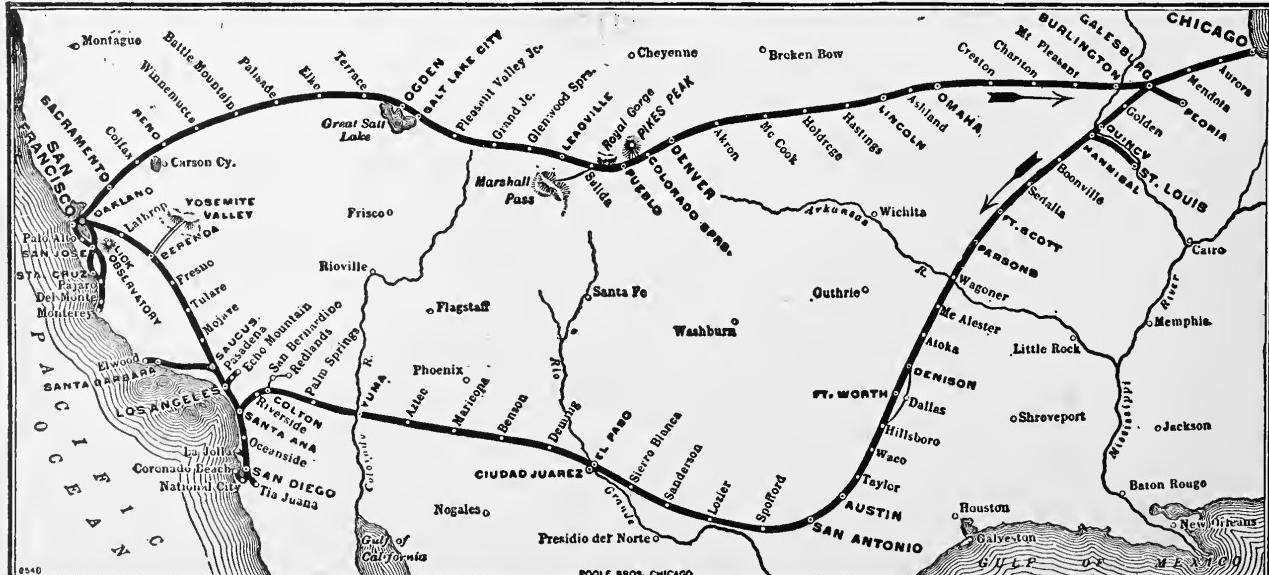
Under care of a Special Agent, will leave Chicago

JANUARY 9, FEBRUARY 6 AND MARCH 5

## FOR CALIFORNIA

by the route given on map below. Price of ticket includes all expenses. Everything strictly first class. For descriptive pamphlet write to

T. A. GRADY, Tourist Manager, 211 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



MAP OF WINTER TOURS IN PRIVATE CARS.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1861.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From a photograph owned by Allen Jasper Conant, to whose courtesy we owe the right to reproduce it here. This photograph was taken in Springfield in the spring of 1861, by C. S. German.

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 2.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EDITED BY IDA M. TARBELL.

### LINCOLN AS STOREKEEPER AND SOLDIER IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

*This article embodies special studies of Lincoln's life in New Salem made for this Magazine by J. McCan Davis.*

#### LINCOLN'S FIRST EXPERIENCES IN ILLINOIS.

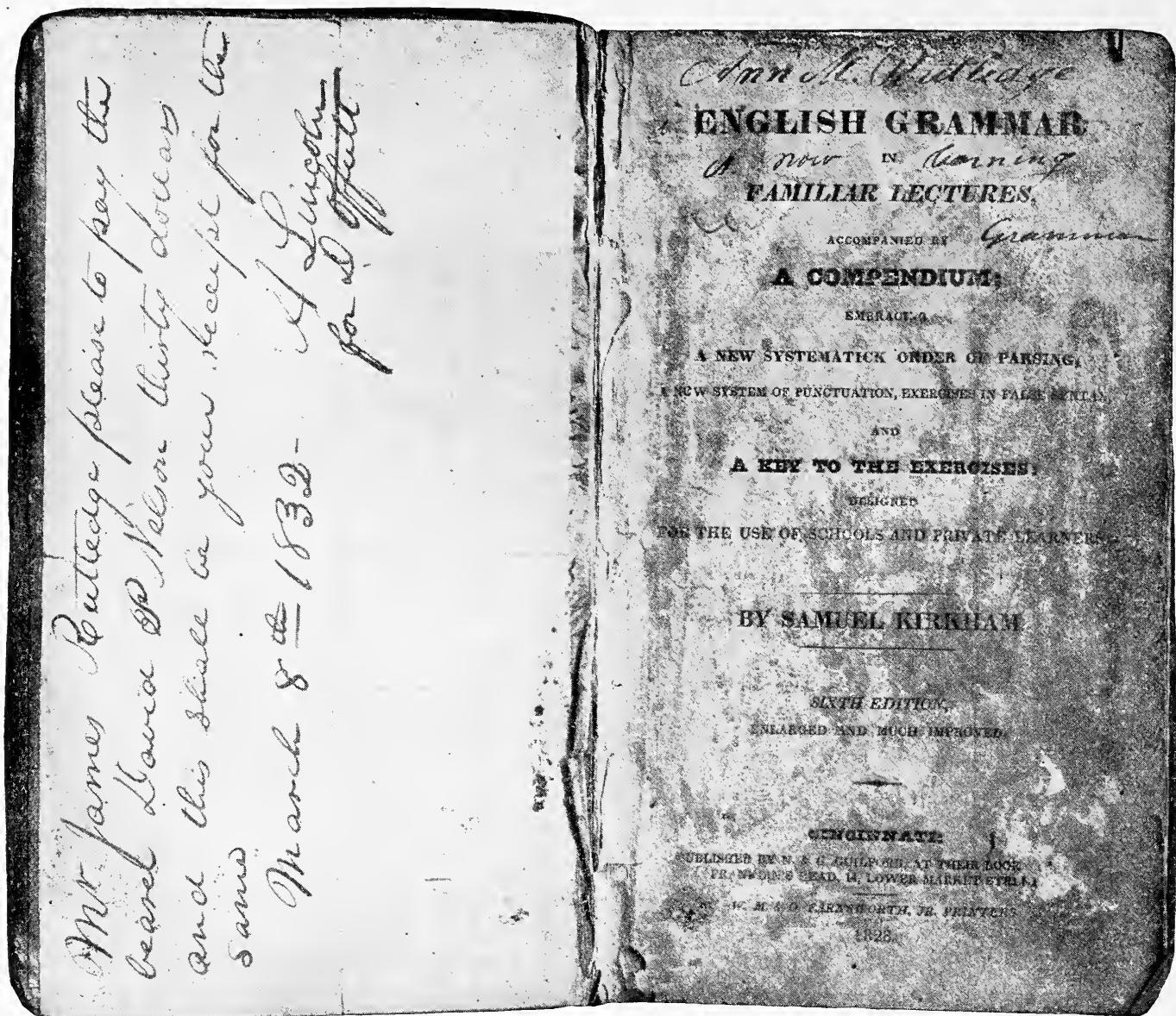
T was in March, 1830, when Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one years of age, that he moved from Indiana to Macon County, Illinois. He spent his first spring in the new country helping his father settle. In the summer of that year he started out for himself, doing various kinds of rough farm work in the neighborhood until March of 1831, when he went to Sangamon town, near Springfield, to build a flatboat. In April he started on this flatboat for New Orleans, which he reached in May. After a month in that city, he returned, in June, to Illinois, where he made a short visit at his parents' home, now in Coles County, and in July went to New Salem, to take charge of a store and mill owned by Denton Offutt, who had employed him on the flatboat.\* The goods for the new store had

not arrived when Lincoln reached New Salem. Obliged to turn his hand to something, he piloted down the Sangamon and Illinois rivers, as far as Beardstown, a flatboat bearing the family and goods of a pioneer bound for Texas. At Beardstown he found Offutt's goods waiting to be taken to New Salem. As he footed his way home he met two men with a wagon and ox-team going for the goods. Offutt had expected Lincoln to wait at Beardstown until the ox-team arrived, and the teamsters, not having any credentials, asked Lincoln to give them an order for the goods. This, sitting down by the roadside, he wrote out; and one of the men used to relate that it contained a misspelled word, which he corrected.

#### IN CHARGE OF DENTON OFFUTT'S STORE.

The precise date of the opening of Denton Offutt's store is not known. We only know that on July 8, 1831, the County Commissioners' Court of Sangamon County granted Offutt a license to retail merchandise at New Salem; for which he paid five dollars, a fee which supposed him to have one thousand dollars' worth of goods

\*The story of Lincoln's first seventeen months in Illinois, outlined in this paragraph, is told in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for December.



THE KIRKHAM'S GRAMMAR USED BY LINCOLN AT NEW SALEM.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

The copy of Kirkham's Grammar studied by Lincoln belonged to a man named Vaner. Some of the biographers say Lincoln borrowed it; but it appears that he became the owner of the book, either by purchase or through the generosity of Vaner, for it was never returned to the latter. It is said that Lincoln learned this grammar practically by heart. "Sometimes," says Herndon, "he would stretch out at full length on the counter, his head propped up on a stack of calico prints, studying it; or he would steal away to the shade of some inviting tree, and there spend hours at a time in a determined effort to fix in his mind the arbitrary rule that 'adverbs qualify verbs, adjectives and other adverbs.'" He presented the book to Ann Rutledge [the story of Ann Rutledge will appear in a future number of the Magazine], and it has since been one of the treasures of the Rutledge family. After the death of Ann it was studied by her brother, Robert, and is now owned by his widow, who resides at Casselton, North Dakota. The title page of the book appears above. The words, "Ann M. Rutledge is now learning grammar," were written by Lincoln. The order on James Rutledge to pay David P. Nelson thirty dollars and signed "A. Lincoln, for D. Offutt," which is shown above, was pasted upon the front cover of the book by Robert Rutledge. From a photograph made especially for McClure's MAGAZINE.—J. McCan Davis.

in stock. When the oxen and their drivers returned with the goods, the store was opened in a little log house on the brink of the hill, almost over the river.

The frontier store filled a unique place. Usually it was a "general store," and on its shelves were found most of the articles needed in a community of pioneers. But to be a place for the sale of dry goods and groceries was not its only function; it was a kind of intellectual and social centre. It was the common meeting-place of the farmers, the happy refuge of the village

loungers. No subject was unknown there. The *habitués* of the place were equally at home in talking politics, religion, or sport. Stories were told, jokes were cracked and laughed at, and the news contained in the latest newspaper finding its way into the wilderness was discussed. Such a store was that of Denton Offutt. Lincoln could hardly have chosen surroundings more favorable to the highest development of the art of story-telling, and he had not been there long before his reputation for drollery was established.

## THE CLARY'S GROVE BOYS.

But he gained popularity and respect in other ways. There was near the village a settlement called Clary's Grove. The most conspicuous part of the population was an organization known as the "Clary's Grove Boys." They exercised a veritable terror over the neighborhood, and yet they were not a bad set of fellows. Mr. Herndon, who had a cousin living in New Salem at the time, and who knew personally many of the "boys," says:

"They were friendly and good-natured; they could trench a pond, dig a bog, build a house; they could pray and fight, make a village or create a state. They would do almost anything for sport or fun, love or necessity. Though rude and rough, though life's forces ran over the edge of the bowl, foaming and sparkling in pure deviltry for deviltry's sake, yet place before them a poor man who needed their aid, a lame or sick man, a defenceless woman, a widow, or an orphaned child, they melted into sympathy and charity at once. They gave all they had, and willingly toiled or played cards for more. Though there never was under the sun a more generous parcel of rowdies, a stran-

ger's introduction was likely to be the most unpleasant part of his acquaintance with them."

Denton Offutt, Lincoln's employer, was just the man to love to boast before such a crowd. He seemed to feel that Lincoln's physical prowess shed glory on himself, and he declared the country over that his clerk could lift more, throw farther, run faster, jump higher, and wrestle better than any man in Sangamon County. The Clary's Grove Boys, of course, felt in honor bound to prove this false, and they appointed their best man, one Jack Armstrong, to "throw Abe." Jack Armstrong was, according to the testimony of all who remember him, a "powerful twister," "square built and strong as an ox," "the best-made man that ever lived;" and everybody knew the contest would be close. Lincoln did not like to "tussle and scuffle," he objected to "woolling and pulling;" but Offutt had gone so far that it became necessary to yield. The match was held on the ground near the grocery. Clary's Grove and New Salem turned out generally to witness the bout, and betting on the result ran high, the community as a whole staking their jack-knives, tobacco plugs, and "treats" on Armstrong. The two men had scarcely taken hold of each other be-



A CLARY'S GROVE LOG CABIN.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From a water-color by Miss Etta Ackermann, Springfield, Illinois. "Clary's Grove" was the name of a settlement five miles southwest of New Salem, deriving its name from a grove on the land of the Clarys. It was the headquarters of a daring and reckless set of young men living in the neighborhood and known as the "Clary's Grove Boys." This cabin was the residence of George Davis, one of the "Clary's Grove Boys," and grandfather of Miss Ackermann. It was built seventy-one years ago—in 1824—and is the only one left of the cluster of cabins which constituted the little community.



NANCY GREEN.

Nancy Green was the wife of "Squire" Bowling Green. Her maiden name was Nancy Potter. She was born in North Carolina in 1797, and married Bowling Green in 1818. She removed with him to New Salem in 1820, and lived in that vicinity until her death in 1864. Lincoln was a constant visitor in Nancy Green's home.

fore it was evident that the Clary's Grove champion had met a match. The two men wrestled long and hard, but both kept their feet. Neither could throw the other, and Armstrong, convinced of this, tried a "foul." Lincoln no sooner realized the game of his antagonist than, furious with indignation, he caught him by the throat, and holding him out at arm's length, he "shook him like a child." Armstrong's friends rushed to his aid, and for a moment it looked as if Lincoln would be routed by sheer force of numbers; but he held his own so bravely that the "boys," in spite of their sympathies, were filled with admiration. What bid fair to be a general fight ended in a general hand-shake, even Jack Armstrong declaring that Lincoln was the "best fellow who ever broke into the camp." From that day, at the cock-fights and horse-races, which were their common sports, he became the chosen umpire; and when the entertainment broke up in a row—a not uncommon occurrence—he acted the peacemaker without suffering the peacemaker's usual fate. Such was his reputation with the "Clary's Grove Boys," after three months in New Salem,

that when the fall muster came off he was elected captain.

Lincoln showed soon that if he was unwilling to indulge in "woolling and pulling" for amusement, he did not object to it in a case of honor. A man came into the store one day who used profane language in the presence of ladies. Lincoln asked him to stop; but the man persisted, swearing that nobody should prevent his saying what he wanted to. The women gone, the man began to abuse Lincoln so hotly that the latter finally said, coolly: "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whip you as any other man;" and going outdoors with the fellow, he threw him on the ground, and rubbed smartweed in his eyes until he bellowed for mercy. New Salem's sense of chivalry was touched, and enthusiasm over Lincoln increased.

His honesty excited no less admiration. Two incidents seem to have particularly impressed the community. Having discovered on one occasion that he had taken six and one-quarter cents too much from a customer, he walked three miles that evening, after his store was closed, to return the money. Again, he weighed out a half-pound of tea, as he supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before



From a photograph made for this Magazine.

DUTCH OVEN.

Owned by Mrs. Ott, of Petersburg, Illinois. These Dutch ovens were in many cases the only cooking utensils used by the early settlers. The meat, vegetable, or bread was put into the pot, which was then placed in a bed of coals, and coals heaped on the lid.



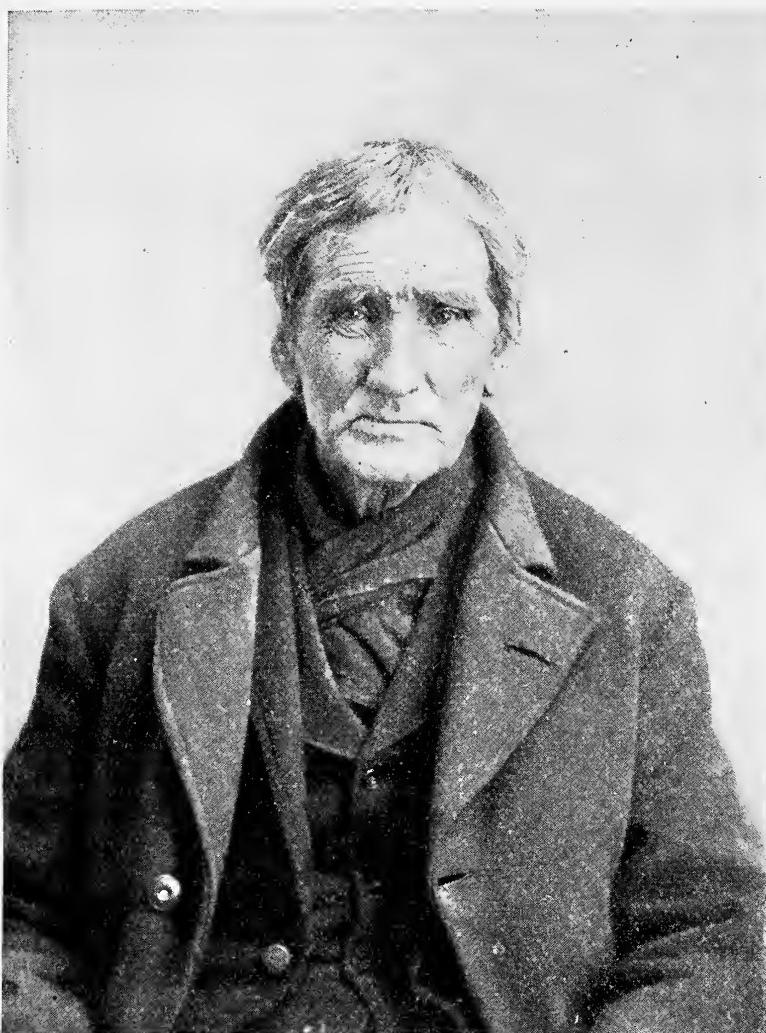
LINCOLN IN 1858.

After a photograph owned by Mrs. Harriet Chapman of Charleston, Illinois. Mrs. Chapman is a granddaughter of Sarah Bush Lincoln, Lincoln's step-mother. Her son, Mr. R. N. Chapman of Charleston, Illinois, writes us: "In 1858 Lincoln and Douglas had a series of joint debates in this State, and this city was one place of meeting. Mr. Lincoln's step-mother was making her home with my father and mother at that time. Mr. Lincoln stopped at our house, and as he was going away my mother said to him: 'Uncle Abe, I want a picture of you.' He replied, 'Well, Harriet, when I get home I will have one taken for you and send it to you.' Soon after, mother received the photograph she still has, already framed, from Springfield, Illinois, with a letter from Mr. Lincoln, in which he said, 'This is not a very good-looking picture, but it's the best that could be produced from the poor subject.' He also said that he had it taken solely for my mother. The photograph is still in its original frame, and I am sure is the most perfect and best picture of Lincoln in existence. We suppose it must have been taken in Springfield, Illinois."

closing up. On entering in the morning he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw his mistake, and closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea.

## LINCOLN STUDIES GRAMMAR.

As soon as the store was fairly under way Lincoln began to look about for books. Since leaving Indiana, in March,



JOHN POTTER.

From a recent photograph. John Potter, born November 10, 1808, was a few months older than Lincoln. He is now living at Petersburg, Illinois. He settled in the country one and one-half miles from New Salem in 1820. Mr. Potter remembers Lincoln's first appearance in New Salem in July, 1831. He corroborates the stories told of his store, and of his popularity in the community, and of the general impression that he was an unusually promising young man.

1830, he had had, in his drifting life, little leisure or opportunity for study—though he had had a great deal for observation. Nevertheless his desire to learn had increased, and his ambition to be somebody had been encouraged. In that time he had found that he really was superior to many of those who were called the "great" men of the country. Soon after entering Macon County, in March, 1830, when he was only twenty-one years old, he had found he could make a better speech than at least one man who was before the public. A candidate had come along where John Hanks and he were at work, and, as John Hanks tells the story, the man made a speech. "It was a bad one, and I said Abe could beat it. I turned down a box, and Abe made his speech. The other man was a candidate—Abe wasn't. Abe beat him to death, his subject being the navigation of the Sangamon River. The man, after Abe's speech was through, took him aside, and asked him where he had learned so much and how he could do so well. Abe replied, stating his manner and method

of reading, what he had read. The man encouraged him to persevere."

He had found that people listened to him, that they quoted his opinions, and that his friends were already saying that he was able to fill any position. Offutt even declared the country over that "Abe knew more than any man in the United States," and "some day he would be President."

Under this stimulus Lincoln's ambition increased. "I have talked with great men," he told his fellow-clerk and friend, Greene, "and I do not see how they differ from others." He made up his mind to put himself before the public, and talked of his plans to his friends. In order to keep in practice in speaking he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practising polemics" was what he called the exercise. He seems now for the first time to have begun to study subjects. Grammar was what he chose. He sought Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, and asked his advice. "If you are going before the public," Mr. Graham told him, "you ought to do it." But where could he get



JOHN A. CLARY.

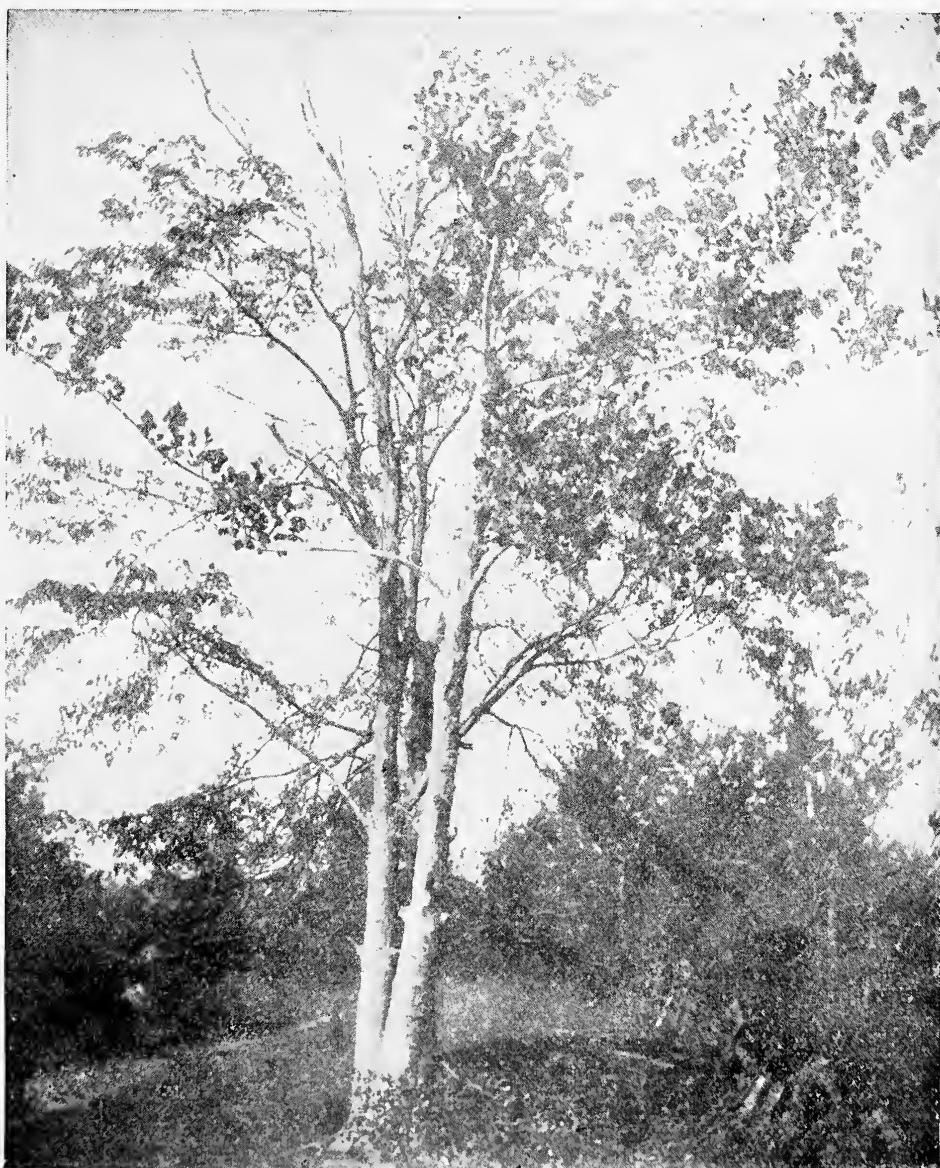
John A. Clary was one of the "Clary's Grove Boys." He was a son of John Clary, the head of the numerous Clary family which settled in the vicinity of New Salem in 1818. He was born in Tennessee in 1815 and died in 1880. He was an intimate associate of Lincoln during the latter's New Salem days.

a grammar? There was but one, said Mr. Graham, in the neighborhood, and that was six miles away. Without waiting further information the young man rose from the breakfast-table, walked immediately to the place, borrowed this rare copy of Kirkham's Grammar, and before night was deep into its mysteries. From that time on for weeks he gave every moment of his leisure to mastering the contents of the book. Frequently he asked his friend Greene to "hold the book" while he recited, and, when puzzled by a point, he would consult Mr. Graham.

Lincoln's eagerness to learn was such that the whole neighborhood became interested. The Greenes lent him books, the schoolmaster kept him in mind and

helped him as he could, and even the village cooper let him come into his shop and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night. It was not long before the grammar was mastered. "Well," Lincoln said to his fellow-clerk, Greene, "if that's what they call a science, I think I'll go at another." He had made another discovery—that he could conquer subjects.

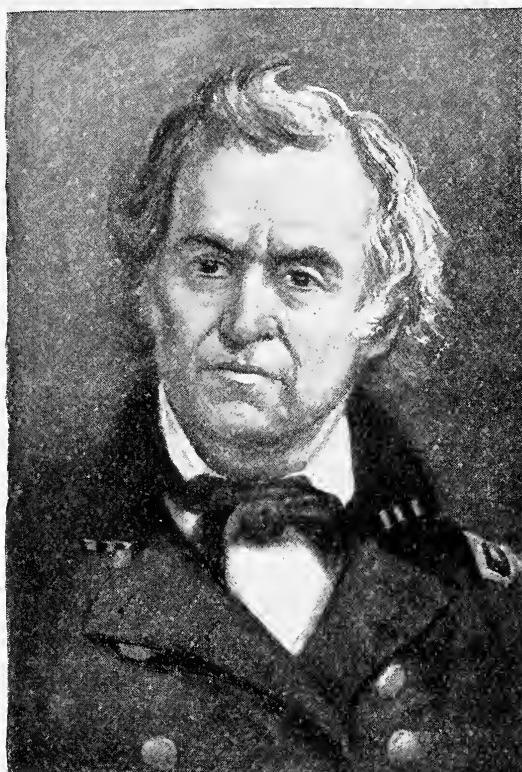
Before the winter was ended he had become the most popular man in New Salem. Although in February, 1832, he was but twenty-two years of age, had never been at school an entire year in his life, had never made a speech except in debating clubs and by the roadside, had read only the books he could pick up, and known only the men who made up the poor, out-of-the-



From a photograph taken for this Magazine.

SITE OF DENTON OFFUTT'S STORE.

The building in which Lincoln clerked for Denton Offutt was standing as late as 1836, and presumably stood until it rotted down. A slight depression in the earth, evidently once a cellar, is all that remains of Offutt's store. Out of this hole in the ground have grown three trees, a locust, an elm, and a sycamore, seeming to spring from the same roots, and curiously twined together; and high up on the sycamore some genius has chiselled the face of Lincoln.



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

At the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, Zachary Taylor, afterwards general in the Mexican War, and finally President of the United States, was colonel of the First Infantry. He joined Atkinson at the beginning of the war, and was in active service until the end of the campaign.

way towns in which he had lived, "encouraged by his great popularity among his immediate neighbors," as he says himself, he decided to announce himself, in March, 1832, as a candidate for the General Assembly of the State.

## A CANDIDATE FOR THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The only preliminary expected of a candidate for the legislature of Illinois at that date was an announcement stating his "sentiments with regard to local affairs." The circular in which Lincoln complied with this custom was a document of about two thousand words, in which he plunged at once into the subject he believed most interesting to his constituents—"the public utility of internal improvements."

At that time the State of Illinois—as, indeed, the whole United States—was convinced that the future of the country depended on the opening of canals and railroads, and the clearing out of the rivers. In the Sangamon country the population felt that a quick way of getting to Beardstown on the Illinois River, to which point the steamer came from the Mississippi, was, as Lincoln puts it in his circular, "indispensably necessary." Of course a railroad was the dream of the settlers; but when it was considered seriously there was always, as Lincoln says, "a heart-



From a photograph taken for this Magazine.

BOWLING GREEN'S HOUSE.

Bowling Green's log cabin, half a mile north of New Salem, just under the bluff, still stands, but long since ceased to be a dwelling-house, and is now a tumble-down old stable. Here Lincoln was a frequent boarder, especially during the period of his closest application to the study of the law. Stretched out on the cellar door of his cabin, reading a book, he met for the first time "Dick" Yates, then a college student at Jacksonville, and destined to become the great "War Governor" of the State. Yates had come home with William G. Greene to spend his vacation, and Greene took him around to Bowling Green's house to introduce him to "his friend, Abe Lincoln." Unhappily there is nowhere in existence a picture of the original occupant of this humble cabin. Bowling Green was one of the leading citizens of the county. He was County Commissioner from 1826 to 1828; he was for many years a justice of the peace; he was a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, and a very active and uncompromising Whig. The friendship between him and Lincoln, beginning at a very early day, continued until his death in 1842.—*J. McCann Davis.*



From a photograph made for this Magazine.

THE BLACK HAWK.

After a portrait by George Catlin, in the National Museum at Washington, D. C., and here reproduced by the courtesy of the director, Mr. G. Brown Goode. Makataimeshekiaak, the Black Hawk Sparrow, was born in 1767 on the Rock River. He was not a chief by birth, but through the valor of his deeds became the leader of his village. He was imaginative and discontented, and bred endless trouble in the Northwest by his complaints and his visionary schemes. He was completely under the influence of the British agents, and in 1812 joined Tecumseh in the war against the United States. After the close of that war, the Hawk was peaceable until driven to resistance by the encroachments of the squatters. After the battle of Bad Axe he escaped, and was not captured until betrayed by two Winnebagoes. He was taken to Fort Armstrong, where he signed a treaty of peace, and then was transferred as a prisoner of war to Jefferson Barracks, now St. Louis, where Catlin painted him. Catlin, in his "Eight Years," says: "When I painted this chief, he was dressed in a plain suit of buckskin, with a string of wampum in his ears and on his neck, and held in his hand his medicine-bag, which was the skin of a black hawk, from which he had taken his name, and the tail of which made him a fan, which he was almost constantly using." In April, 1833, Black Hawk and the other prisoners of war were transferred to Fortress Monroe. They were released in June, and made a trip through the Atlantic cities before returning West. Black Hawk settled in Iowa, where he and his followers were given a small reservation in Davis County. He died in 1838.

appalling shock accompanying the amount  
of its cost, which forces us to shrink from  
our pleasing anticipations." Improve-  
ment of the Sangamon River he declared  
the most feasible plan. That it was possi-  
ble, he argued from his experience on the  
river in April of the year before (1831),  
when he made his flatboat trip, and from  
his observations as manager of Offutt's  
saw-mill. He could not have advocated

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



From a photograph made for this Magazine.

## WHIRLING THUNDER.

After a painting by R. M. Sully in the collection of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and here reproduced through the courtesy of the secretary, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. Black Hawk had two sons; the elder was the Whirling Thunder, the younger the Roaring Thunder; both were in the war, and both were taken prisoners with their father, and were with him at Jefferson Barracks and at Fortress Monroe and on the trip through the Atlantic cities. At Jefferson Barracks Catlin painted them, and the pictures are in the National Museum. While at Fortress Monroe the above picture of Whirling Thunder was painted. A pretty anecdote is told of the Whirling Thunder. While on their tour through the East the Indians were invited to various gatherings and much done for their entertainment. On one of these occasions a young lady sang a ballad. Whirling Thunder listened intently, and when she ended he plucked an eagle's feather from his head-dress, and giving it to a white friend, said: "Take that to your mocking-bird squaw." Black Hawk's sons remained with him until his death in 1838, and then removed with the Sac and Foxes to Kansas.

Springfield had advertised that as soon as the ice went off the river he would bring up a steamer, the "Talisman," from Cincinnati, and prove the Sangamon navigable. The announcement had aroused the entire country, speeches were made, and subscriptions taken. The merchants announced goods direct per steamship "Talisman" the country over, and every village from

a measure Beardstown to Springfield was laid off in town lots. When the circular appeared the excitement was at its height. Lincoln's comments in his circular on two other subjects on which all candidates of the day expressed themselves are amusing in their simplicity. The practice of loaning money at exorbitant rates was then a great evil in the West. Lincoln proposed a law fixing the limits of usury, and he closed his paragraph on the subject with these words, which sound strange enough from a man who in later life showed so profound a reverence for law:

"In cases of extreme necessity, there could always be means found to cheat the law; while in all other cases it would have its intended effect. I would favor the passage of a law on this subject which might not be very easily evaded. Let it be such that the labor and difficulty of evading it could only be justified in cases of greatest necessity."



From a photograph made for this Magazine.

## WHITE CLOUD, THE PROPHET.

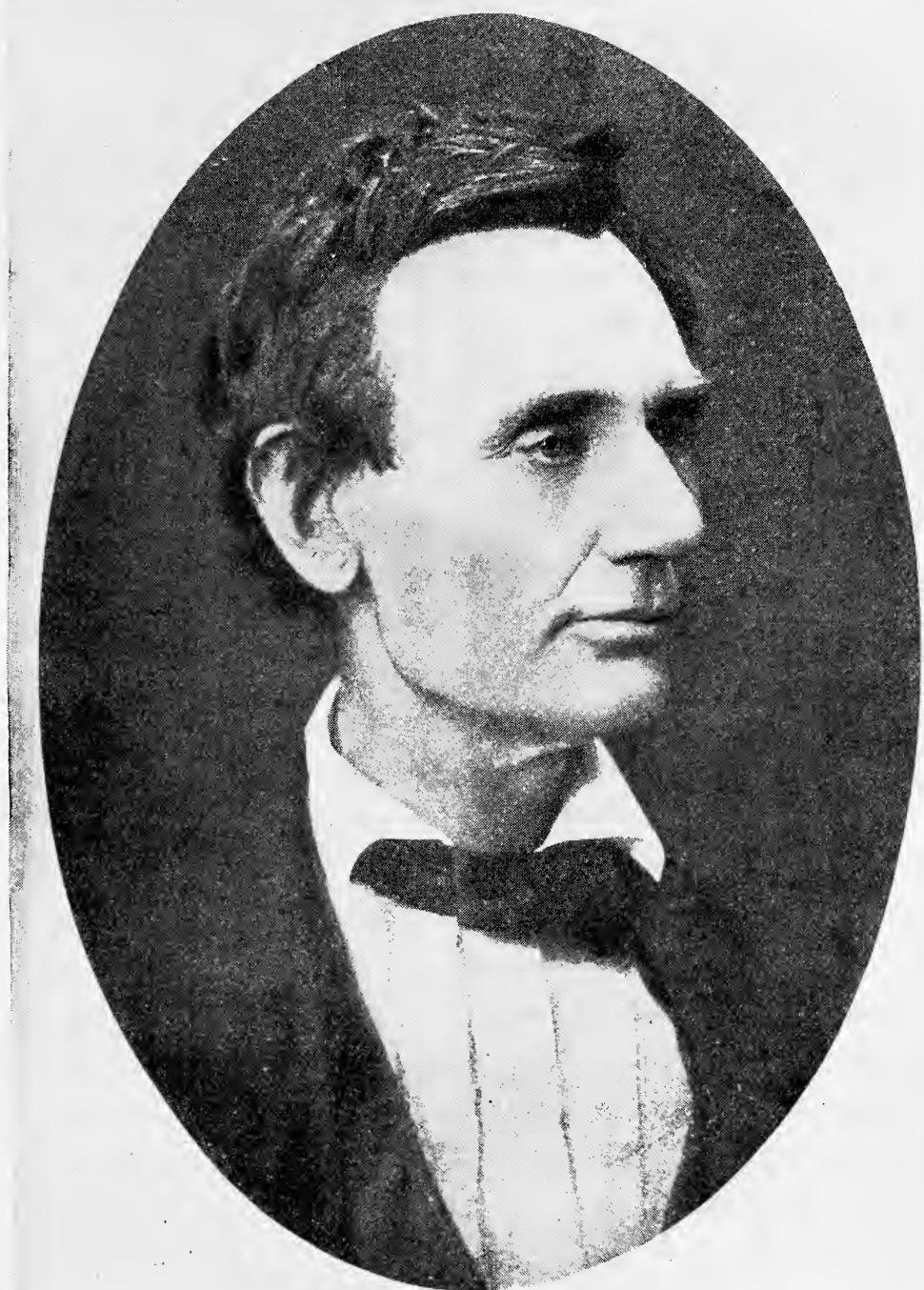
After a painting in the collection of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and here reproduced through the courtesy of the secretary, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. The chief of an Indian village on the Rock River, White Cloud was half Winnebago, half Sac. He was false and crafty, and it was largely his counsels which induced Black Hawk to recross the Mississippi in 1832. He was captured with Black Hawk, was a prisoner at both Jefferson Barracks and Fortress Monroe, and made the tour of the Atlantic cities with his friends. The above portrait was made at Fortress Monroe by R. M. Sully. Catlin also painted White Cloud at Jefferson Barracks in 1832. He describes him as about forty years old at that time, "nearly six feet high, stout and athletic." He said he let his hair grow out to please the whites. Catlin's picture shows him with a very heavy head of hair. The prophet, after his return from the East, remained among his people until his death in 1840 or 1841.



From a photograph made for this Magazine.

## BLACK HAWK.

After an improved replica of the original portrait painted by R. M. Sully at Fortress Monroe in 1833, and now in the museum of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, at Madison. It is reproduced through the courtesy of the secretary of the society, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites.



LINCOLN IN 1860.

From a photograph loaned by H. W. Fay of DeKalb, Illinois. After Lincoln's nomination for the presidency, Alex Hesler of Chicago published a portrait he had made of Lincoln in 1857. (See *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for December, p. 13.) At the same time he put out a portrait of Douglas. The contrast was so great between the two, and in the opinion of the politicians so much in Douglas's favor, that they told Hesler he must suppress Lincoln's picture; accordingly the photographer wrote to Springfield requesting Lincoln to call and sit again. Lincoln replied that his friends had decided that he remain in Springfield during the canvass, but that if Hesler would come to Springfield he would be "dressed up" and give him all the time he wanted. Hesler went to Springfield and made at least four negatives, three of which are supposed to have been destroyed in the Chicago fire. The fourth is owned by Mr. George Ayers of Philadelphia. The above photograph is a print from one of the lost negatives.

lege and a duty to take that stand which, in my view, might tend most to the advancement of justice."

The audacity of a young man in his position presenting himself as a candidate for the legislature is fully equalled by the humility of the closing paragraphs of his announcement:

"But, fellow-citizens, I shall conclude. Considering the great degree of modesty which should always attend youth, it is probable I have already been more presuming than becomes me. - However, upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them; but, holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them.

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

Very soon after Lincoln had distributed his handbills, enthusiasm on the subject of the opening of the Sangamon rose to a fever. The "Talisman" actually came up the river; scores of men went to Beardstown to meet her, among them Lincoln, of course; and to him was given the honor of piloting her—an honor which made him remembered by many a man who saw him that day for the first time. The trip was made with all the wild demonstrations which always attended the first steamboat. On either bank a long procession of men and boys on foot

or horse accompanied the boat. Cannons and volleys of musketry were fired as settlements were passed. At every stop speeches were made, congratulations offered, toasts drunk, flowers presented. It was one long hurrah from Beardstown to Springfield, and foremost in the jubilation was Lincoln, the pilot. The "Talisman" went as near Springfield as the river did, and there tied up for a week. When she went back Lincoln again had a conspicuous position as pilot. The notoriety this gave him was quite as valuable politically, probably, as was the forty dol-



Tomahawk.      Indian Pipe.      Powder-horn.  
Flintlock Rifle.      Indian Flute.      Indian Knife.  
From a photograph made for this Magazine.

BLACK HAWK WAR RELICS.

This group of relics of the Black Hawk War was selected for us from the collection in the museum of the Wisconsin Historical Society by the Secretary, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. The coat and chapeau belonged to General Dodge, an important leader in the war. The Indian relics are a tomahawk, a Winnebago pipe, a Winnebago flute, and a knife. The powder-horn and the flintlock rifle are the only volunteer articles. One of the survivors of the war, Mr. Elijah Herring of Stockton, Illinois, says of the flintlock rifles used by the Illinois volunteers: "They were constructed like the old-fashioned rifle, only in place of a nipple for a cap they had a pan in which was fixed an oil flint which the hammer struck when it came down, instead of the modern cap. The pan was filled with powder grains, enough to catch the spark and communicate it to the load in the gun. These guns were all right, and rarely missed fire on a dry, clear day; but unless they were covered well, the dews of evening would dampen the powder, and very often we were compelled to withdraw the charge and load them over again. We had a gunsmith with us, whose business it was to look after the guns for the whole regiment; and when a gun was found to be damp, it was his duty to get his tools and 'draw' the load. At that time the Cramer lock and triggers had just been put on the market, and my rifle was equipped with these improvements, a fact of which I was very proud. Instead of one trigger my rifle had two, one set behind the other—the hind one to cock the gun, and the front one to shoot it. The man Cramer sold his lock and triggers in St. Louis, and I was one of the first to use them."



From a photograph in the war collection of Robert A. Coster.

MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.

Born in Kentucky in 1805. In 1825 graduated at West Point. Anderson was on duty at the St. Louis Arsenal when the Black Hawk war broke out. He asked permission to join General Atkinson, who commanded the expedition against the Indians; was placed on his staff as Assistant Inspector General, and was with him until the end of the war. Anderson twice mustered Lincoln out of the service and in again. When General Scott was sent to take Atkinson's place, Anderson was ordered to report to the former for duty, and was sent by him to take charge of the Indians captured at Bad Axe. It was Anderson who conducted Black Hawk to Jefferson Barracks. His adjutant in this task was Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. From 1835-37 Anderson was an instructor at West Point. He served in the Florida War in 1837-38, and was wounded at Molino del Rey in the Mexican War. In 1857 he was appointed Major of the First Artillery. On November 20, 1860, Anderson assumed command of the troops in Charleston Harbor. On April 14 he surrendered Fort Sumter, marching out with the honors of war. He was made brigadier-general by Lincoln for his service. On account of failing health he was relieved from duty in October, 1861. In 1865 he was brevetted major-general. He died in France in 1871.

lars he received for his service financially.

While the country had been dreaming of wealth through the opening of the Sangamon, and Lincoln had been doing his best to prove that the dream was possible, the store in which he clerked was "petering out"—to use his own expression. The owner, Denton Offutt, had proved more ambitious than wise, and Lincoln saw that an early closing by the sheriff was probable. But before the store was fairly closed, and while the "Talisman" was yet exciting the country, an event occurred which interrupted all of Lincoln's plans.

#### THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

One morning in April a messenger from the governor of the State rode into New

Salem scattering a circular. It was an address from Governor Reynolds to the militia of the northwest section of the State, announcing that the British band of Sacs and other hostile Indians, headed by Black Hawk, had invaded the Rock River country, to the great terror of the frontier inhabitants; and calling on the citizens who were willing to aid in repelling them, to rendezvous at Beardstown within a week.

The name of Black Hawk was familiar to the people of Illinois. He was an old enemy of the settlers, and had been a tried friend of the British. The land his people had once owned in the northwest of the present State of Illinois had been sold in 1804 to the government of the United States, but with the provision that the Indians should hunt and raise corn there until it was surveyed and sold to settlers.



MONUMENT AT KELLOGG'S GROVE.

On June 24, 1832, Black Hawk attacked Apple River Fort, fourteen miles east of Galena, Illinois, but was unable to drive out the inmates. The next day he attacked a spy battalion of one hundred and fifty men at Kellogg's Grove, sixteen miles further east. A detachment of volunteers relieved the battalion, and drove off the savages, about fifteen of whom were killed. The whites lost five men, who were buried at various points in the grove. During the summer of 1886 the remains of these men were collected and, with those of five or six other victims of the war, were placed together under the monument here represented.—See "The Black Hawk War," by Reuben G. Thwaites, Vol. XII. in Wisconsin Historical Collections. This account of the Black Hawk War is the most trustworthy, complete, and interesting which has been made.



JOHN REYNOLDS, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS 1831-1834.

After a steel engraving in the Governor's office, Springfield, Illinois. John Reynolds, Governor of Illinois from 1831 to 1834, was born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, February 26, 1788. He was of Irish parentage. When he was six months old his parents moved to Tennessee. In 1800 they removed to Illinois. When twenty years old, John Reynolds went to Knoxville, Tennessee, to college, where he spent two years. He was admitted to the bar at Kaskaskia in 1812. In the war of 1812 he rendered distinguished service, earning the title of "the Old Ranger." He began the practice of law in the spring of 1814. In 1818 he was made an associate justice of the Supreme Court; in 1826 he was elected a member of the legislature; and in 1830, after a stirring campaign, he was chosen Governor of Illinois. The most important event of his administration was the Black Hawk War. He was prompt in calling out the militia to subdue the Black Hawk, and went upon the field in person. In November, 1834, just before the close of his term as Governor, he resigned to become a member of Congress. In 1837, aided by others, he built the first railroad in the State—a short line of six miles from his coal mine in the Mississippi bluff to the bank of the river opposite St. Louis. It was operated by horse power. He again became a member of the legislature in 1846 and 1852, during the latter term being Speaker of the House. In 1860, in his seventy-third year, he was an anti-Douglas delegate to the Charleston convention, and received the most distinguished attentions from the Southern delegates. After the October elections, when it became apparent that Lincoln would be elected, he issued an address advising the support of Douglas. His sympathies were with the South, though in 1832 he strongly supported President Jackson in the suppression of the South Carolina nullifiers. He died in Belleville in May, 1865. Governor Reynolds was a quaint and forceful character. He was a man of much learning; but in conversation (and he talked much) he rarely rose above the odd Western vernacular, of which he was so complete a master. He was the author of two books—one an autobiography, and the other "The Pioneer History of Illinois."

Long before the land was surveyed, however, squatters had invaded the country, and tried to force the Indians west of the Mississippi. Particularly envious were these whites of the lands at the mouth of the Rock River, where the ancient village and burial place of the Sacs stood, and where they came each year to raise corn. Black Hawk had resisted their encroachments, and many violent acts had been committed on both sides.

Finally, however, the squatters, in spite of the fact that the line of settlement was still fifty miles away, succeeded in evading the real meaning of the treaty and in securing a survey of the desired land at the mouth of the river. Black Hawk, exasperated and broken-hearted at seeing his village violated, persuaded himself that the village had never been sold—indeed, that land could not be sold:

"My reason teaches me," he wrote, "that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, as far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

Supported by this theory, conscious that in some way he did not understand he had been wronged, and urged on by White Cloud, the prophet, who ruled a Winnebago village on the Rock River, Black Hawk crossed the Mississippi in 1831, determined to evict the settlers. A military demonstration drove him back, and he was persuaded to sign a treaty never to return east of the Mississippi. "I touched the goose quill to the treaty, and was determined to live in peace," he wrote afterward; but hardly had he

"touched the goose quill" before his heart smote him. Longing for his home; resentment at the whites; obstinacy; brooding over the bad counsels of White Cloud and his disciple Neapope, an agitating Indian who had recently been East to visit the British and their Indian allies, and who assured Black Hawk that the Winnebagoes, Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawottomies would join him in a struggle for his land, and that the British would send him "guns, ammunition, provisions, and clothing early in the spring"—all persuaded the Hawk that he would be successful if he made an effort to drive out the whites. In spite of the persuasion of many of his friends and of the Indian agent in the country, he crossed the river on April 6, 1832, and with some five hundred braves, his squaws and children, marched to the Prophet's town, thirty-five miles up the Rock River.

As soon as they heard of Black Hawk's invasion, the settlers fled in a panic to the forts in the vicinity, and they rained petitions for protection on Governor Reynolds. General Atkinson, who commanded a company at Fort Armstrong, wrote the governor he must have help; and accordingly on the 16th of April Governor Reynolds sent out "influential messengers" with a sonorous summons. It was one of these messengers riding into New Salem who put an end to Lincoln's canvassing for the legislature, freed him from Offutt's expiring grocery, and led him to enlist.

There was no time to waste. The volunteers were ordered to be at Beardstown, nearly forty miles from New Salem, on April 22d. Horses, rifles, saddles, blankets were to be secured, a company formed. It was

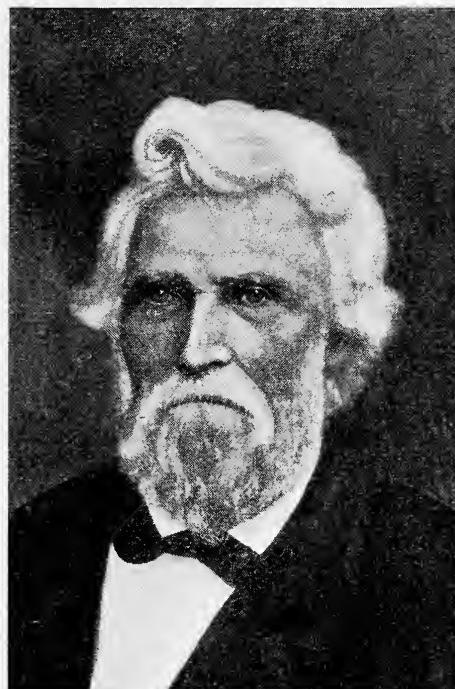
work of which the settlers were not ignorant. Under the laws of the State every able-bodied male inhabitant between eighteen and forty-five was obliged to drill twice a year or pay a fine of one dollar. "As a dollar was hard to raise," says one of the old settlers, "everybody drilled."

#### LINCOLN A CAPTAIN.

Preparations were quickly made, and by April 22d the men were at Beardstown.

Here each company elected its own officers, and Lincoln became a candidate for the captaincy of the company from Sangamon to which he belonged.

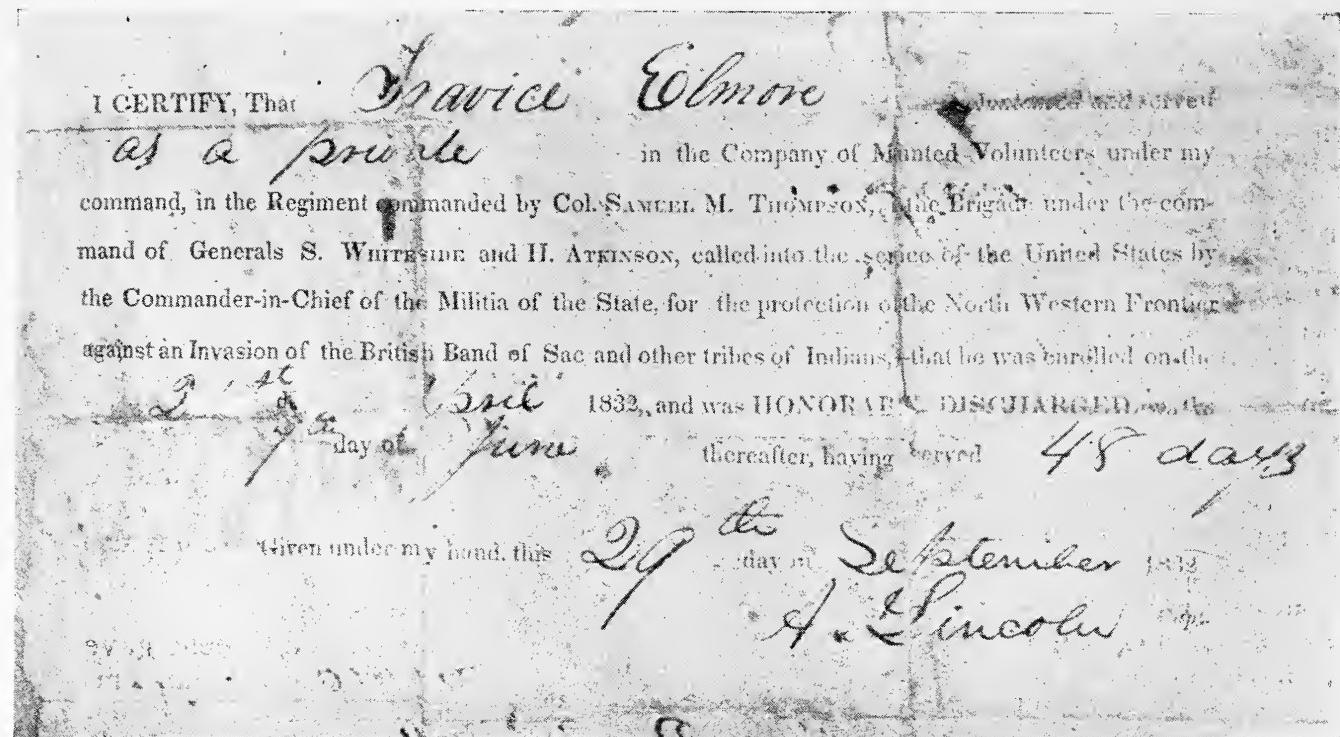
His friend Greene gave another reason than ambition to explain his desire for the captaincy. One of the "odd jobs" which Lincoln had taken since coming into Illinois was working in a saw-mill for a man named Kirkpatrick. In hiring Lincoln, Kirkpatrick had promised to buy him a cant-hook to move heavy logs. Lincoln had proposed, if Kirkpatrick would give him two dollars, to move the logs with a common hand-spike. This the proprietor had agreed to, but when pay day came he refused to keep his word. When the Sangamon company of volunteers was formed, Kirkpatrick aspired to the captaincy; and Lincoln, knowing it, said to Greene: "Bill, I believe I can now pay Kirkpatrick for that two dollars he owes me on the cant-hook. I'll run against him for captain;" and he became a candidate. The vote was taken in a field, by directing the men at the command "march" to assemble around the man they wanted for captain. When the order was given, three-fourths of the men gathered around



From a photograph made for this Magazine.

ELIJAH ILES, CAPTAIN OF COMPANY IN WHICH LINCOLN SERVED AS PRIVATE IN BLACK HAWK WAR.

After a painting by the late Mrs. Obed Lewis, niece of Major Iles, and owned by Mr. Obed Lewis, Springfield, Illinois. Elijah Iles was born in Kentucky, March 28, 1796, and when young went to Missouri. There he heard marvellous stories about the Sangamon Valley, and he resolved to go thither. Springfield had just been staked out in the wilderness, and he reached the place in time to erect the first building—a rude hut in which he kept a store. This was in 1821. "In the early days in Illinois," he wrote in 1883, "it was hard to find good material for law-makers. I was elected a State Senator in 1826, and again for a second term. The Senate then comprised thirteen members, and the House twenty-five." In 1827 he was elected major in the command of Colonel T. McNeal, intending to fight the Winnebagoes, but no fighting occurred. In the Black Hawk War of 1832, after his term as a private in Captain Dawson's company had expired, he was elected captain of a new company of independent rangers. In this company Lincoln re-enlisted as a private. Major Iles lived at Springfield all his life. He died September 4, 1883.



A DISCHARGE FROM SERVICE IN BLACK HAWK WAR SIGNED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, AS CAPTAIN.

Lincoln.\* In Lincoln's curious third-person autobiography he says he was elected "to his own surprise;" and adds, "He says he has not since had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction."

The company was a motley crowd of men. Each had secured for his outfit what he could get, and no two were equipped alike. Buckskin breeches prevailed. There was a sprinkling of coon-skin caps, and the blankets were of the coarsest texture. Flint-lock rifles were the usual arm, though here and there a man had a Cramer. Over the shoulder of each was slung a powder-horn. The men had, as a rule, as little regard for discipline as for appearances, and when the new captain gave an order were as likely to jeer at it as to obey it. To drive the Indians out was their mission, and any orders which did not bear directly on that point were little respected. Lincoln himself was not familiar with military tactics, and made many blunders of which he used to tell afterwards with relish. One of these was an early experience in drilling. He was marching with a front of over twenty men across a field, when he desired to pass through a gateway into the next inclosure.

"I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company *endwise*, so that it could get through the gate; so, as we came near the gate, I shouted, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will

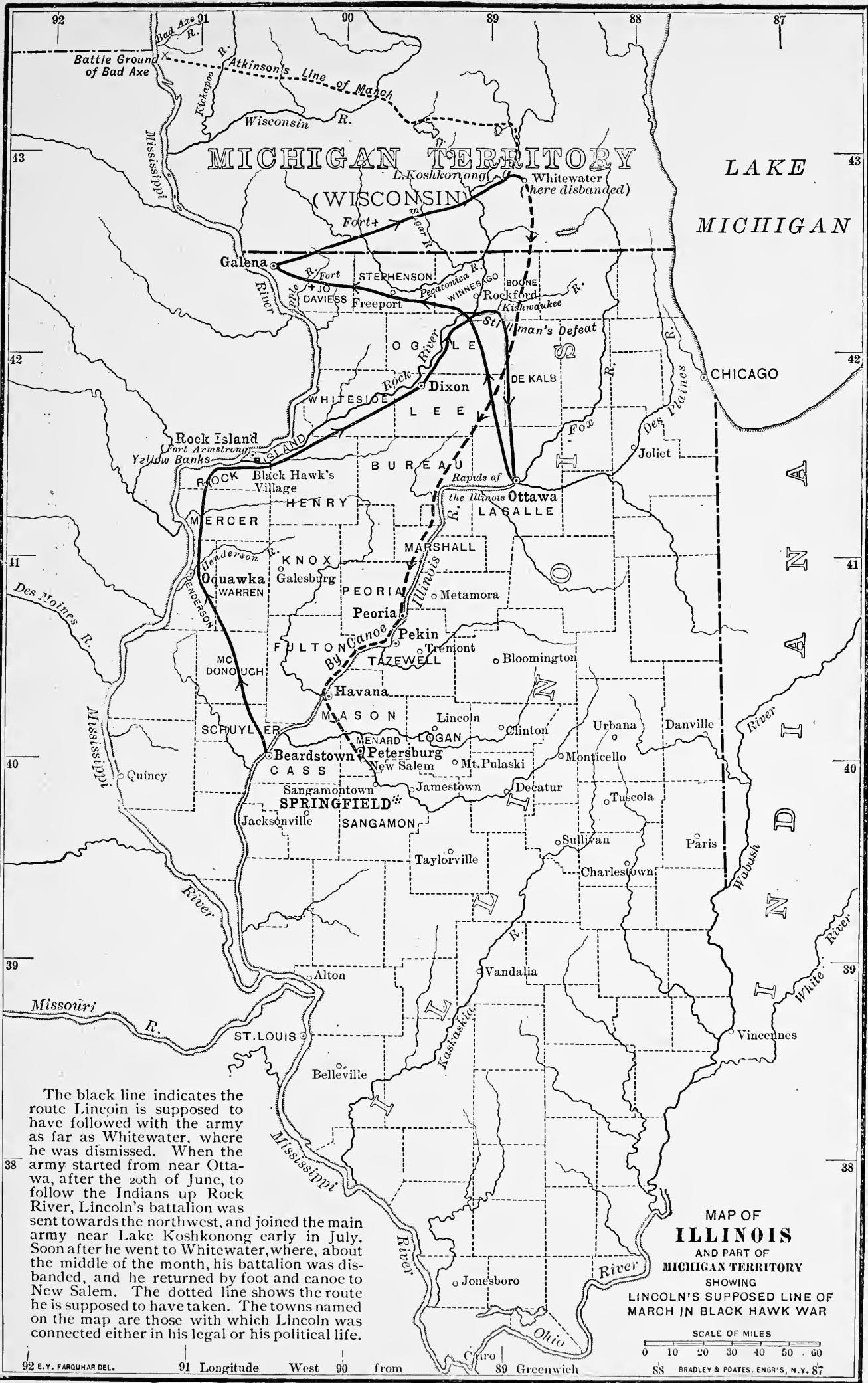
fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

Nor was it only his ignorance of the manual which caused him trouble. He was so unfamiliar with camp discipline that he once had his sword taken from him for shooting within limits. Another disgrace he suffered was on account of his disorderly company. The men, unknown to him, stole a quantity of liquor one night, and the next morning were too drunk to fall in when the order was given to march. For their lawlessness Lincoln wore a wooden sword two days.

But none of these small difficulties injured his standing with the company. Lincoln was tactful, and he joined his men in sports as well as duties. They soon grew so proud of his quick wit and great strength that they obeyed him because they admired him. No amount of military tactics could have secured from the volunteers the cheerful following he won by his personal qualities.

The men soon learned, too, that he meant what he said, and would permit no dishonorable performances. A helpless Indian took refuge in the camp one day; and the men, who were inspired by what Governor Reynolds calls *Indian ill-will*—that wanton mixture of selfishness, unreason, and cruelty which seems to seize a frontiersman as soon as he scents a red man—were determined to kill the refugee. He had a safe conduct from General Cass; but the men, having come out to kill Indians and not having succeeded, threatened to take re-

\* This story of Kirkpatrick's unfair treatment of Lincoln we owe to the courtesy of Colonel Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, Illinois, to whom it was told several times by Greene himself.



MAP OF ILLINOIS IN 1832, PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR McClURE'S MAGAZINE.

venge on the helpless savage. Lincoln boldly took the man's part, and though he risked his life in doing it, he cowed the company, and saved the Indian.

#### THE BLACK HAWK CAMPAIGN.

It was on the 27th of April that the force of sixteen hundred men organized at Beardstown started out. The spring was cold, the roads heavy, the streams turbulent. The army marched first to Yellow Banks on the Mississippi, then to Dixon on the Rock River, which they reached on May 12th. None but hardened pioneers could have endured what Lincoln and his followers did in this march. They had insufficient supplies; they waded in black mud for miles; they swam rivers; they were almost never dry or warm; but, hardened as they were, they made the march gayly. At Dixon they camped, and near here occurred the first bloodshed of the war.

A body of about three hundred and forty rangers, not of the regular army, under Major Stillman, asked to go ahead as scouts, to look for a body of Indians under Black Hawk, rumored to be about twelve miles away. The permission was given, and on the night of the 14th of May Stillman and his men went into camp. Black Hawk heard of their presence. By this time the poor old chief had discovered that the promises of aid from the Indian tribes and the British were false, and, dismayed, he had resolved to recross the Mississippi. When he heard of the whites near he sent three braves with a white flag to ask for a parley and permission to descend the river. Behind them he sent five men to watch proceedings. Stillman's rangers were in camp when the bearers of the flag of truce appeared. The men were many of them half drunk, and when they saw the Indian truce-bearers, they rushed out in a wild mob, and ran them into camp. Then catching sight of the five spies, they started after them, killing two. The three who reached Black Hawk reported that the truce-bearers had been killed as well as their two companions. Furious at this violation of faith, Black Hawk "raised a yell," and declared to the forty braves, all he had with him, that they must have revenge. The Indians immediately sallied forth, and met Stillman's band of over three hundred men, who by this time were out in search of the Indians. Black Hawk, too maddened to think of the difference of numbers, attacked the whites. To his surprise the enemy turned, and fled in a wild

riot. Nor did they stop at their camp, which from its position was almost impregnable; they fled in complete panic, *sauve qui peut*, through their camp, across prairie and rivers and swamps, to Dixon, twelve miles away, where by midnight they began to arrive. The first arrival reported that two thousand savages had swept down on Stillman's camp and slaughtered all but himself. Before the next night all but eleven of the band had arrived.

Stillman's defeat, as this disgraceful affair is called, put all notion of peace out of Black Hawk's mind, and he started out in earnest on the warpath. Governor Reynolds, excited by the reports of the first arrivals from the Stillman stampede, made out that night, "by candle-light," a call for more volunteers, and by the morning of the 15th had messengers out and his army in pursuit of Black Hawk. But it was like pursuing a shadow. The Indians purposely confused their trail. Sometimes it was a broad path, then it suddenly radiated to all points. The whites broke their bands, and pursued the savages here and there, never overtaking them, though now and then coming suddenly on some terrible evidences of their presence—a frontier home deserted and burned, slaughtered cattle, scalps suspended where the army could not fail to see them.

This fruitless warfare exasperated the volunteers; they threatened to leave, and their officers had great difficulty in making them obey orders. On reaching a point in the Rock River, beyond which lay the Indian country, a company under Colonel Zachary Taylor refused to cross, and held a public indignation meeting, urging that they had volunteered to defend the State, and had the right, as independent American citizens, to refuse to go out of its borders. Taylor heard them to the end, and then said: "I feel that all gentlemen here are my equals; in reality, I am persuaded that many of them will, in a few years, be my superiors, and perhaps, in the capacity of members of Congress, arbiters of the fortunes and reputation of humble servants of the republic, like myself. I expect then to obey them as interpreters of the will of the people; and the best proof that I will obey them is now to observe the orders of those whom the people have already put in the place of authority to which many gentlemen around me justly aspire. In plain English, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, the word has been passed on to me from Washington to follow Black Hawk and to take you with me as soldiers. I

At an election held at the house of John McNeil  
in the New Salem precinct in the County of Sangamon  
and State of Illinois on the 20<sup>th</sup> day of September  
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and  
thirtytwo the following named persons received the num-  
ber of votes annexed to their respective names - for  
Constable

John Clary had Fortyone Votes for Constable  
John R. Herndon had Twentytwo Votes for Constable  
William Mc Neely had Thirteen Votes for Constable  
Baxter B. Berry had Nine Votes for Constable  
Edmund Greer had Seven Votes for constable

James Rutledge 3

Hugh Armstrong 3 judges of the election  
James White 3

Attest.

: Ann Lincoln 3 Clerk of the election  
William Green 3

I certify that the above Judges and clerks  
were qualified according to law

September 20- 1832.

Bowling Green

A FACSIMILE OF AN ELECTION RETURN WRITTEN BY LINCOLN AS CLERK IN 1832. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original now on file in the County Clerk's office, Springfield, Illinois. The first civil office Lincoln ever held was that of election clerk, and the return made by him, of which a facsimile is here presented, was his first official document. The New Salem election of September 20, 1832, has the added interest of having been held at "the house of John McNeil," the young merchant who was then already in love with Ann Rutledge, the young girl to whom Lincoln afterwards became engaged. All the men whose names appear on this election return are now dead except William McNeely, now residing at Petersburg. John Clary lived at Clary's Grove; John R. Herndon was "Row" Herndon, whose store Berry and Lincoln purchased, and at whose house Lincoln for a time boarded; Baxter Berry was a relative of Lincoln's partner in the grocery business, and Edmund Greer was a school-teacher, and afterwards a justice of the peace and a surveyor. James Rutledge was the keeper of the Rutledge tavern and the father of Ann Rutledge; Hugh Armstrong was the head of the numerous Armstrong family; "Uncle Jimmy" White lived on a farm five miles from New Salem, and died about thirty years ago in the eightieth year of his age; William Green (spelled by the later members of the family with a final "e") was father of William G. Greene, Lincoln's associate in Offutt's store; and as to Bowling Green, more is said elsewhere. In the following three or four years, very few elections were held at which Lincoln was not a clerk. It is a somewhat singular fact that Lincoln, though clerk of this election, is not recorded as voting.—J. McCann Davis.

mean to do both. There are the flatboats drawn up on the shore, and here are Uncle Sam's men drawn up behind you on the prairie." The volunteers were quick-witted men, and knew true grit when they met it. They dissolved their meeting and crossed the river without Uncle Sam's men being called into action.

The march in pursuit of the Indians led the army to Ottawa, where the volunteers became so dissatisfied that on May 27th and 28th Governor Reynolds mustered them out. But a force in the field was essential until a new levy was raised; and a few of the men were patriotic enough to offer their services, among them Lincoln, who on May 29th was mustered in at the mouth of the Fox River by a man in whom, thirty years later, he was to have a keen interest—General Robert Anderson, commander at Fort Sumter in 1861. Lincoln became a private in Captain Elijah Iles's company of Independent Rangers, not brigaded—a company made up, says Captain Iles in his "Footsteps and Wanderings," of "generals, colonels, captains, and distinguished men from the disbanded army." General Anderson says that at this muster Lincoln's arms were valued at forty dollars, his horse and equipment at one hundred and twenty dollars. The Independent Rangers were a favored body, used to carry messages and to spy on the enemy. They had no camp duties, and "drew rations as often as they pleased." So that as a private Lincoln was really better off than as a captain.\*

With the exception of a scouting trip to Galena and back, fruitful of nothing more than Indian scares, Major Iles's company remained quietly in the neighborhood of the Rapids of the Illinois until June 16th, when Major Anderson mustered it out. Four days later, June 20th, at the same place, he mustered Lincoln in again as a member of an independent company under Captain Jacob M. Early. His arms were valued this time at only fifteen dollars, his horse and equipment at eighty-five dollars.†

\* William Cullen Bryant, who was in Illinois in 1832 at the time of the Black Hawk War, used to tell of meeting in his travels in the State a company of Illinois volunteers, commanded by a "raw youth" of "quaint and pleasant" speech, and of learning afterwards that this captain was Abraham Lincoln. As Lincoln's captaincy ended on May 27th, and Mr. Bryant did not reach Jacksonville, Illinois, until June 12th, and as the nearest point he came to the army was Pleasant Grove, eight miles from Pekin on the Illinois River, and that was at a time when the body of Rangers to which Lincoln belonged was fifty miles away on the rapids of the Illinois, it is evident that the "raw youth" could not have been Lincoln, much as one would like to believe that it was. See "Life of William Cullen Bryant," by Parke Godwin, vol. i. page 283. Also Prose of William Cullen Bryant, edited by Parke Godwin, vol. ii. page 20.

† See Wisconsin Historical Collections, vol. x., for Major Anderson's reminiscences of the Black Hawk War.

The army moved up Rock River soon after the middle of June. Black Hawk was overrunning the country, and scattering death wherever he went. The settlers were wild with fear, and most of the settlements were abandoned. At a sudden sound, at the merest rumor, men, women, and children fled. "I well remember these troublesome times," says one old Illinois woman. "We often left our bread dough unbaked to rush to the Indian fort near by." When Mr. John Bryant, a brother of William Cullen Bryant, visited the colony in Princeton in 1832, he found it nearly broken up on account of the war. Everywhere the crops were neglected, for the able-bodied men were volunteering. William Cullen Bryant, who travelled on horseback in June from Petersburg to near Pekin and back, wrote home: "Every few miles on our way we fell in with bodies of Illinois militia proceeding to the American camp, or saw where they had encamped for the night. They generally stationed themselves near a stream or a spring in the edge of a wood, and turned their horses to graze on the prairie. Their way was barked or girdled, and the roads through the uninhabited country were as much beaten and as dusty as the highways on New York Island. Some of the settlers complained that they made war upon the pigs and chickens. They were a hard-looking set of men, unkempt and unshaved, wearing shirts of dark calico and sometimes calico capotes."

Soon after the army moved up the Rock River, the independent spy company, of which Lincoln was a member, was sent with a brigade to the northwest, near Galena, in pursuit of the Hawk. The nearest Lincoln came to an actual engagement in the war was here. The skirmish of Kellogg's Grove took place on June 25th; Lincoln's company came up soon after it was over, and helped bury the five men killed. It was probably to this experience that he referred when he told a friend once of coming on a camp of white scouts one morning just as the sun was rising. The Indians had surprised the camp, and had killed and scalped every man.

"I remember just how those men looked," said Lincoln, "as we rode up the little hill where their camp was. The red light of the morning sun was streaming upon them as they lay heads towards us on the ground. And every man had a round red spot on the top of his head about as big as a dollar, where the redskins had taken his scalp. It was frightful, but it

was grotesque; and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over." Lincoln paused, as if recalling the vivid picture, and added, somewhat irrelevantly, "I remember that one man had buckskin breeches on."\*

By the end of the month the troops crossed into Michigan Territory—what is now Wisconsin—and July was spent in floundering through swamps and stumbling through forests, in pursuit of the now nearly exhausted Black Hawk. A few days before the last battle of the war, that of Bad Axe on August 2d, in which the whites finally massacred most of the Indian band, Lincoln's company was disbanded at Whitewater, Wisconsin, and he and his friends started for home. The volunteers in returning, in almost every case, suffered much

from hunger. Mr. Durly, of Hennepin, Illinois, who walked home from Rock Island, says all he had to eat on the journey was meal and water baked in rolls of bark laid by the fire. Lincoln was little better off. The night before his company started from Whitewater he and one of his messmates had their horses stolen; and, excepting when their more fortunate companions gave them a lift, they walked as far as Peoria, Illinois, where they bought a canoe, and paddled down the Illinois River to Havana. Here they sold the canoe, and walked across the country to New Salem.

#### ELECTIONEERING FOR THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Lincoln arrived only a few days before the election, and at once plunged into

\* Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Noah Brooks.



VIEW OF THE SANGAMON RIVER NEAR NEW SALEM.

The town lay along the ridge marked by the star.

"electioneering." He ran as "an avowed Clay man," and the county was stiffly Democratic. However, in those days political contests were almost purely personal. If the candidate was liked he was voted for irrespective of principles. Around New Salem the population turned in and helped Lincoln almost to a man. "The Democrats of New Salem worked for Lincoln out of their personal regard for him," said Stephen T. Logan, a young lawyer of Springfield, who made Lincoln's acquaintance in the campaign. "He was as stiff as a man could be in his Whig doctrines. They did this for him simply because he was popular—because he was Lincoln."

It was the custom for the candidates to appear at every gathering which brought the people out, and, if they had a chance, to make speeches. Then, as now, the farmers gathered at the county-seat or at the largest town within their reach on Saturday afternoons, to dispose of produce, buy supplies, see their neighbors, and get the news. During "election times" candidates were always present, and a regular feature of the day was listening to their speeches. Public sales also were gatherings which they never missed, it being expected that after the "voodoo" the candidates would take the auctioneer's place.

Lincoln let none of these chances to be heard slip. Accompanied by his friends, generally including a few Clary's Grove Boys, he always was present. The first speech he made was after a sale at Pappsville. What he said there is not remembered; but an illustration of the kind of man he was, interpolated into his discourse, made a lasting impression. A fight broke out in his audience while he was on the stand, and observing that one of his friends was being worsted, he bounded into the group of contestants, seized the fellow who had his supporter down, threw him "ten or twelve feet," mounted the platform, and finished the speech. Sangamon County could appreciate such a performance; and the crowd that day at Pappsville never forgot Lincoln.

His appearance at Springfield at this time was of great importance to him. Springfield was not at that time a very attractive place. Bryant, visiting it in June, 1832, said that the houses were not as good as at Jacksonville, "a considerable proportion of them being log cabins, and the

whole town having an appearance of dirt and discomfort." Nevertheless it was the largest town in the county, and among its inhabitants were many young men of education, birth, and energy. One of these men Lincoln had become well acquainted with in the Black Hawk War—Major John T. Stewart,\* at that time a lawyer, and, like Lincoln, a candidate for the General Assembly. He met others at this time who were to be associated with him more or less closely in the future in both law and politics, such as Judge Logan and William Butler. With these men the manners which had won him the day at Pappsville were of no value; what impressed them was his "very sensible speech," and his decided individuality and originality.

The election came off on August 6th. The first civil office Lincoln ever held was that of clerk of this election. The report in his hand still exists; as far as we know, it is his first official document.

Lincoln was defeated. "This was the only time Abraham was ever defeated on a direct vote of the people," say his autobiographical notes. He had a consolation in his defeat, however, for in spite of the pronounced Democratic sentiments of his precinct, he received two hundred and seventy-seven votes out of three hundred cast.<sup>†</sup>

\* There were many prominent Americans in the Black Hawk War, with some of whom Lincoln became acquainted. Among the best known were General Robert Anderson; Colonel Zachary Taylor; General Scott, afterwards candidate for President, and Lieut.-General Henry Dodge, Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin and United States Senator; Hon. William L. D. Ewing and Hon. Sidney Breese, both United States Senators from Illinois; William S. Hamilton, a son of Alexander Hamilton; Colonel Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone; Lieutenant Albert Sydney Johnston, afterwards a Confederate general. Jefferson Davis was not in the war, as has been so often stated.

<sup>†</sup> In the New Salem precinct, at the August election of 1832, exactly three hundred votes were cast. Of these Lincoln received 277. The facts upon this point are here stated for the first time. The biographers as a rule have agreed that Lincoln received all of the votes cast in the New Salem precinct except three. Mr. Herndon places the total vote at 208; Nicolay and Hay, at 277; and Mr. Lincoln himself, in his autobiography, has said that he received all but seven of a total of 277 votes, basing his statement, no doubt, upon memory. An examination of the official poll-book in the County Clerk's office at Springfield shows that all of these figures are erroneous. The fact remains, however—and it is a fact which has been commented upon by several of the biographers as showing his phenomenal popularity—that the vote for Lincoln was far in excess of that given any other candidate. The twelve candidates, with the number of votes of each were: Abraham Lincoln, 277; John T. Stewart, 182; William Carpenter, 136; John Dawson, 105; E. D. Taylor, 88; Archer G. Herndon, 84; Peter Cartwright, 62; Achilles Morris, 27; Thomas M. Neal, 21; Edward Robeson, 15; Zachariah Peters, 4; Richard Dunston, 4.

Of the twenty-three who did not vote for Lincoln, ten refrained from voting for Representative at all, thus leaving only thirteen votes actually cast against Lincoln. Lincoln is not recorded as voting. The judges were Bowling Green, Pollard Simmons, and William Clary, and the clerks were John Ritter and Mentor Graham.—*J. McCann Davis.*



EUGENE FIELD TELLING A STORY TO "SISSEY" KNOTT AND LISBETH AND MARTHA WINSLOW.

## EUGENE FIELD AND HIS CHILD FRIENDS.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

THE form of the expressions of regard and regret called out on all sides by the untimely death of Eugene Field, at his home in Chicago, on November 4, 1895, makes clear that the character in which the public at large knew and loved Mr. Field best was that of the poet of child life. What gives his child-poems their unequalled hold on the popular heart is their simplicity, warmth, and genuineness; and these qualities they owe to the fact that Field himself lived in the closest and fondest intimacy with children, had troops of them for his friends, and wrote his poems directly under their suggestion and inspiration. Mr. T. A. Van Laun of Chicago, who was one of Mr. Field's closest friends, has kindly given me many reminiscences, and helped me to much material, illustrating all sides of Mr. Field's life, among others this fine relation with the children. A characteristic incident occurred on Field's marriage-day. The hour of the

ceremony was all but at hand, and the bridal party was waiting at the church for the bridegroom to appear. But he did not come; and, after an anxious delay, some of his friends went in search of him. They found him a short distance away, engaged in settling a dispute that had arisen among some street gamins over a game of marbles. There he was, down on his knees in the mud, listening to the various accounts of the origin of the quarrel; and it was only on the arrival of his friends that he suddenly recollect ed his more pressing and more pleasant duties.

One day, as was often happening, Field received a letter written in the scrawling hand of a child, which told him how the writer, a little girl, had read most of his poems, spoke of the pleasure they had given her, and said that when she grew up she intended to be just such a writer as he was. Following his usual kindly custom, Field answered this letter, telling the child

NOTE.—See a "Conversation" between Eugene Field and Hamlin Garland, in which Mr. Field tells the story of his literary life, *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for August, 1893. Also a series of portraits of Eugene Field in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for September, 1893. Price fifteen cents.

of the beauties of nature that surrounded him, of the twittering birds, and the lovely flowers he had in sight from his window, and concluding: "Now I must go out and shoot a buffalo for breakfast."

Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago, who was one of Mr. Field's most intimate friends, tells a story of Field's first visit to his house that shows how quick the poet was to make himself at home with children. For years the little ones in the Doctor's household had heard of Eugene Field as a wonderful person; and when they were told that he had come to see them their delight knew no bounds, and they ran into the library to pay him homage. It was in the evening, and, presumably, Field had already dined; but he told the children with his first breath that he wanted to know where the cookery was. They, overjoyed at being asked a service they were able to render, trooped out into the kitchen with Field following. The store of eatables was duly exposed, and Field seized upon a turkey, or what remained of one from dinner, and carried it into the dining-room. There he seated himself at table, with the children on his knees and about him, and fell to with a good appetite, talking to the little ones all the time, telling them quaint stories, and making them listen with all their eyes and ears. Having thus become good friends and put them quite at their ease, he spent the rest of the evening singing lullabies to them, and reciting his verses. Naturally, before he went away the children had given him their whole hearts. And this was his way with all the children with whom he came in contact.

One day on the cars Mr. Field chanced to sit near a workingman who had with him his wife and baby. The father, it seemed, had heard Field lecture the night before, and had been deeply impressed. With great deference he brought his child up to Field, and said: "Now, little one, I want you to look at this gentleman. He is Mr. Field, and when you grow up you'll be glad to know that once upon a time he spoke to you." At this Field took the baby in his arms, and played with it for an hour, to the surprise and, of course, to the delight of the parents.

Of recent years Mr. Field rarely went to the office of the Chicago "News," the paper for which during the last ten years he had written a daily column under the title of "Sharps and Flats," but did most of his work at his home in Buena Park, which he called the Sabine Farm. Here he began his day about nine o'clock, by having

breakfast served to him in bed, after which he glanced through the papers, and then settled himself to his writing, with feet high on the table, and his pages before him laid neatly on a piece of plate glass. He wrote with a fine-pointed pen, and had by him several different colored inks, with which he would illuminate his capitals and embellish his manuscript. The first thing he did was his "Sharps and Flats" column, which occupied three or four hours, the task being usually finished by one o'clock. His other work he did in the afternoons and evenings, writing at odd hours, sometimes in the garden if the weather was pleasant. He was much interrupted by friends dropping in to see him; but, however busy, he welcomed whoever came, and would turn aside good-naturedly from his manuscript to entertain a visitor or to hear a story of misfortune. After dinner he retired to his "den" to read; for he read constantly, whatever the distractions about him, and was much given to reading in bed.

And of all his visitors the most constant and appreciative were children. These he never sent away without some bright word, and he rarely sent them away at all. Nowhere could they find such an entertaining playmate as he—one who would tell them such wonderful stories and make up such funny rhymes for them on the spur of the moment, and romp with them like one of themselves. It was in the homely incidents of these visits, and the like intimacy with his own children, that he found the subjects for his poems. He could voice the feelings of a child, because he knew child life from always living it.

On his own children he bestowed pet names—"Pinney," "Daisy," "Googhy," "Posey," and "Trotty;" and they almost forgot that they had others. His eldest daughter, for instance, now a lovely girl of nineteen, has remained "Trotty" from her babyhood, and "Trotty" she will always be. At her christening Field had an argument with his wife about the name they should give her. Mrs. Field wished her to be called Frances, to which Field objected on the ground that it would be shortened into Frankie, which he disliked. Then other names were suggested, and, after listening to this one and that one, Field finally said: "You can christen her whatever you please, but I shall call her Trotty." "Pinney" was named from the comic opera "Pinafore," which was in vogue at the time he was born; and "Daisy" got his name from the song, popular when

he was born: "Oh My! A'int He a Daisy?"

A devotion so unfailing in his relations with children would, naturally, show itself in other relations. His devotion to his wife, for example, was of the completest. In all the world she was the one woman he loved, and he never wished to be away from her. In one of his scrapbooks, under her picture, are written these lines:

You are as fair and sweet and tender,  
Dear brown-eyed little sweetheart  
mine!  
As when, a callow youth and slender,  
I asked to be your valentine.

Often she accompanied him on his readings. Last summer it happened that they went together to St. Joe, Missouri, the home of Mrs. Field's girlhood. On their arrival, Mrs. Field's friends took possession of her and carried her off to a lunch-party, where it was arranged that Mr. Field should join her later. But he, left alone, was swept by his thoughts back to the time when, a youth of twenty-one, he had here paid court to the woman now his wife, then a girl of sixteen; and so affected was he by these memories that, instead of going to the lunch-party, he took a carriage, and all alone drove to the places which he and she had been wont to visit in the happy time of their love-making, especially to a certain lover's lane where they had taken many a walk together.

The day before Field's death the mail brought a hundred dollars in payment for a magazine article he had written. It was in small bills, and there was quite a quantity of them. As he lay in bed, Field spread them out on the covers, and then called Mrs. Field. As she came in she said: "Why, what are you doing with all that money?"

Field, laughing, snatched the bills up and tucked them under the pillow, saying: "You shan't have it, this is my moneys." After his death the bills, all crumpled up, were found still under his pillow.

It was a common happening in the "News" office, while Mr. Field still did his work there, for some ragged, unwashed,



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF EUGENE FIELD.

From a copyrighted photograph by Place & Coover, Chicago; reproduced by permission of the Etching Publishing Co., Chicago.

woe-begone creature, too much abashed to take the elevator, to come toiling up the stairs and down the long passage into one of the editorial rooms, where he would blurt out fearfully, sometimes half defiantly, but always as if confident in the power of the name he spoke: "Is 'Gene Field here?" Sometimes an overzealous office-boy would try to drive one of these poor fellows away, and woe to that boy if Field found it out. "I knew 'Gene Field in Denver," or, "I worked with Field on the 'Kansas City Times,'"—these were sufficient pass-words, and never failed to call forth the cheery voice from Field's room: "That's all right, show him in here; he's a friend of mine." And then, after a grip of the hand and some talk over former experiences—which Field may or may not have remembered, but always pretended to—the inevitable half dollar or dollar was forthcoming, and another unfortunate went out into the world blessing the name of a man who, whether he was orthodox or not in his religious views, always acted up to the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

## POEMS OF CHILDHOOD, BY EUGENE FIELD.

THE choicest literary expression of Eugene Field's intimacy with the children is found in four volumes published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons—"A Little Book of Western Verse," "Second Book of Verse," "With Trumpet and Drum," and "Love-Songs of Childhood." It is only a few years since the earliest of these was published; but no books are better known, and they hold in the hearts of their readers the same fond place that their author held in the hearts of the children whose thoughts and adventures he so aptly and tenderly portrayed. By the kind permission of the publishers, we reproduce here a few of the best known of the poems, adding pictures of the particular child friends of Mr. Field who inspired them. The selections are from the last two volumes—"With Trumpet and Drum" and "Love-Songs of Childhood." The pictures are from Mr. Field's own collection, which chanced to be in New York at the time of his death; and the identifying phrases quoted under several of them were written on the backs of the photographs by Mr. Field's own hand.

## WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,  
Marching like soldiers, the children come !  
It's this way and that way they circle and file—  
My ! but that music of theirs is fine !  
This way and that way, and after a while  
They march straight into this heart of mine !  
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb  
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum !

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall—  
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all !  
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,  
As your dear little arms with my arms inter-  
twine ;  
It will rock you away to the dreamland above—  
Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,  
And jollier still is it bound to become  
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red  
drum.

So come ; though I see not *his* dear little face  
And hear not *his* voice in this jubilant place,  
I know he were happy to bid me enshrine  
His memory deep in my heart with your play—  
Ah me ! but a love that is sweeter than mine  
Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day !  
And my heart it is lonely—so, little folk, come,  
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum !

## THE DELECTABLE BALLAD OF THE WALLER LOT.

Up yonder in Buena Park  
There is a famous spot,  
In legend and in history  
Yclept the Waller Lot.

There children play in daytime  
And lovers stroll by dark,  
For 'tis the goodliest trysting-place  
In all Buena Park.

Once on a time that beauteous maid,  
Sweet little Sissy Knott,  
Took out her pretty doll to walk  
Within the Waller Lot.

While thus she fared, from Ravenswood  
Came Injuns o'er the plain,  
And seized upon that beauteous maid  
And rent her doll in twain.

Oh, 'twas a piteous thing to hear  
Her lamentations wild ;  
She tore her golden curls and cried :  
" My child ! My child ! My child ! "

Alas, what cared those Injun chiefs  
How bitterly wailed she ?  
They never had been mothers,  
And they could not hope to be !

" Have done with tears," they rudely quoth,  
And then they bound her hands ;  
For they proposed to take her off  
To distant border lands.



LUCY ALEXANDER KNOTT.—"HEROINE OF THE 'BALLAD OF THE WALLER LOT'" (NOTE BY EUGENE FIELD ON PHOTOGRAPH).

From a photograph by Max Platz, Chicago.

But, joy ! from Mr. Eddy's barn  
Doth Willie Clow behold  
The sight that makes his hair rise up  
And all his blood run cold.

He put his fingers in his mouth  
And whistled long and clear,  
And presently a goodly horde  
Of cowboys did appear.

Cried Willie Clow : " My comrades bold,  
Haste to the Waller Lot,  
And rescue from that Injun band  
Our charming Sissy Knott !

" Spare neither Injun buck nor squaw,  
But smite them hide and hair!  
Spare neither sex nor age nor size,  
And no condition spare!"

Then sped that cowboy band away,  
Full of revengeful wrath,  
And Kendall Evans rode ahead  
Upon a hickory lath.

And next came gallant Dady Field  
And Willie's brother Kent,  
The Eddy boys and Robbie James,  
On murderous purpose bent.

For they were much beholden to  
That maid—in sooth, the lot  
Were very, very much in love  
With charming Sissy Knott.



KENDALL EVANS.—"HE RODE A HICKORY LATH IN THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF 'THE WALLER LOT'" (NOTE BY EUGENE FIELD ON PHOTOGRAPH).

From a photograph by Coover, Chicago.



JAMES BRECKINRIDGE WALLER, JR.—"A 'WALLER LOT' COWBOY OF RARE PROMISE" (NOTE BY EUGENE FIELD ON PHOTOGRAPH).

From a photograph by Gehrig & Windeatt, Chicago.

What wonder? She was beauty's queen,  
And good beyond compare;  
Moreover, it was known she was  
Her wealthy father's heir!

Now when the Injuns saw that band  
They trembled with affright,  
And yet they thought the cheapest thing  
To do was stay and fight.

So sturdily they stood their ground,  
Nor would their prisoner yield,  
Despite the wrath of Willie Clow  
And gallant Dady Field.

Oh, never fiercer battle raged  
Upon the Waller Lot,  
And never blood more freely flowed  
Than flowed for Sissy Knott!

An Injun chief of monstrous size  
Got Kendall Evans down,  
And Robbie James was soon o'erthrown  
By one of great renown.

And Dady Field was sorely done,  
And Willie Clow was hurt,  
And all that gallant cowboy band  
Lay wallowing in the dirt.

But still they strove with might and main  
Till all the Waller Lot  
Was strewn with hair and gouts of gore—  
All, all for Sissy Knott!

Then cried the maiden in despair:  
"Alas, I sadly fear  
The battle and my hopes are lost,  
Unless some help appear!"

Lo, as she spoke, she saw afar  
The resuer looming up—  
The pride of all Buena Park,  
Clow's famous yellow pup!



WILLIAM AND KENT CLOW.—"TWO REDOUTABLE HEROES OF 'THE WALLER LOT'" (NOTE BY EUGENE FIELD ON PHOTOGRAPH).

From a photograph by D. R. Coover, Chicago.

"Now, sick 'em, Don," the maiden cried,  
 "Now, sick 'em, Don!" cried she;  
 Obedient Don at once complied—  
 As ordered, so did he.

He sicked 'em all so passing well  
 That, overcome by fright,  
 The Indian horde gave up the fray  
 And safety sought in flight.

They ran and ran and ran and ran  
 O'er valley, plain, and hill;  
 And if they are not walking now,  
 Why, then, they're running still.

The cowboys rose up from the dust  
 With faces black and blue;  
 "Remember, beauteous maid," said they,  
 "We've bled and died for you!"

"And though we suffer grievously,  
 We gladly hail the lot  
 That brings us toils and pains and wounds  
 For charming Sissy Knott!"

But Sissy Knott still wailed and wept,  
 And still her fate reviled;  
 For who could patch her dolly up—  
 Who, who could mend her child?

Then out her doting mother came,  
 And soothed her daughter then;  
 "Grieve not, my darling, I will sew  
 Your dolly up again!"

Joy soon succeeded unto grief,  
 And tears were soon dried up,  
 And dignities were heaped upon  
 Clow's noble yellow pup.

Him all that goodly company  
 Did as deliverer hail—  
 They tied a ribbon round his neck,  
 Another round his tail.

And every anniversary day  
 Upon the Waller Lot  
 They celebrate the victory won  
 For charming Sissy Knott.

And I, the poet of these folk,  
 Am ordered to compile  
 This truly famous history  
 In good old ballad style.

Which having done as to have earned  
 The sweet rewards of fame,  
 In what same style I did begin  
 I now shall end the same.

So let us sing: Long live the King,  
 Long live the Queen and Jack,  
 Long live the ten-spot and the ace,  
 And also all the pack!

#### THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street  
 Comes stealing; comes creeping;  
 The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
 And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—  
 She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
 When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—  
 "Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;  
 There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,  
 And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come  
 Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
 And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams  
 With laughter and singing;  
 And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,  
 And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty  
 gleams,  
 And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,  
 The fairies go winging!



ROSWELL FRANCIS FIELD, EUGENE FIELD'S YOUNGEST SON  
 AND THE INSPIRER OF "THE ROCK-A-BY LADY," "BOOH,"  
 AND MANY OTHER POEMS IN THE VOLUME "LOVE-SONGS  
 OF CHILDHOOD."

From a photograph by Stein, Chicago.

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and  
 fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;  
 So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
 For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,  
 With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
 Comes stealing; comes creeping.

"BOOH!"

On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap,  
 And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in nurse's  
 lap,  
 In some such wise my handkerchief I hold before my  
 face,  
 And cautiously and quietly I move about the place;  
 Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,  
 And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say  
 "Booh!"

Sometimes the rascal tries to make believe that he is scared,  
And really, when I first began, he stared, and stared, and stared;  
And then his under lip came out and farther out it came,  
Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel shame"—  
But now what does that same wee, toddling, lisping baby do  
But laugh and kick his little heels when I say  
"Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then  
In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!"  
And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,  
It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for!  
And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that we shall rue  
The time when we are both too old to play the game of  
"Booh!"

## THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat;  
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)  
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!  
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
Appeared to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.  
(I wasn't there; I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"  
The calico cat replied "mee-ow!"  
The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of gingham and calico,  
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!  
(Now mind: I'm only telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
Employing every tooth and claw—  
In the awfulest way you ever saw—  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!  
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—  
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat  
They found no trace of dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away!  
But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now what do you really think of that?  
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)



IRVING WAY, JR., TO WHOM THE POEM OF "THE RIDE TO BUMPVILLE" IS DEDICATED.

From a photograph by Leonard, Topeka, Kansas.

## THE RIDE TO BUMPVILLE.

Play that my knee was a calico mare  
Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;  
Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare,  
And gallop away to Bumpville!  
I hope you'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,  
For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,  
And many adventures you're likely to meet  
As you journey along to Bumpville.

This calico mare both gallops and trots  
While whisking you off to Bumpville;  
She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spcts,  
In the tortuous road to Bumpville!  
And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed  
Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,  
Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,  
When one is en route to Bumpville!

She's scared of the cars when the engine goes "Toot!"  
Down by the crossing at Bumpville;  
You'd better look out for that treacherous brute  
Bearing you off to Bumpville!  
With a snort she rears up on her hindermost heels,  
And executes jigs and Virginia reels—  
Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels  
Dancing so wildly to Bumpville.



ELIZABETH WINSLOW, TO WHOM THE POEM OF "THE DUEL"  
IS DEDICATED.

It's bumpytybump and it's jiggetyjog,  
Journeying on to Bumpville ;  
It's over the hilltop and down through the bog  
You ride on your way to Bumpville ;  
It's rattletybang over boulder and stump,  
There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump,  
And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,  
Mile after mile to Bumpville !

Perhaps you'll observe it's no easy thing  
Making the journey to Bumpville,  
So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring  
An end to this ride to Bumpville ;  
For, though she has uttered no protest or plaint,  
The calico mare must be blowing and faint—  
What's more to the point, I'm blowed if I ain't !  
So play we have got to Bumpville.



PARK YENOWINE, "THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN," WROTE MR. FIELD ON THE PHOTOGRAPH, "TO WHOM 'SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT' IS DEDICATED."

From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.



KATHERINE KOHLSAAT. "TO HER," WROTE MR. FIELD ON THE PHOTOGRAPH, "THE HUSH-A-BY SONG ENTITLED 'SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO,' IS DEDICATED."

#### SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO !

So, so, rock-a-by so !  
Off to the garden where dreamikins grow ;  
And here is a kiss on your winkyblink eyes,  
And here is a kiss on your dimpledown cheek,  
And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies  
In a beautiful garden way up in the skies  
Which you seek.  
Now mind these three kisses wherever you go—  
So, so, rock-a-by so !

There's one little fumfay who lives there, I know,  
For he dances all night where the dreamikins grow ;  
I send him this kiss on your droopydrop eyes.  
I send him this kiss on your rosyred cheek.  
And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise  
When the fumfay shall dance in those far-away skies  
Which you seek.  
Be sure that you pay those three kisses you owe—  
So, so, rock-a-by so !

And, by-low, as you rock-a-by go,  
Don't forget mother who loveth you so !  
And here is her kiss on your weepydeep eyes,  
And here is her kiss on your peachypink cheek,  
And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies  
Like a babe on the breast of those far-away skies  
Which you seek—  
The blinkywink garden where dreamikins grow—  
So, so, rock-a-by so !

#### SEEIN' THINGS.

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms,  
or mice,  
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful  
nice !  
I'm pretty brave, I guess ; an' yet I hate to go to bed,  
For when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my  
prayers are said,  
Mother tells me "Happy dreams !" and takes away  
the light,  
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at  
night !

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're  
by the door,  
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the  
floor ;  
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're  
walkin' round  
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound !  
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times  
they're white—  
But the color ain't no difference when you see things  
at night !

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on  
our street,  
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,  
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,  
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so !  
Oh, my ! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a  
mite—  
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night !

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death !  
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath ;  
An' I am, oh ! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then  
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again !  
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right  
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at  
night !

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into  
sin,  
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me  
within ;  
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at 's big an'  
nice,  
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them  
things twice !  
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight  
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at  
night !



THE SABINE WOMEN. FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

The legend of the Sabine women is familiar. In the early days of Rome, Romulus, the city's founder and first king, finding his subjects much lacking in wives, invited the Sabines, a neighboring people, into the city for a feast and games; and in the midst of the sport, he and his followers seized the Sabine mothers and daughters by force of arms, and married them out of hand. David's picture represents the seizure. Classical subjects were especially preferred by David and his school.

## A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.—THE ART OF FRANCE IN THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—DAVID AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

BY WILL H. LOW.



HEN the potter's daughter of remote antiquity first drew the incised line around her lover's shadow cast upon the wall by the accomplice sun, art had its birth. Before that time primitive man had endeavored—with who knows what desire to leave behind him some trace of his passage upon earth—to make upon bones rude tracings of his surroundings. The proof of the universality of art is in these manifestations, of which the logical out-

come was the complete and splendid art of Greece. Through the sequence of Byzantine art we come to Giotto, who, a shepherd's son under the skies of Italy, was reinspired at the source of nature, and became the first painter as we to-day know painting. From Giotto descends in direct line the great family of artists who, in the service of the spiritual and temporal sovereigns of the earth, shed illustration upon their craft and undying lustre on their names until the old order, changing, giving way to the new, enfranchised art in the great upheaval of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

It is well, in order to understand the position in which this great revolution left

art, to briefly consider the conditions preceding it. Painting, up to the end of the seventeenth century, had been essentially the handmaiden of religion; and religion in its turn had been so closely allied to the state that, when declining faith let down the barriers, art took for the first time its place among the liberal professions whose first duty is to find in the necessities of mankind a reason for their existence. Small wonder, then, that, accustomed to be fostered and encouraged, to be held aloof from the material necessity of earning their daily bread, the artists of this period sought protection from the only class which in those days had the leisure to appreciate or the fortune to encourage them. The people, the "general public," as we say to-day, did not exist, except as a mass of patient workers in the first part, as a clamorous rabble demanding its rights in the latter part, of the century. Hence the patronage of art, its very existence, depended on the pleasure of the nobility, and naturally enough its themes were measured according to the tastes of its patrons. Much that was charming was produced, but never before did art portray its epoch with such great limitations. The persistent blindness to the signs and portents gathering thick about them which characterized the higher classes of the time, may be felt in its art; of the great outside world, of the hungry masses so soon to rise in rebellion, nothing is seen. One may walk through the palaces at Versailles, may search through the pictures of the epoch in the Louvre, or linger at Sans Souci in Potsdam—where Frederick filled his house with sculptured duchesses in classical costume playing at Diana, and covered his walls with Watteaus and his ceilings with

decorations by Pesne, a less worthy Frenchman—and remain in complete ignorance of hungry Jacques, who, with pike-staff and guillotine, was so soon to change all that and usher in the period of the Revolution. Before the evil day dawned for the gilded gentry of France, however, the British colonies in America, influenced by the teachings of the precursors of the French Revolution, and aided by their isolation, were to establish their independence.

It was undoubtedly at this time, when revolt was in the air and man was preoccupied with his primal right to liberty of existence, that art was given the bad name of a luxury.

Until its long prostitution throughout the seventeenth century, its mission had been noble; but now, coincident to the fall of the old *régime*, the people, from an ignorance which was more their misfortune than their fault, confounded art with luxuries more than questionable, in which their whilom superiors had indulged while they lacked bread. With the curious assumption of Spartan virtue which rings with an almost convincing sound of true metal through so many of the resolutions passed by the Na-



JACQUES LOUIS DAVID AS A YOUNG MAN. FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.

The exact date of this picture is unknown; but it was, presumably, painted before 1775, when David, having received the Prix de Rome, went to Italy for the first time. It was given to the Louvre, where it now is, by the painter Eugène Isabey in 1852; David had presented it to the elder Isabey, also a painter.

tional Convention of France, in the days following the holocaust of the Reign of Terror, there was serious debate as to whether pictures and statues were to be permitted to exist or their production encouraged.

This debate must have fallen strangely on the ears of one of the members of the Convention, who had already made his power as an artist felt, and who was from that time for more than forty years to be the directing influence, not only of French art, but of painting on the Continent in general. This man, Jacques Louis David, in point of fact was soon practically to demonstrate to his colleagues that art had



MICHEL GÉRARD AND HIS FAMILY. FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

Michel Gérard was a member of the National Assembly, the body which ruled France in the first years of the Revolution, from 1789 to 1791. The picture represents him in the midst of his family, attired with the simplicity affected by the Revolutionary leaders at that time.

as its mission other aims than those followed by the painters of the preceding generations. It fell that Lepelletier, one of the members of the Convention, was assassinated, and David's brush portrayed him as he lay dead; and the picture, being brought into the legislative hall, moved the entire assembly to a conviction that

the art of the painter struck a human chord which vibrated deep in the heart of man.

But a little later, when Marat, "the Friend of Man," was stricken down, a voice rose in the Convention, "Where art thou, David?" And again, responding to the call, he painted the picture of the dead demagogue lying in his bath, his pen in hand, a half-

written screed on a rude table improvised by placing a board across the tub; and again the picture, more eloquent, more explanatory of character and of epoch than any written page of history, was a convincing argument that painting was not a plaything.

Born August 21, 1748, a man over fifty years of age when this century commenced, David may yet be considered entirely our own; for the ideas of his country, despite minor influences that have affected modern art, have prevailed in the art of all other countries, and these principles were largely formulated by him. France has been throughout this century the only country which has steadfastly encouraged art, with a system of education unsurpassed in any epoch, and by the maintenance of a standard which, however rebellious at times, every serious artist has been and is obliged to acknowledge. A cousin—or, as some authorities have it, a grand-nephew—of Boucher (the artist who best typifies the frivolity of the art of the eighteenth century, so that there is grim humor in the thought that this iconoclast was of his blood), David was twenty-seven years of age when, in 1775, he won the Prix de Rome, which enabled him to go to Italy for four years at the expense of the government. He was the pupil of Vien, a painter whose chief merit it was to have inspired his pupil with a hatred of the frivolous Pompadour art of the epoch; and David only obtained the coveted prize after competing five successive years. It is instructive to learn that of this first sojourn at Rome almost nothing remains in the way of painting; for the young artist, endowed with the patience which is, according to Goethe, synonymous with genius, devoted all his time to drawing from the antique.

It was here and during this time, doubtless, that he formed his conviction that painting of the highest type must conform to classical tradition—that all nature was to be remoulded in the form of antique sculpture. But it was also at this time, and owing to his stern apprenticeship to the study of form, that he acquired the mastery of drawing which served him so well when in the presence of nature; and with no other preoccupation than to reproduce his model, he painted the people of his time and produced his greatest works. For by a strange yet not unprecedented contradiction, David's fame to-day rests, not upon the great classical pictures which were the admiration of his time and by which he thought to be remembered, but on the portraits which, with his mastery of

technical acquirement, he painted with surprising truth and reality.

The time was propitious, however, for David. France, the seeds of revolution germinating in its soil, looked upon the Republic of Rome as the type from which a system could be evolved that would usher in a new day of virtuous government; and when, after a second visit to Rome, David returned home with a picture representing the oath of the Horatii, Paris received him with open arms. The picture was exhibited, and viewed by crowds, burning, doubtless, in their turn to have weapons placed in their hands with which to conquer their liberties. This was in 1786; but years after, in the catalogue of the Salon of 1819, we read this note: "The Oath of the Horatii, the first masterpiece which restored to the French school of painting the purity of antique taste."

At the outbreak of the Revolution David abandoned painting; and on January 17, 1793, as a member of the Convention, voted for the execution of Louis XVI. It was during this period that were painted his pictures of Lepelletier and Marat, in which his cold, statuesque, and correct manner was revivified and warmed to life—paradoxically enough, to paint death. A friend of Robespierre, he was carried down at the overthrow of the "little lawyer from Arras," and imprisoned in the Luxembourg. His wife—who had left him at the outset of his political life, horrified at the excesses of the time—now rejoined him in his misfortune; and inspired by her devotion, David made the first sketch of the Sabine women.

Released from prison October 26, 1795, he returned to his art; and in 1800 the Sabines was exhibited in a room in the Louvre, where it remained for more than five years, during which time it constantly attracted visitors, and brought to the painter in entrance fees more than thirteen thousand dollars. Early in the career of Napoleon, David had attracted his attention; and he had vainly endeavored to induce the artist to accompany him on the Egyptian campaign. On the accession of Napoleon as Emperor, therefore, we find in the Salon catalogues, "Monsieur David, first painter to his Imperial Majesty," in place of plain "Citizen David" of the Revolutionary years.

Napoleon ordered from David four great paintings. The Coronation and the Distribution of Flags alone were painted when the overthrow of the Empire, and the loyalty of David to his imperial patron,



POPE PIUS VII. FROM A PAINTING FROM LIFE BY DAVID, NOW IN THE LOUVRE.

Pius VII. was the Pope who, in 1804, consecrated Napoleon I. as Emperor of France. Later he opposed Napoleon's aggressions, and was imprisoned for it, first in Italy and afterwards in France. In 1814 he recovered his freedom and his dominions, temporal as well as spiritual. The above picture is, perhaps, the best example of what may be termed the official portrait (as the preceding picture is of the familiar portrait) of David. It was painted in 1805, in the apartment assigned to the Pope in the Tuileries.

caused him to be exiled in 1816. He went to Brussels, where, on December 29, 1825, he died. The Bourbons, masters of France, refused to allow his body to be brought back to his country; but Belgini gave him a public funeral, after which he was laid to rest in the Cathedral of Brussels.

This dominant artistic influence of France in the first quarter of this century

is not entirely extinguished to-day. The classical spirit has never been entirely absent from any intellectual manifestation of the French; but in David and his pupils it was carried to an extremity against which the painters of the next generation were to struggle almost hopelessly. Time, which sets all things right, has placed David in his proper place; and while to-day we may

admire the immense knowledge of the man as manifested in the great classical pictures, like the Horatii, the Sabines, or the Leonidas at Thermopylæ, we remain cold before their array of painted statues. His portraits—Marat, the charming sketch of Madame Recamier, his own portrait as a young man, the group of Michel Gérard and his family, and the Pope Pius VII.—give the touch of nature which is needed to kindle the fire of humanity in this man of iron.

It is as though nature had wished a contrast to this coldly intellectual type that

ried a woman whose character and habits were such that his life was rendered unhappy thenceforward.

In 1780 Prud'hon went to Paris to prosecute his studies; and there, two years after, was awarded a prize, founded by his province, which enabled him to go to Rome. It is characteristic of the man that, in the competition for this prize, he was so touched by the despair of one of his comrades competing with him that he repainted completely his friend's picture—with such success that it was the friend to whom the prize was awarded, and who, but for a



JUSTICE AND DIVINE VENGEANCE PURSUING CRIME. FROM A PAINTING BY PRUD'HON.

This picture was painted for the Criminal Court of the Palace of Justice in Paris. At the time of the Restoration in 1816 the picture was replaced by a crucifix, and removed to the Luxembourg gallery, where it remained until 1823, when it was placed in the Louvre. It is considered Prud'hon's masterpiece.

there should have existed at the same time a painter who, seeking at the same inexhaustible fountain-head of classicism, found inspiration for an art almost morbid in excess of sentiment. Pierre Prud'hon was born at Cluny in Burgundy, April 4, 1758, the son of a poor mason who, dying soon after the boy's birth, left him to the care of the monks of the Abbey of Cluny. The pictures decorating the monastery visibly affecting the youth, the Bishop of Macon placed him under the tuition of one Desvoges, who directed the school of painting at Dijon. Here his progress was rapid, but at nineteen the too susceptible youth mar-

tardly awakening of conscience, would have gone to Rome in his place.

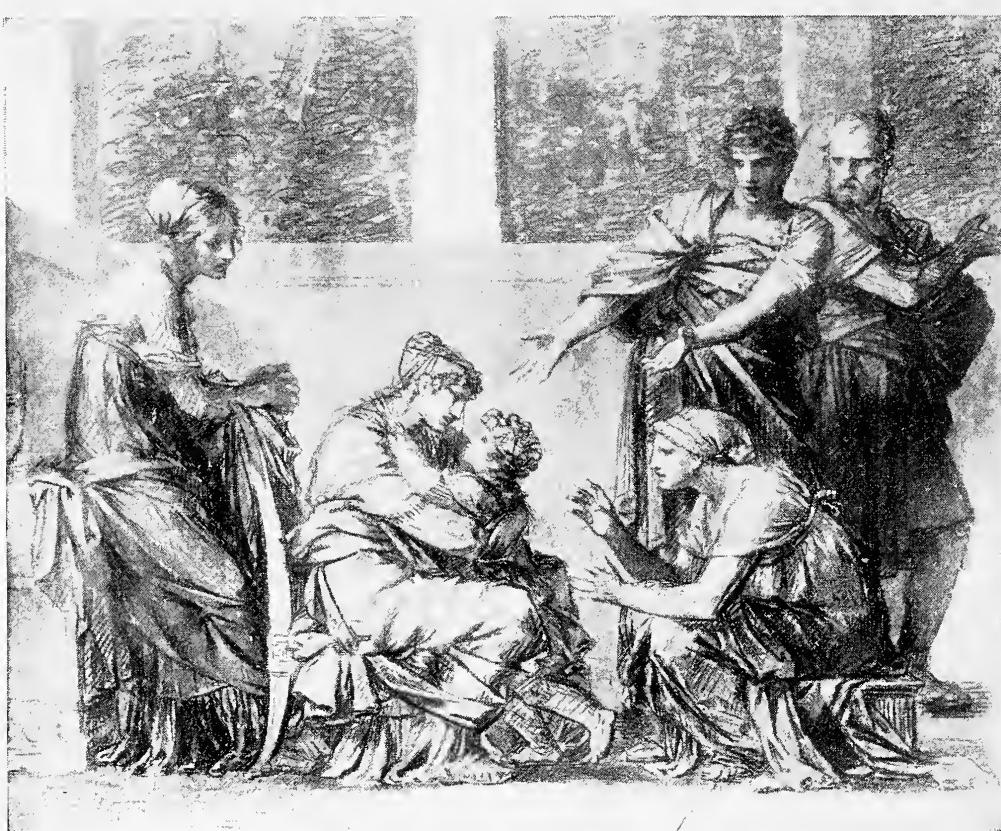
The judgment rectified, Prud'hon went to Rome, where he stayed seven years, studying Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and above all Correggio, whose influence is manifest in his work, and returned to Paris in 1789. Unknown, and timid by nature, he attracted little attention, and for some years gained his living by designing letter-heads, visiting cards, which were then of an ornate description, and the many trifles which constitute a present resource to the unsuccessful painter even to-day.

It was not until 1796 that some of the



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN. FROM A PAINTING BY PRUD'HON.

This picture was ordered by the Emperor Napoleon for the chapel of the Tuileries. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1819, and, after the Revolution of 1848, was removed from the Tuileries to the Louvre, where it has since remained.



HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE, FROM A DRAWING BY PRUD'HON.

This charming drawing, which forms part of the collection in the Louvre, is a study for a projected painting, and is, by its grace of line and composition, peculiarly typical of the painter. Hector, about to depart for his combat with Ajax, and having bidden farewell to Andromache, his wife, desires to embrace his son. But the child, frightened at the emotion of which he is witness, takes refuge in his mother's arms.

charming drawings which he had made commenced to attract attention. A series of designs illustrating Daphnis and Chloe, for the publishing house of Didot *ainé*, were particularly noticeable; and through this work he made the acquaintance of M. Frochot, by whose influence he received a commission for a decoration for the palace of St. Cloud, which is now placed in the Louvre.

Life now became somewhat easier, and in 1803—having long been separated from his wife—a talented young woman, Mlle. Mayer, became his pupil, and relations of a more tender character were established. The pictures of Mlle. Mayer are influenced by her master to a degree that makes them minor productions of his own; and her unselfish, though unconsecrated, devotion to him makes up the sum of the little happiness which he may have had.

In 1808 Prud'hon's picture of Justice and Divine Vengeance pursuing Crime was ordered for the Palace of Justice, and was shown at the Salon of that year, where the presence of David's Sabines and its influence as shown in many of the productions of his pupils were not enough to rob Prud'hon of a legitimate success, and the cross of the Legion of Honor was ac-

corded him. The Assumption of the Virgin was exhibited in 1819; but before that Prud'hon had been made a member of the Institute, and (it passed for a distinction) drawing-master to the Empress Marie Louise.

Many pictures, all characterized by a subtle charm, were produced during this happy period; but in 1821 Mlle. Mayer, preyed upon by her false position, committed suicide, and Prud'hon lingered in continual sorrow until February 16, 1823, when he died. The work of Prud'hon covers a wide range, of which not the least

important are the drawings which he made with a lavish hand. As has been observed, he was a true child of his time, and the classic influence is strongly felt in his work; but translated through his temperament, it is no longer lifeless and cold. It is eloquent of the early ages of the world, when life was young and maturity and age bore the impress of a simple life, little perplexed by intricate problems of existence. Throughout his work, in the recreation of the myths of antiquity or in the rarer representation of Christian legend, his style is sober and dignified—as truly classic as that of David; but permeating it all is the indescribable essence of beauty and youth, the reflection, undoubtedly, of a man who, rarely fortunate, capable of grave mistakes, has nevertheless left much testimony to the love and esteem in which he was held.

François Gérard, one of the many faithful followers of David, was born May 4, 1770, at Rome, where his father had gone in the service of the ambassador of France. He went to France in his twelfth year, and at sixteen was enrolled in the school of David. As a docile pupil he entered the competition for the Roman prize in 1789; but Girodet having obtained the first place, a second prize was awarded, and the next

year the death of his father prevented him from finishing his competition picture; so that he is one of the exceptions amongst David's pupils, inasmuch as he did not obtain the *Prix de Rome*. In 1790, however, he accompanied his mother, who was an Italian, to her native country. But his sojourn there was short, as in 1793 he solicited the influence of David to save him from the general conscription; which was done by naming him a member of the Revolutionary tribunal. By taking refuge in his studio and feigning illness, he avoided the exercise of his judicial functions; and the storm passing away, he exhibited in 1795 a picture of Belisarius which attracted attention.

In 1806 Napoleon made him the official portrait painter attached to his court, and ordered the picture of the battle of Austerlitz, finished in 1810. This and indeed all of Gérard's pictures are marked by all the defects of David's methods, and lack the virile quality of his master. His portraits, however, have many qualities of grace and good taste, and his success in France was somewhat analogous to that of

Lawrence in England. Under the Restoration his vogue continued; in 1819 he was given the title of baron; and, dying in Paris on January 11, 1837, he left as his legacy to the art of his time no less than twenty-

eight historical pictures, many of great dimensions, eighty-seven full-length portraits, and over two hundred smaller portraits, representing the principal men and women of his time. The portraits of the Countess Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely and of the Princess Visconti are both excellent specimens of the work of this estimable painter.

Of the pictures which testify to the industry and talent of Louis-Léopold Boilly, who was born at La Bassée, near Lille, on July 5, 1761, the Louvre possesses but one specimen; namely, the Arrival of a Diligence before the coach-office in Paris. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that with the preoccupation of the public mind with the events of the time, and the prevailing taste for great historical pictures, Boilly's art, so sincere and so intimate in character, was underestimated. It is certainly not due to any lack of industry on the part of the painter. Even at the age of eleven years he undertook to paint, for a religious fraternity of his native town, two pictures representing the miracles of St. Roch. These still exist, and they are said to be meritorious. His



PRUD'HON. FROM A PEN DRAWING BY HIMSELF.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN. FROM A PAINTING BY PRUD'HON, IN THE LOUVRE.



THE PRINCESS VISCONTI. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS PASCAL-SIMON (BARON) GÉRARD.

The picture gives an interesting study of the costume of the First Empire, and is a work conceived in the style of the time when the recent publication of "Corinne" by Madame de Staël had influenced the popular taste. The original painting is now in the Louvre.

facility in seizing the resemblance of his sitter was evidently native, for when only thirteen years of age, without instruction of any kind, he left his parents, and established himself as a portrait painter first at Douai and afterwards at Arras. In 1786 he went to Paris, where he lived until his death. Here he painted a great number of pictures of small size, representing familiar scenes of the streets and of the homes of Paris, and an incredible number of portraits.

A valiant craftsman, happy in his work, following no school but that of nature, careless of official honor (which came to him only when, late in life, on the demand of the Academy, the government accorded him the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1833), his life was uneventful. But his little pictures pleased the people who saw themselves so truthfully depicted, and to-day they are more highly esteemed than are the works of many of his at-the-time esteemed contemporaries. He painted for seventy-two years, produced more than

five thousand portraits, an incredible number of pictures and drawings, and died, his brush in hand, on January 5, 1845. The little picture of the Arrival of a Diligence presents, with exquisite truthfulness, a Paris unlike the brilliant city of our day, the Paris where Arthur Young in his travels in 1812 notes the absence of sidewalks; a city inhabited by slim ladies dressed *à la Grecque*, and by high-stocked gentlemen content to travel by post. It is a canvas of more value than the pretentious and tiresome historical compositions of the time, and suggests the reflection that many of the David pupils might have been better employed in putting their scientific accuracy of drawing to the service of rendering the life which they saw about them, instead of producing the arid stretches of academy models posing as Hector or Romulus.

Guillaume-Guillon Lethière, a painter in whose veins there was an admixture of negro blood, would hardly have echoed the sentiments of this last paragraph, as he lived and worked in the factitious companionship of the Greeks and Romans. So clearly, however, does the temperament of a painter inspire the character of his work that we may be glad that this was the case; for, of his school, Lethière alone infuses into his classicism something of the turbulent life which marked his own character.

Born in Guadeloupe January 10, 1760,



THE COUNTESS REGNAULT DE SAINT-JEAN-D'ANGELY. FROM A PAINTING BY BARON GÉRARD, IN THE LOUVRE.



THE ARRIVAL OF A DILIGENCE. FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS-LÉOPOLD BOILLY.

This picture, now in the Louvre, is the only example of this artist's work shown there, and is particularly interesting as showing the Paris of 1803, when the streets had no sidewalks. The scene is laid at the place of arrival and departure of the coaches which from Paris penetrated into all parts of France, and were the only means of transport or communication.

coming to Paris when very young, he took the second prize of Rome in 1784, with a picture of such merit that the regulation was infringed and he was given leave to go to Rome at the same time as the winner of the first prize. His first picture was exhibited in the form of a sketch in the Salon of 1801; and not until eleven years after was the great canvas of Brutus Condemning his Sons to Death shown at the Salon of 1812. The other picture by which he is best known, the Death of Virginia, is, like the preceding, in the Louvre; and though the sketch of this was exhibited in 1795, the picture only took definite form in 1828.

Meanwhile Lethière had travelled much in England and Spain, and had been for ten years director of the French School of Fine Arts in Rome. His life was adventurous, and it is told of him that he was often involved in quarrels, and fought a number of duels with military officers because, humble civilian that he was, he yet dared to wear the mustache! In 1822 he returned definitely to Paris, where he was made a member of the Institute and professor in the School of Fine Arts, and where he died April 21, 1832. The quality of his work is well characterized by Charles Blanc, who writes of it "as producing the effect of a tragedy sombre and pathetic."

The picture of the Burial of Atala, from Châteaubriand's well-known story, is inter-

esting as showing the methods of the David school applied to subjects of less heroic mould than the master and his disciples were wont to treat. Anne-Louis Girodet de Roucy Trioson, born at Montargis January 3, 1767, was one of the most convinced adherents of his master David; and while competing for the Prize of Rome, which he won in 1789, was accustomed each morning before beginning his work to station himself in front of David's picture of the Horatii as before a shrine, invoking its happy influence. Such devotion received its official reward, and after five years spent in Rome his great (and tiresome) picture of the Deluge met with the greatest favor, and in 1810 was awarded the medal for the best historical picture produced in the preceding decade. The Burial of Atala, painted in 1808, is, however, a work of charm in composition and sentiment; and though in color it is dry and uninteresting, is not unworthy of the popularity which it has enjoyed from the vantage ground of the Louvre for more than four-score years. Girodet died in Paris, December 9, 1824, after having received all the official honors which France can award to a painter.

The charming face of Marie-Anne-Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun, who, with the arms of her daughter encircling her, smiles on us here, was undoubtedly not painted in this century, as the painter was born in Paris



BRUTUS CONDEMNING HIS SONS TO DEATH. FROM A PAINTING BY LETHIÈRE.

Brutus led in overthrowing the tyranny of Tarquin the Proud and establishing a republic in Rome. He was then elected one of the two consuls. His two sons were detected in a conspiracy to restore Tarquin, and he, as consul, himself condemned them to death.

April 16, 1755, and it is as a young mother that she has represented herself. But as its author lived until March 30, 1842, she should undoubtedly figure among the painters of this century. From early girlhood until old age,

*"Lebrun, de la beauté le peintre et le modèle,"*

as Laharpe sang, was, though largely self-taught, a formidable concurrent to painters of the sterner sex. Married when very young to Lebrun, a dealer in pictures and critic of art, a pure marriage of convention, she left France shortly before the Revolution, and went to Italy. Before

her departure she was high in favor at the court, and painted no less than twenty portraits of Marie Antoinette.



THE BURIAL OF ATALA. FROM A PAINTING BY GIRODET, IN THE LOUVRE.

Atala, the heroine of a romance by Chateaubriand, was the daughter of a North American Indian chief, passionately in love with the chief of another tribe, with whom she fled into the desert. But having been religiously vowed to virginity by her mother, she remains faithful to the vow, and finally in despair poisons herself.

Fortune favored her in Italy, whence she went to Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Berlin. In each and every capital the same success, due to her talent, beauty, and amiability, followed her; and at last arriving in St. Petersburg, she remained there until 1801, when she returned to Paris. Some time after, she visited England, where she remained three years, and then returned by way of Holland to France in 1809. The Academy of France and the academies of all other European countries admitted her to membership.

Indefatigable as a worker during her long career, she produced an immense number of portraits; and while she painted comparatively few subject pictures, she arranged her models in so picturesque a fashion that, as in the example here given, her portraits have great charm of composition. With a virile grasp of form, tempered though it be with grace, Madame Lebrun offers an interesting example of woman's work in art; and, while she has nothing to concede to the painters of her time, is no less interesting as showing that by force of native talent the woman of the early part of the century had in her power the conquest of nearly all the desired rights of the New Woman. She has left extremely interesting memoirs of her life, written in her old age, and there are many anecdotes bearing testimony to her wit. One of these goes back to the time when Louis XVIII., then a youth, enlivened the sittings for his portrait by singing, quite out of tune. "How do you think I sing?" inquired he. "Like a prince," responded the amiable artist.

With Antoine Jean Gros we come to the last and the greatest of the pupils of David. Born in Paris March 16, 1771, he competed but once, in 1792, for the Prix de Rome, was unsuccessful, but undertook the voyage thither on his own slender resources the next year. Italy was in a troubled state—he who troubled all Europe in the early years of the century being there at the head of his army; and in 1796, at Genoa, Gros attracted the attention of Madame Bonaparte. It was she who proposed that Gros should paint Napoleon;



MADAME LEBRUN AND HER DAUGHTER, FROM A PAINTING BY MADAME LEBRUN HERSELF.

This picture, painted for a private patron, passed, at the period of the French Revolution, into the possession of the French nation, and is now in the Louvre. There is in the Louvre also another by Madame Lebrun, representing herself and her daughter, one which the artist bequeathed to the Louvre at her death, in 1842. Of the two, while both are charming, the one here printed represents the painter at her best.

and Gros consequently went to Milan, and after the battle of Arcole painted the hero carrying the tricolor across the bridge at the head of his grenadiers. The picture pleased Bonaparte, who had it engraved, and gave Gros a commission to collect for the Louvre the chief artistic treasures of Italy. These functions occupied him until 1801, during which period, however, he executed a number of successful portraits.

Returning to Paris after nine years, he painted the Hospital at Jaffa, representing Napoleon visiting the fever-stricken soldiers. The success of this picture, exhibited in 1804, was very great; and it remains Gros's best title to remembrance. In it is something of the reality poetized and seen through the eyes of an artist which characterizes the work of Eugene Delacroix.

The force of David, however, was too great for Gros; at fifty years of age we find him demanding counsel of the master, who sternly bids him leave his "futile subjects,"



FRANCIS I., KING OF FRANCE, AND CHARLES V., EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, VISITING THE TOMBS OF THE FRENCH KINGS AT ST. DENIS. FROM A PAINTING BY BARON GROS, IN THE LOUVRE.

Between 1520 and 1545 all Europe was kept in distress and turmoil by a quarrel between Francis I. and Charles V., the chief subject of contention being the duchy of Milan, which Charles held and Francis claimed. Four separate wars were waged by Francis against Charles, all of them unsuccessful. But their majesties had intervals of outward friendship, and in one of these Francis invited Charles, then setting out from Spain for the Low Countries, to pass through France and visit him. The visit was duly paid, was one of great state and ceremony, and from it is derived the incident portrayed in the above picture. Francis is the figure in the centre; Charles, suited in black, standing at his right.

and devote his time to great historical epochs of the past. When David was sent into exile in 1816, it was to Gros that he confided the direction of his school; and this task, and the production of immense canvases like the Battle of the Pyramids, filled his life. The picture here reproduced, the Visit of Charles the Fifth and Francis the

than in the generation following David, absolutely extinct if we are to believe the extremists among the men of to-day, it yet remains a leaven to the fermenting mass of modern production. Perhaps its healthy influence is the best monument to the man who "restored to France the purity of antique taste."

First to the Tombs of the Kings in the Cathedral of St. Denis, was painted in 1812.

The revolt which was already making itself felt in French art was a thorn in the flesh of the sensitive Gros. In vain were all the artistic honors showered upon him. In 1824 he was made a baron; since 1816 he had been a member of the Institute; and the crosses of most of the orders of Europe, and the medals of all the exhibitions were his. Nevertheless, about him younger painters revolted. In his secret soul, doubtless, he felt sympathy with their methods. But the commands of the terrible old exile of Brussels were still in his ears.

Finally a portrait of King Charles X., the decorations in the Museum of Sovereigns, and a picture exhibited in the Salon of 1835 were in turn harshly criticized by the press, which looked with favor on the younger men; and Gros, full of years, and of honors which had brought fortune in their train, was found drowned in a little arm of the Seine near Meudon, June 26, 1835. In despair he had taken his own life. With him died David's greatest pupil and a part of David's influence. But that portion of the teachings of the master most consonant with French character is not without effect to-day. Less strong



JAMES G. BLAINE.

From a photograph by Handy, Washington.

## THE DEFEAT OF BLAINE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

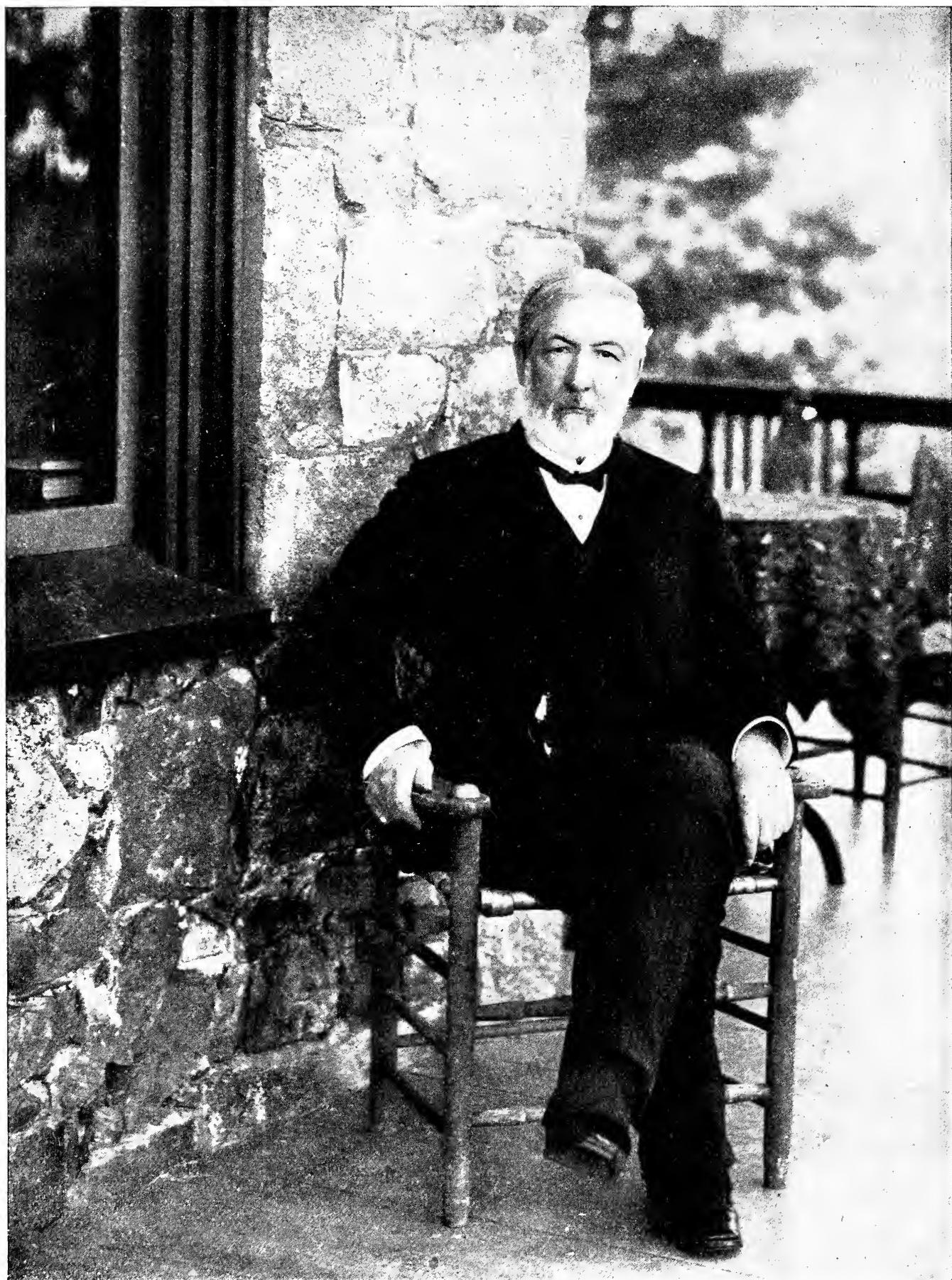


HE fame of Blaine does not decline, but increases and will endure. It was not his destiny to fill the greater office created by our Constitution, but with a distinction exceeding that

of the majority of Presidents, he is enrolled, with Clay, Webster, and Seward, among the illustrious Secretaries of State. The defeat of James G. Blaine for the Presi-

dency in 1884 will rank among the memorable disappointments and misfortunes of the people with that of Henry Clay, forty years before.

Late in the week before the meeting of the Chicago National Republican Convention in 1884, I received in Cincinnati a telegram from Mr. Blaine requesting me to call on him in Washington, where he lived on the opposite side of Lafayette Square from that of the celebrated old house where he spent his last days. He was engaged



MR. BLAINE IN 1891.

This is accounted one of the best portraits of Mr. Blaine in existence. It is from a photograph taken at Bar Harbor in the autumn of 1891 by Mr. A. von Mumm Schwartzenstein, then *Charge d'Affaires* of the German Empire at Washington, and is here reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. W. E. Curtis.

on his "Twenty Years in Congress." I called on him the day after his despatch reached me, making haste, for I was about to go to Chicago; and he first said he feared he had sent for me on an insufficient errand, and after a moment's pause began to speak of the approaching convention, and quickly used the expression—"I am alarmed."

"Concerning what are you frightened?" I inquired; and added: "You surely are not afraid you are not going to be nominated?"

He responded with a flash of his eyes and a smile: "Oh, no; I am afraid I shall be nominated, and have sent for you for that reason, and want you to assist in preventing my nomination." I shook my head, and Mr. Blaine asked: "Why not?"

I said I had not been so long in his confidence and known by his friends to be of them, to venture upon such an enterprise as working in opposition. If I should appear actively against him, no matter how I presented the matter, the easy answer to any argument of mine would be that I had relapsed into personal antagonism to him. I then said: "I have not heard of this;" and asked: "Are there many who know that you are against your candidacy?" He said he had talked freely to that effect, and mentioned William Walter Phelps as one who was fully acquainted with his views, and also Colonel Parsons, of the Natural Bridge, Virginia, then in the house. I said: "Mr. Blaine, I think it is too late. I have looked over the field, and your nomination is almost certain—the drift is your way. Why precisely do you object, and what exactly do you think should happen?" He replied in his rapid way with much feeling, and I believe his very words were: "The objection to my nomination is that I cannot be elected. With the South solid against us we cannot succeed without New York, and I cannot carry that State. There are factions there and influences before voting and after voting, such that the party cannot count upon success with me. I am sure of it—I have thought it all over, and my deliberate judgment is as I tell you. I know, too, where I am strong as well as where I am weak—and we might, if we should get into the campaign with my name at the head of the ticket, think we were going to win. We would get to believing it, perhaps, but we should miss it in the end, if not by a great deal, just a little. With everything depending on New York," he continued, "it would be a mistake to nominate me. This

is not new to me—I have weighed all the chances. Besides"—and here he kindled—"why should we let the country go into the hands of Democrats when we can name a ticket that is certain to be elected—one that would sweep every Northern State?"

"What is it?" I asked.

The answer came with vivid animation: "William T. Sherman and Robert T. Lincoln." This idea was instantly amplified. "The names of Sherman and Lincoln put together would be irresistible. That ticket would elect itself. We should have a campaign of marching and song. We need the inspiration, and 'Marching Through Georgia' and 'We Are Coming, Father Abraham,' would give it. We must not lose this campaign, and I am alarmed by the prospect of losing it in my name."

"But," I interposed, "it is the report and the public opinion that General Sherman would not consent to be a candidate; that he would throw the party down that would nominate him. Why not try the other Sherman?"

Mr. Blaine's response was that John Sherman would have the like difficulty in carrying New York that he would have himself. The element of military heroism was wanting. He had written to General Sherman on the subject, and of course the General thought he could not consent to be President—for that was what it amounted to—but his reasoning was fallacious. If General Sherman had the question put to him—whether to be President himself or turn the office over to the Democratic party, with the Solid South dominant—he would see his duty and do it, though his reluctance was real.

I said General Sherman could not consent to appear in competition with his brother John at Chicago, though he had a funny way of looking on John in West Point style as a "politician," and that was an insuperable difficulty; and that, Mr. Blaine did not seem to have thought of as a serious element in the case, but he realized the force of it. I was anxious to hear more about the correspondence between Blaine and General Sherman; but was only told that the letter to the General was a call to consider that circumstances might arise, and should do so, in which the General's sense of duty could be appealed to, and be as strong as that to take up arms had been when the Union demanded defenders.

Arrived at Chicago, I soon ascertained that Mr. Blaine had been doing a good deal of talking of the same kind I had heard, but he had not been able to impress the



MR. BLAINE AT HIS DESK IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

From a photograph by Miss F. B. Johnston.

more robust of those favorable to his nomination with the view that he should be heeded. They insisted that he was not wise, but timid; that he did not like war and would do too much for peace; that he especially miscalculated when he said he could not carry New York, for he was the very man who could carry it; that his personal force was far beyond his own estimation; that his intuitions were like those of a woman, but were not infallible; that his singing the campaign was a fancy; that "Marching Through Georgia" would wear out, and was of the stuff of dreams. Mr. Blaine's accredited friends felt that things had gone too far to permit a change to be contemplated. They were half mad at Blaine for his Sherman and Lincoln proposal, which was confidentially in the air, regarding it as not favorable to themselves. They said they could carry the country more certainly with Blaine than Sherman, for Sherman was an uncertain political quantity, and might turn out to be almost the devil himself. Some of them said he would proclaim martial law and annihilate the Constitution! They were sure the force of the celebrity of General Sherman in a campaign had been overestimated by

Blaine, who had the caprice and high color in his imagination that produce schemes too fine for success. In a word, Sherman and Lincoln were not practical politicians. Blaine's idea was not politics, but poetry. What they wanted was the magnetism and magic of Blaine. The country was at any rate safely in the hands of the Republican party. They had nearly lost the election because they had not nominated Blaine eight years before, and won with Garfield because he was a Blaine man. The wisdom of the Republican politicians was thus against Blaine's ticket so far as it was known; and those favorable to President Arthur, John Sherman, John A. Logan, and George F. Edmunds did not give the least credit to the statement that Blaine did not want the nomination. His rumored objection to making the race—of course the real reasons were not known—was regarded as a mere "play" in politics, if not altogether fantastic; and they pursued their own courses heedless of the real conditions. There was a singular complication of errors of judgment in the Blaine opposition. The friends of Arthur took the complimentary resolutions from a majority of the States to mean his nomination. In truth, the sig-

nificance of that unanimity was quite otherwise. Ohio was not solid for Sherman. It is a State that has been very hard to manage in national conventions—was so in the time when Chase was the Republican leader—divided in '60, nominating Lincoln, and rarely presented a front without a flaw for a national candidate. The energy of Logan's friends was not sufficiently supported to give confidence. The reformers by profession and of prominence were for Edmunds; and they were a body of men who had force, if judiciously applied, to have carried the convention, provided they divested themselves of the peculiarities of extreme elevation that prevent efficiency. While they assumed to have soared above practical politics and to abhor the ways of the "toughs" in championing candidates, they subordinated their own usefulness to a sentiment that was limited to a senator—Mr. Edmunds. It was clear at an early hour that the nomination of Mr. Edmunds was impossible. He was put into the combat by Governor Long with a splendid speech, and the mellow eloquence of George William Curtis was for him, and Carl Schurz was a counsellor who upheld the banner of the lawyer statesman of Vermont. The conclusion was to stick to Edmunds; and they stuck until the last, and frittered away their influence. They were in such shape they might, by going in force, at a well-selected time and in a dramatic way, have carried the convention with them. They could not, however, get their own consent to go for Logan, or Arthur, or either of the Shermans; and so Blaine was overruled and nominated.

He did a wonderful work in the campaign, and was himself apparently satisfied at last that his apprehensions as to New York had been unwarranted. Still his words came back to me often during the heat of the summer and the fierce contest. "I cannot carry New York; we shall lose it, perhaps by just a little—but we shall lose it;" and so we did. As the vote was counted the plurality of Mr. Cleveland over Mr. Blaine in the decisive State was one thousand and forty-seven. Gail Hamilton says, in her "Life of Blaine," of the New York election, that there was a plurality claimed on election day for Cleveland of fifty thousand, and "the next day the figures came down to seventeen thousand; then to twelve thousand; the next day to five thousand, and at length dwindled to four hundred and fifty-six." The election was on the 4th, and it was nearly two weeks

before a decision was announced. General Butler "openly proclaimed that the New York vote for himself was counted to Cleveland." The "just a little" by which Blaine was beaten was on the face of the returns one thousand and forty-seven, and John Y. McKane was ten years afterward convicted of frauds that were perpetrated as he willed, that amounted to thousands. There was a fraud capacity in the machines of many times the plurality by which Blaine was defeated, and there never was a rational doubt that it was exerted. A change of six hundred votes would have given the Plumed Knight the Presidency, and outside the Solid South he had a popular majority, "leaving out the protested vote of New York and Brooklyn, of nearly half a million." Mr. Blaine, when it became known that the New York vote was held to be against him, and civil war was threatened if the returns were rectified, telegraphed to friends asking their opinion of the New York situation; and I had the honor to be one consulted. My reply was that the New York influences that had prevailed to cause the declaration of a plurality for Cleveland would be sufficient to maintain that determination. Then came the opportunity of those unkindly toward Mr. Blaine to charge him with forcing himself on the Republican party and ruining it with his reckless candidacies, and I thought the facts within my knowledge should be given the public, and wrote to General Sherman, asking him to allow me to publish the correspondence between himself and Blaine, proving that the nomination, instead of being forced by Blaine for himself, was forced upon him; and I wrote to Blaine also, to the same effect. I received from the General the remarkable letters following:

#### GENERAL SHERMAN TO MR. HALSTEAD.

912 GARRISON AVENUE,  
ST. LOUIS, MO., November 17, 1884.

DEAR HALSTEAD:—After my former letter, when I went to put the newspaper slip into my scrap-book, I discovered my mistake in attributing the article to the "Louisville" instead of the "London Times." My opinion is nevertheless not to contest the matter, as the real truth will manifest itself.\*

I think Arthur could have carried the Republicans past the last election†—but no man can tell what issues would have been made in case of his nomination. So the wisest conclusion is to accept gracefully the actual result, and to profit by the mistakes and accidents sure to attend the new administration,

\* This related to a matter General Sherman had mentioned in another letter, and did not refer to the subject I was trying to get him to consider.

† General Sherman differed in this judgment with Blaine and many Republicans who were not unfriendly to Arthur.

handicapped as it will surely be by the hot heads of the South.

Truly yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

912 GARRISON AVENUE,  
ST. LOUIS, Mo., November 21, 1884.

DEAR HALSTEAD:—I have yours of the 19th. The letter of Blaine to me was meant as absolutely confidential, and of course I would not allow any person to see it without his consent. I am not sure that I would, even with his consent, because I believe the true policy is to look ahead and not behind. Blaine's letter without any answer would be incomplete, and surely I will not have my letter published, as it contained certain points purely personal which the public has no right to. New questions will arise, and these will give you plenty of occupation without raking up the past.

Wishing you always all honor and fame, I am,

Truly yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The letters that passed between Blaine and Sherman have appeared in Gail Hamilton's "Biography of Blaine," but have not commanded attention according to their interest, because they have not been framed by the relation of the circumstances that gave them significance and that are supplied in this article.

#### MR. BLAINE TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

(Confidential.)

Strictly and absolutely so.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1884.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—This letter requires no answer. After reading it carefully, file it away in your most secret drawer, or give it to the flames.

At the approaching convention in Chicago it is more than possible—it is indeed not improbable—that you may be nominated for the Presidency. If so you must stand your hand, accept the responsibility, and assume the duties of the place to which you will surely be chosen if a candidate. You must not look upon it as the work of the politicians. If it comes to you, it will come as the ground-swell of popular demand; and you can no more refuse than you could have refused to obey an order when you were a lieutenant in the army. If it comes to you at all, it will come as a call of patriotism. It would, in such an event, injure your great fame as much to decline it as it would for you to seek it. Your historic record, full as it is, would be rendered still more glorious by such an administration as you would be able to give the country. Do not say a word in advance of the convention, no matter who may ask you. You are with your friends, who will jealously guard your honor.

Do not answer this.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

#### GENERAL SHERMAN TO MR. BLAINE.

ST. LOUIS, May 28, 1884.

HON. J. G. BLAINE.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received your letter of the 25th; shall construe it as absolutely confidential, not intimating even to any member of my family that I have heard from you; and though you may not expect an answer, I hope you will not construe one as

unwarranted. I have had a great many letters from all points of the compass to a similar effect, one or two of which I have answered frankly; but the great mass are unanswered. I ought not to subject myself to the cheap ridicule of declining what is not offered; but it is only fair to the many really able men who rightfully aspire to the high honor of being President of the United States to let them know that I am not, and must not be construed as, a rival. In every man's life there occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career, and when he may not throw the responsibility, or tamely place his destiny in the hands of friends. Mine occurred in Louisiana when, in 1861, alone in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs, I resolved to stand by the Union as long as a fragment of it survived to which to cling. Since then, through faction, tempest, war, and peace, my career has been all my family and friends could ask. We are now in a good home of our choice, with reasonable provision for old age, surrounded by kind and admiring friends, in a community where Catholicism is held in respect and veneration, and where my children will naturally grow up in contact with an industrious and frugal people. You have known and appreciated Mrs. Sherman from childhood, have also known each and all the members of my family, and can understand, without an explanation from me, how their thoughts and feelings should and ought to influence my action; but I will not even throw off on them the responsibility. I will not, in any event, entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for President by the Chicago Republican convention, or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself. I claim that the Civil War, in which I simply did a man's fair share of work, so perfectly accomplished peace, that military men have an absolute right to rest, and to demand that the men who have been schooled in the arts and practice of peace shall now do their work equally well. Any senator can step from his chair at the Capitol into the White House, and fulfil the office of President with more skill and success than a Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, who were soldiers by education and nature, who filled well their office when the country was in danger, but were not schooled in the practices by which civil communities are, and should be, governed. I claim that our experience since 1865 demonstrates the truth of this my proposition. Therefore I say that "patriotism" does not demand of me what I construe as a sacrifice of judgment, of inclination, and of self-interest. I have my personal affairs in a state of absolute safety and comfort. I owe no man a cent, have no expensive habits or tastes, envy no man his wealth or power, [have] no complications or indirect liabilities, and would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass, to embark anew, at sixty-five years of age, in a career that may, at any moment, [become] tempest-tossed by the perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty, or neglect of any one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President of the United States, not to say the eternal worriment by a vast host of impecunious friends and old military subordinates. Even as it is, I am tortured by the charitable appeals of poor distressed pensioners; but as President, these would be multiplied beyond human endurance. I remember well the experience of Generals Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes and Garfield, all elected because of their military services, and am warned, not encouraged, by their sad experiences. No—count me out. The civilians of the United States should, and must, buffet with this thankless office, and leave us old soldiers to enjoy the peace we fought for, and think we earned.

With profound respect, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Personal

Augusta Maine

16<sup>th</sup> Nov /84

Dear Mr. Halstead

I think there  
would be no harm  
to the public & no  
personal injustice if  
you should insert the  
three enclosed items in  
your editorial columns.

— I feel quite serene  
over the result — As the  
Lord sent upon us an  
Ass in the shape of  
a Preacher & a rain storm  
<sup>in New York</sup>  
to lessen our ~~winter~~ load

am disposed to feel  
vexed to the ~~expedition~~  
Yorktown which flowed  
directly from these  
agencies —

In wishing a great  
honor I escaped  
a great & of pressing  
responsibility —

You know - perhaps better  
than any one - how  
much I didn't want  
the nomination - by  
perhaps a mere fall

things there not made a  
book by the command — (at least)  
of the King of Prussia — The other  
story of which and —  
Charlotte and have been known  
in France to owned have been  
utterly lost in —  
of course all  
(this is his wife)

John of Blaize

NOTE.—We omit from this reproduction a short postscript which is given in the text on page 170.

There is intrinsic evidence that these letters were not written with a thought of possible publication. That which General Sherman says about Catholicism could only have been told to a close and sympathetic friend. Mrs. Sherman and Mr. Blaine were cousins, and their mothers were Catholics. Mrs. Sherman was one whose devotion to the Church was intense; and General Sherman could not endure the thought that her religion should be subjected to such discussions as were certain to arise in a Presidential campaign. She was a very noble and gifted woman, and the happiness of herself and husband in their domestic life was beautiful and elevated.

James G. Blaine was nearer the Presidency than any other man who did not reach the office. It was by a very narrow margin that he missed the nomination in Cincinnati in 1876; and the opposition he encountered there from Republican editors was regretted by all of them, because they believed when the storm ceased that he had been accused excessively, sensationaly, and maliciously, and condemned—by those who did not appreciate his vindication—on evidence that was indicated but not presented—on letters supposed to have been taken from the original package, and that were not produced because they never existed. The investigations were largely instigated and carried on to continue agitation with the purpose to strike down a brilliant man whose genius gave him almost incredible promotion, and to assail him because he was lofty and aspiring. The personal fight that he made in Congress when cruelly set upon was one of the most effective that ever took place in a public body. A competent observer, who was a spectator of the scene in the House when the Mulligan letters were read, said as Blaine came down the aisle, the letters in his hand, and called upon all the millions of his countrymen to be witnesses: "I thought his fist was going right up through the dome." Unhappily, his exciting experiences in the course of these fierce controversies, with the conduct of his Cincinnati campaign, and the sultry weather, caused his prostration, attended with hours of unconsciousness, just at the critical time when the delegates were assembling in national convention. The local influences; the Republican editorial antagonism; the enthusiastic efforts for Bristow; the strenuous perseverance of Morton of Indiana; the prestige of Conkling, backed with the high favor of Grant; the solidity of Ohio for Hayes—all would have been over-

whelmed but for the incident of the fall of Blaine in a swoon at the door of the church which he was in the habit of attending and that he was about to enter with his wife. It is reasonable to believe, if he had been the candidate that year, he could have carried the election unequivocally, and that his administration would have vastly strengthened the Republican party. It is due President Hayes, however, to say that his administration of the great office was an era of good for the country, and that he was succeeded by a Republican; but the fact of a disputed Presidency had a far-reaching evil influence, and prevented showing fair play in New York in 1884. Blaine lost in his illness coincident with the Cincinnati convention the confidence of the country in his firm health and strength, and that handicapped him to his grave. Perhaps it is even more important that he lost faith in himself as a strong man, and had almost a superstition that if he became President it would be for him personally a fatality. And yet he was intellectually a growing man for fifteen years after his Cincinnati defeat. His greater works, his most influential ideas, the full fruition of his gifts, were after that catastrophe.

Mr. Blaine was so strong and so weak, so delicate and so tenacious, that he was as constant a puzzle to those who loved him as to his enemies, to the best-informed as to the most ill-informed. Those very near to him took the liberty of laughing at him about his two overcoats, and his going to bed and sending for a doctor in the afternoon, and getting off with gayety to the opera in the evening; about an alleged indigestion followed by eating a confection that would have tested the hardihood of a young candy-eater. One who studied him with affection wrote of him that he had an association of qualities giving at once sensitiveness and endurance, and we were indebted to this for the faculties, the capacities, that made up the man whose influence had been so remarkable and his popularity a phenomenon. He was of fine sensibilities, and there was nothing on earth or in the air that did not tell him something. He was like an instrument of music that a breath would move to melody, and that was ever in tune for any wind that blew, and yet had patient strength, and wore like steel. He had a rare make-up of refinement and power, and life was sweeter and brighter and more costly far to him than to the ordinary man.

It was after his first and, as it turned out, final defeat for the Presidency, in his earli-

est effort for the office, that his fame grew splendid. His campaigning was fascinating, and his speeches, as the years passed, took greater variety. In his tour when a candidate in 1884, his addresses were marvellous in aptitude and in a thousand felicities. There was much said of the fact that he was not a lawyer, and an affected superiority to him by gentlemen whose profession permitted "fees," and there was a system of depreciation to the effect that he only harangued, that he had neither originality nor grace. But after Garfield's death and the retirement of the Secretary from the Cabinet, he turned to writing history "as a resource," and his great work is of permanent value to the country, while his Garfield oration is one of the masterpieces of the highest rank; and there came straight from his brain two far-flashing ideas—that of the union of American nations, and to protect the policy of protection with reciprocity—and in the two there is the manifestation of that crowning glory of public life which enters the luminous atmosphere of immortality—statesmanship. That he had not the opportunity of the execution of these policies—of guiding and shaping their triumph—was not his fault but his fate. Their time may be coming but slowly, yet it surely will come. His zeal in behalf of making the protective principle irresistible by associating it intimately with reciprocity, was so strong that he grew impatient when others were tedious in comprehension; and there was a story of his concluding a sharp admonition to the laborers on the tariff schedules by "smashing his new silk hat on a steam-heater in the committee-room." He was asked by a friend who rode out with him to see the statue that he thought the most accurate and impressive of all the likenesses of Lincoln and was fond of driving to see, located in a park east of the Capitol—that by Story—whether he had "smashed a new silk hat" on a steam-heater on behalf of reciprocity; and he softly responded, "It was not a new hat."

That Mr. Blaine was keenly disappointed when defeated for the Presidency at Cincinnati, there is no doubt; and that he began then to see that it was not his destiny to be President, is certain.

There is a great contrast in his favor in his manner of bearing this disappointment with that of Clay and Webster under somewhat similar circumstances. Clay was furious at the nomination of General William Henry Harrison, and greeted with unmeasured denunciation those responsible

for that judicious act; and Webster was bitter when Taylor and Scott were nominated in the first instance, but came, after a time, grandly out of the clouds. It is an interesting coincidence that Webster when Secretary of State was a candidate for the Presidential nomination against his chief, President Fillmore, and died, on the 24th of October, 1852, a few months after Scott's triumph at Baltimore and a few days before the popular election of Pierce. The enduring memory of Mr. Blaine appeared in the last October he lived, in the precise remark, when something was said of the death of Webster, "Ah! day after to-morrow it will be forty years since Webster died." The news of the nomination of Hayes, Blaine received serenely, and before the vote was declared in the convention sent the nominee a cordial telegram of congratulation. When he knew at Augusta in 1884 that he was beaten, he said: "Personally I care less than my nearest friends would believe, but for the cause and for many friends I profoundly deplore the result." And that was the entire truth. He felt that he had not been fairly beaten, but he gave utterance only to the public wrong done in the unfairness, and left that expression as a warning to the country. He did not, as we have seen, follow the example of Clay, who persistently favored his own candidacy. On the contrary, Blaine did not covet the Presidency, and tried to avoid the personal strife of 1884, and not for any of the apprehensive motives attributed to him by those who acted upon the feeling in his case that the spirit of justice was malevolent.

I feel that I should not now deal fairly with the public if I did not give here the letter from Blaine in my possession, that more completely than any published gives expression to his personal bearing when defeated.

#### LETTER FROM MR. BLAINE TO MR. HALSTEAD.

(Personal.)

AUGUSTA, MAINE, 16<sup>th</sup> Nov., '84.

DEAR MR. HALSTEAD:—I think there would be no harm to the public and no personal injustice if you should insert the three enclosed items in your editorial columns.

I feel quite serene over the result. As the Lord sent upon us an ass in the shape of a preacher, and a rainstorm, to lessen our vote in New York, I am disposed to feel resigned to the dispensation of defeat, which flowed directly from these agencies.

In missing a great honor I escaped a great and oppressive responsibility. You know—perhaps better than any one—how much I didn't want the nomina-

tion; but perhaps, in view of all things, I have not made a loss by the canvass. At least I try to think not. The other candidate would have fared hard in Maine, and would have been utterly broken in Ohio.

Sincerely,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Of course all this is private.

P.S.—This note was written before receipt of yours. Pray publish nothing of the kind you intimate unless you first permit me to see the proof. Don't be afraid of the enclosed items. They are rock-ribbed for truth and for a good rendering of public opinion.

Mr. Blaine refers in the closing paragraph to the proposition I made to him to publish the true story of his candidacy—substantially the same pressed upon the attention of General Sherman. Between them they suppressed me, but it is due them that this chapter of history should be known now that they are gone.

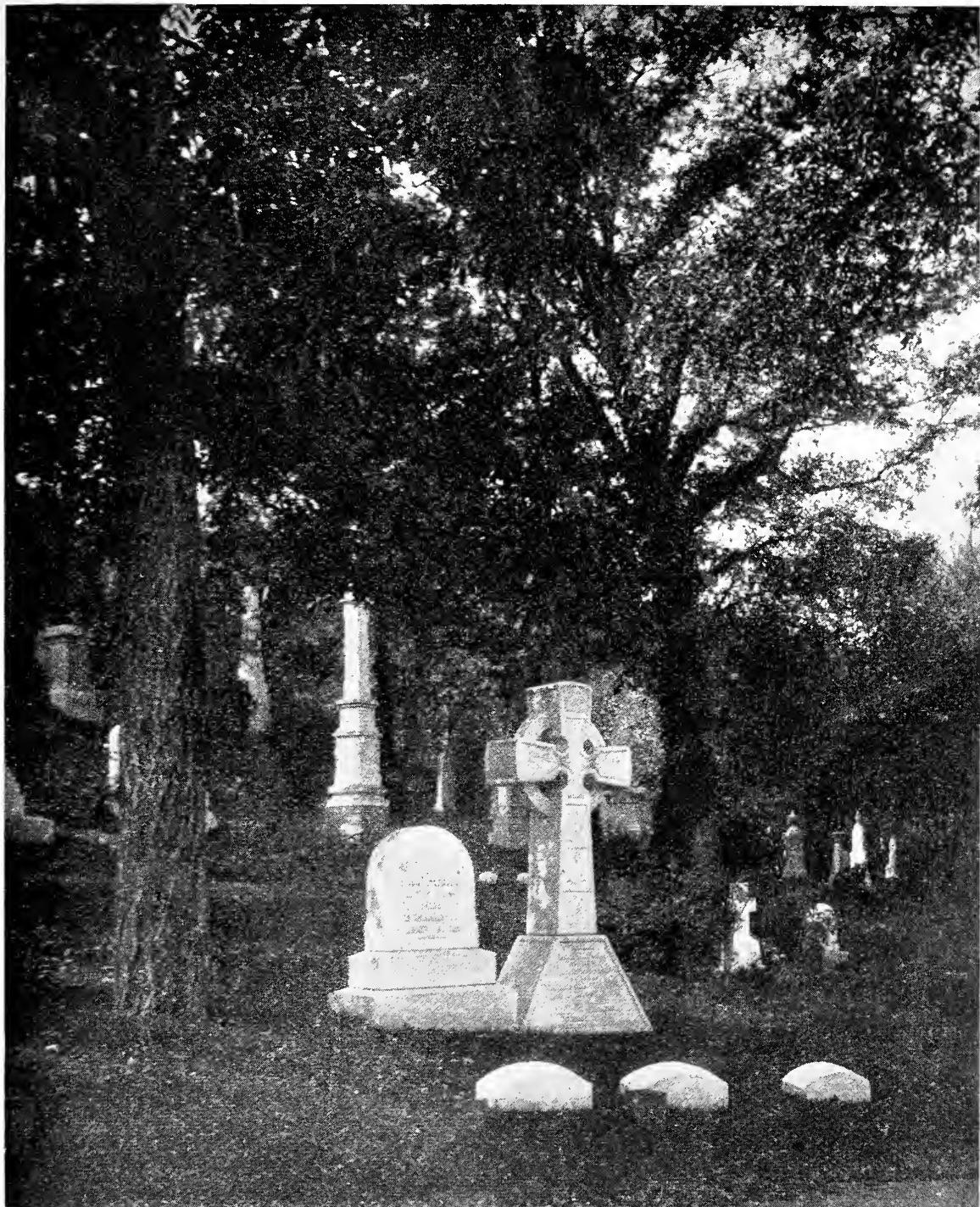
I had the privilege of walking with Mr. Blaine in the beautiful and fragrant parks at Homburg, in Southern Germany, in the summer of 1887, and discussing with him the question whether he should be a candidate for the Republican nomination the next spring. He then seemed to be very well, but exertion speedily fatigued him. He was on sight a very striking personage, and always instantly regarded with interest by strangers. His personal appearance was of the utmost refinement and of irreproachable dignity. His absolute cleanliness was something dainty, his dress simple but fitting perfectly and of the best material. His face was very pale, but his sparkling eyes contradicted the pallor.

His form was erect, and his figure that of youth. His hair and beard were exquisitely white. His mouth had the purity of a child's, and he never had tasted tobacco or used spirituous liquors, save when his physician had recommended a little whiskey, and then not enough to color a glass. He drank sparingly of claret and champagne, caring only for the flavor. He was gentle, kindly, genial, and in a manly sense beautiful. There are many distinguished English people at Homburg in the season, and they were gratified to meet Mr. Blaine, and charmed with him. It required no ceremony to announce him as a personage—a man who had made events—and he never posed or gave the slightest hint, in his movements, of conscious celebrity. I never saw him bothered by being aware of himself but once, and that was when, across the street from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the dusk of an evening, he shaded his face with his hand, and looked

curiously at ten thousand people who were gazing at the house, and shouting madly for him, expecting that he would appear at a window and make acknowledgment of their enthusiasm. Suddenly he saw in the glance of one beside him that he was curiously yet doubtfully regarded, and hastened away in fear of his friends, who in their delight at discovering him would have become a mob.

In Homburg he seemed to care for others' opinions about the proper course for him to take; and the substance of that which I had to say—and he seemed to think me in a way representative—was that he alone must decide for himself, as he only knew all the circumstances and elements that must be considered in a decision. Once we walked the main street of the town in the night—and it is then a very lonely place, for it is the fashion to get up in the morning at six o'clock, and take the waters and the music—and that time I was impressed, and the impression abided, that the inner conviction of Mr. Blaine was he had not the vitality to safely take the Presidency if he held it in his hand; that he believed the office would wear him out—that it was a place of dealing with persons who would worry away his existence; that he felt he could not endure the wear and tear and pressure of the first position, and preferred the Secretaryship of State, with the hope of going on with his South American policy, which he had developed in Garfield's time, brief as that was; and I conjectured that all this had been in his mind when he wanted Sherman and Lincoln to be the ticket in 1884. And it occurred to me with so much force as the logic of many things he said, that I accepted it as true, and was reminded of his weary exclamation once of a good friend whose moods were changeable: "Now that he is right, stay with him. He takes the health out of me with his uncertainties."

The Secretaryship of State he cared for; in that office the world was all before him, and he was fully himself, and was not fretted by a perpetual procession of favor-seekers. The argument his urgent admirers used with him was that it would be easier to make up his mind than to convince a President, and that as the Chief of State he could throw the work on the Cabinet; but he was not satisfied. The Florence letter to me seemed familiar, for it was a reminder of Homburg, and its sincerity was in all the lines and between the lines; and it was addressed to a friend



BLAINE'S GRAVE AT WASHINGTON, D. C. THE TREE AT THE LEFT MARKS THE HEAD OF THE GRAVE, AND THE FIRST OF THE THREE LOW STONES IN THE FOREGROUND, NUMBERING FROM THE LEFT, MARKS THE FOOT.

From a photograph by Miss F. B. Johnston.

in Pittsburg, that it might not be suppressed in New York. He had very close and influential friends who did not divine his true attitude, or would not admit that they had, and insisted that he was really well and strong and tough, better than he had been, and that he should not be humored in his fancy that he was an invalid. This feeling continued even to 1892, though he had been meantime painfully broken by a protracted illness. It will be remembered that in the correspondence between General Harrison as President-elect and Mr. Blaine, when the Secretarship of State was offered and accepted,

there appeared harmony of views concerning Pan-Americanism; that Mr. Blaine enjoyed the office and that his official labors during the Harrison Administration were of the highest distinction, showing his happiest characteristics. The difference as to duties that arose between the President and the Secretary was forgotten, and their mutual sympathies abounded, when there came upon them, in their households, the gravest, tenderest sorrows.

When Mr. Blaine was for the last time in New York on his way to Washington, stopping as was his habit at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he asked me to walk with him

to his room, fronting on Twenty-third Street, on the parlor floor; and he slowly, as if it were a task, unlocked the door. There was a sparkle of autumnal crispness in the air, and he had a fire, that glittered and threw shadows about fitfully. There was not much to say. It was plain at last that Mr. Blaine was fading, that he had within a few weeks failed fast. His great, bright eyes were greater than ever, but not so bright. His face was awfully white; not that brainy pallor that was familiar—something else! He seated himself in the light of the fire, on an easy-chair. There was a knock at his door, and a servant handed him a card, and he said: "No;" and we were alone. I could not think of a word of consolation; and in a moment he appeared to have forgotten me, and stared in a fixed, rapt dream at the flickering flame in the grate. It occurred to me to get up and go away quietly, as conversation was impossible—for there was too much to say. It came to me that I ought not to leave him alone. Something in him reminded me of the mystical phrases of the transcendent paragraph of his oration on Garfield, picturing the death of the second martyred President, by the ocean, while far off white ships touched the sea and sky, and the

fevered face of the dying man felt "the breath of the eternal morning."

Some weeks earlier Mr. Blaine and I had had a deep talk about men and things, and he was very kind, and his boundless generosity of nature never revealed itself with a greater or sadder charm. He now remembered that conversation—as a word disclosed—and said: "I could have endured all things if my boys had not died." The door opened, and his secretary walked in—and I took Mr. Blaine's hand for the last time, saying, "Good-night," and he said, with a look that meant farewell—"Good-by."

His grave is on a slope that when I saw it was goldenly sunny, and the turf was strewn by his wife's hand with lilies—for it was Easter morning! Close at his left was a steep, grassy bank, radiantly blue with violets, and there was in the shining air the murmurous hum of bees, making a slumbrous, restful music. Blaine's monument is a hickory tree whose broken top speaks of storms, and at his feet is a stone white as new snow, and on it only—and they are enough—the initials "J. G. B.," that were the battle-cry of millions, and are and shall be always to memory dear.

## THE NEW STATUE OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

BY FRANK B. GESSNER.

THE erection of an equestrian statue of General William Henry Harrison, in Cincinnati, Ohio, is a fitting but also a tardy commemoration of a man who rendered his State and the nation most distinguished services. For fifty years there has been talk of doing him honor in some such fashion, and even the statue which as this Magazine goes to press is being formally dedicated in Cincinnati (in the presence of a grandson of the subject who is himself an ex-President), has been completed for some years, and has been stowed away in dust and darkness because there was not public interest enough in the matter to meet the cost of setting it up.

Although now almost a forgotten figure, General Harrison was one of the ablest and worthiest of our public men. Born in Berkeley, Virginia, February 9, 1773, he grew to manhood with the close of the Rev-

olution and the establishment of the national government. His father was the friend of Washington, and when the son went into the Western wilds he held a commission as ensign signed by the first of the Presidents. At the age of thirty he was a delegate in Congress from the Northwest Territory. For a succeeding decade he was governor of that wide stretch of country which in time he saw carved into States all owing much to his genius as warrior and statesman. In the second war with Great Britain he commanded the Western armies, and won the notable victories of Tippecanoe and the Thames. The first gave him a name which became the slogan of the Whigs in the memorable campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." At the battle of the Thames fell Tecumseh, whose death broke the Indian power east of the Mississippi. After the war of 1812 General Harrison was suc-



STATUE OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, MADE FOR THE CITY OF CINCINNATI BY MR. L. T. REBISSO.

From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

cessively Congressman, Senator of the United States, and Minister to Colombia.

Returning in 1830 to his home at North Bend, on the line between Indiana and Ohio, he lived more or less in retirement until 1836, when he was made the Whig candidate for President. He was defeated; but in 1840 he was again the nominee, and, after the greatest campaign of the century, was elected, defeating Martin Van Buren. The campaign of 1840 was called the "log-cabin and hard-cider" campaign, though the reputed log-cabin home of the Whig candidate was in reality a spacious mansion. General Harrison was inaugurated March 4, 1841, and on April 4,

a month later, he died in the White House, a victim of exposure and the wearing importunities of office-seeking constituents. Something of the character of the man is disclosed in his last words, spoken four hours before his death. To whom he thought himself speaking can only be conjectured — Vice-President Tyler, some authorities claim; but he was heard by his physician to say: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

Physically, General Harrison has been described as "about six feet high," straight and rather slender, and of "a firm, elastic

gait," even in his last years. He had "a keen, penetrating eye," a "high, broad and prominent" forehead, and "rather thin and compressed lips."

Mrs. Harrison was not with her husband at his death, and never became an inmate of the White House. For that reason there hangs on its walls no portrait of her, among those of the various ladies of the mansion. She was the daughter of John Cleves

found their fates in the land of the Miami. Polly married Peyton Short, who became a millionaire.

Mrs. Harrison had been detained by illness from going with her husband to witness the proudest event of his life, his inauguration; and she had purposed following him to Washington later in the spring, when the weather should be more favorable for the long, wearisome journey by stage-coach. But, alas! before the spring fully opened, instead of following him to Washington she was following his body to its silent, stone-walled tomb, overlooking the wide sweep of the Ohio southward. This noble woman lived to be eighty-nine and to see her grandson, Benjamin Harrison, now ex-President, a general in the Union army. She retained to the last much of her beauty and that sweetness of disposition which has endeared her memory to those of her blood who knew her best. She sleeps by the side of her husband in the old vault at North Bend.

The Cincinnati statue of General Harrison is the work of L. T. Rebisso, who made the statue of General McPherson which stands in one of the circular parks in Washington, and the equestrian statue of General Grant for the city of Chicago. Its cost, which, exclusive of the pedestal, is twenty-seven thousand dollars, is paid by the city.

ANNA SYMMES HARRISON, WIFE OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, AND GRANDMOTHER OF PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON.

From a painting in possession of the Harrison family.

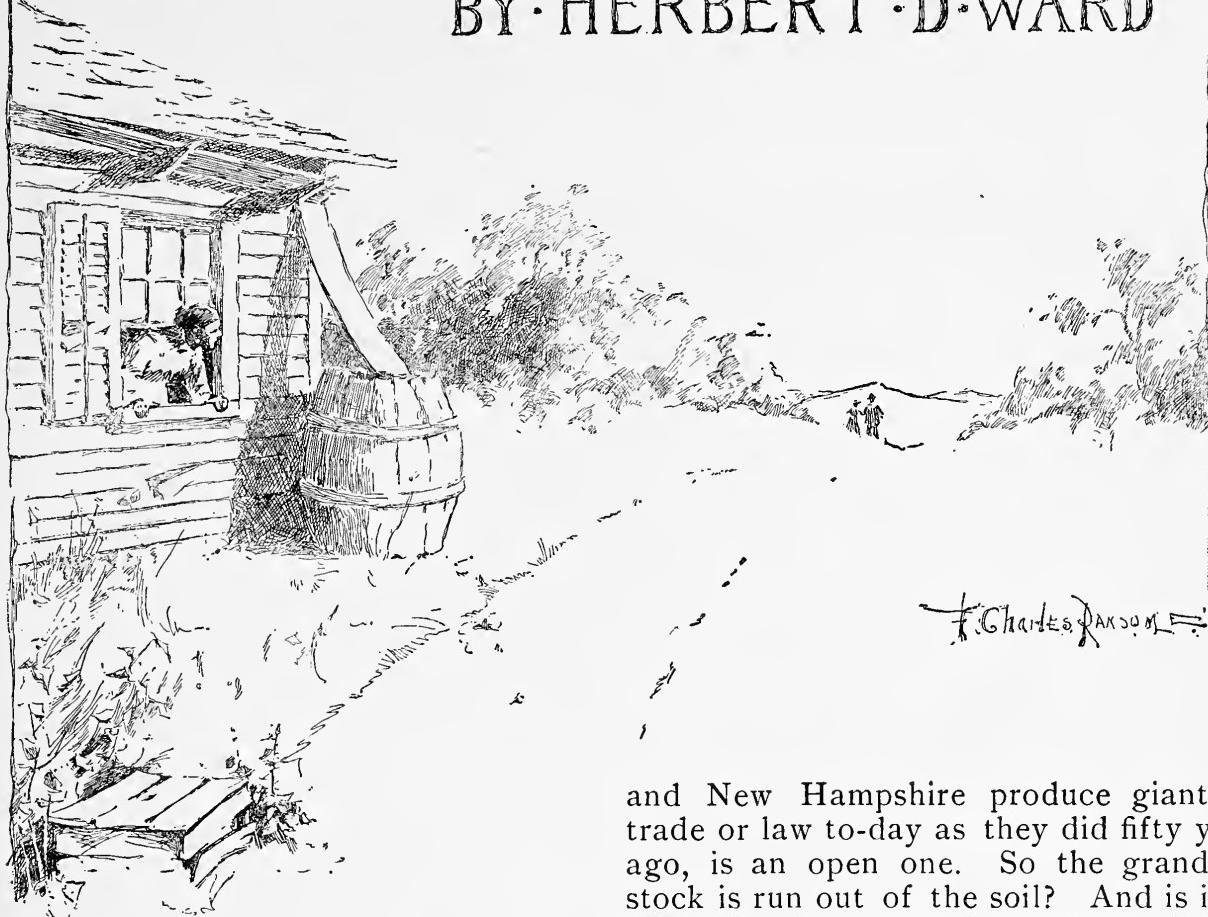
Symmes, a scion of the Colonial aristocracy. She loved better than the excitement of social life in Washington the domestic peace of her North Bend home and the society of her thirteen children, growing up in usefulness and honor. In her youth she had been a great belle, and she remained a beautiful woman even in her declining years. She was educated in that first fashionable school for young women in America founded by Isabella Graham in the city of New York. A sister, Polly Symmes, was also a famous beauty. They went together to share their father's fortunes in the unsettled West, and both

Mr. Rebisso has given a portrayal of Harrison unlike any of the more familiar pictures. These usually present a decrepit old man, from whose eye have vanished that fire of youth and flash of soul which made Harrison a leader of men. The Rebisso statue, as will be seen by the reproduction of it given herewith, presents a soldier in the full flower of vigorous manhood. And this conception is no mere ideal of fancy, but is taken from a portrait painted in 1812, which now hangs in the house of a grandchild of General Harrison near the old North Bend homestead.



# THE SILENT WITNESS

BY HERBERT D. WARD



F. Charles Hanson

THERE are many hamlets in New Hampshire, five, ten miles or even more from the railroad station. To the chance summer visitor the seclusion and the rest seem entrancing. The glamour of mountain scenery and trout effectually obliterates the brave signs of poverty and struggle from before the irresponsive eyes of the man of city leisure. He carelessly gives the urchin, mutely pleading in front of the unpainted farm-house, a few cents for his corrugated cake of maple-sugar, and asks the name of a distant peak. If he should notice, how would he know the meaning of the scant crops of hay and potatoes, or of the empty stall? Sealed to him is the pathos in the history of the owners of the stone farm. His thoughts scarcely glance at the piteous wife plaiting straw hats; the only son, whose rare happiness consists in a barn dance in the village three miles below, and whose large eyes contract with increasing age, and lose all expression except that of anxiety.

There was a time perhaps when the backbone of the New World used to be straightened by men of a mountain birth. The question whether the hills of Vermont

and New Hampshire produce giants of trade or law to-day as they did fifty years ago, is an open one. So the grand old stock is run out of the soil? And is it replaced by the sons and grandsons of those sturdy farmers themselves, who buy back the rickety homesteads, and remodel them into summer cottages?

Michael Angelo said that "men are worth more than money," and if what was an axiom then is true in these fallen days of purse worship, Mrs. Abraham Masters was the richest woman under the range of Mount Kearsarge. For her son Isaac was the tallest, the strongest, the tenderest, and truest boy in the county; but her farm of a hundred acres, the only inheritance from a dead husband, was about the poorest, most unprofitable, and most inaccessible collection of boulders in the mountains.

It was situated upon the cold shoulder of a hill, sixteen miles from the nearest station. The three-mile trail which led from the village would have been easier to travel could it have boasted a corduroy road. What a site for a hotel! Yet the hotel did not materialize, and the "view" neither fed nor warmed nor clothed the patient proprietors of the desolate spot.

"Never mind, I reckon we'll pull through," Isaac used to comfort his mother.

"You're a good boy, Ikey. If the Lord

is willin', I guess I am,'" she answered with quaint devoutness.

But the Lord did not seem to be willing, and one spring He caused a late frost in June to kill most of the seed, and a drouth in July and August to wither what was left, and starvation stared in the faces of the widow and her son. At this time, Isaac began to "keep company," and to talk of getting married in the next decade. He was twenty-two, and had a faithful, saving disposition, when there was anything to save. And whether he became engaged because there was nothing but love to harvest, or whether, woman-like, Abbie Faxon loved him better than she did her other suitors because of his poverty and misery, and was willing to tell him so, I cannot pretend to decide. At any rate, Isaac brought Abbie one afternoon from the village, three miles below, and the two women kissed and wept, and Isaac went out and stood alone facing the view; the apple in his throat rose and fell, and great tears blinded his sight.

We can make no hero of Isaac, for he was none. His heart was as simple and as clean as a pebble in a brook. Country vices had not smirched him. He had a mind only for his mother, and the farm, and earning a living—and a heart for Abbie. Great thoughts did not invade his head. But this afternoon, as he stood there on the gray rock, his heart bursting with his happiness, which was made perfect by his mother's blessing, an apprehension for the future—bitter, breathless, began to arouse him. The promise of the horizon suddenly became revealed to him. The distant line of green, now bold, now sinuous, now uncertain, had never asked him questions before, had never exasperated him with a meaning.

But now he saw the tips of spires flecking the verdure of the far-off valleys. He saw the hurrying smoke of a locomotive. He saw with awakening vision, starting from that dead farm of his, the region of trade and life. A film had fallen from his eyes. The energetic arrow of love had touched his ambition, and his round, rosy face became indented with lines of resolve. He turned and walked with a new tread into the house.

"Mother! Abbie!" he blurted out, "I'm going away. I'm going to Boston." He stopped and stammered as he saw the horror-stricken faces before him.

"Lord a-mercy!"

"Ikey! Air you teched?"

"No," he resumed stoutly, "I be'ant.

There's Dan Prentiss—he went—see what he done; and Uncle Bill, he——"

"We hain't heard nothing from your Uncle Bill since he set out. That was twelve years ago, the spring your father built them three feet on the shed." Mrs. Masters spoke firmly.

"Never mind, mother, I'm going to Boston, and I will come back. I'm going to earn my livin'. I'm strong and willin', and as able as Dan Prentiss. Ye needn't be scared, I ain't going yet. I'll finish up the fall work fust. I'm going for the winter anyway, and Abbie'll come an' live with you, mother—won't you, Abbie, dear? She's the only mother you've got now. Your folks can spare you."

Here Abbie announced bravely, "I will, Ikey, if you must go."

She blushed deeply as she said it, and the sight of her pretty color so moved the young man that, having the bashfulness of his native crops, he rushed out into the glory of the sunset, and sat upon the granite boulder watching until the gray, the purple, and then the black had washed out the white steeples from the distant valley.

Isaac Masters was of the boulder type. How many decades was the smooth, worn rock in front of his house riding on the crest of a glacier until it reached its halt? But now it would need a double charge of dynamite to shake it from its base. It generally took the mountain lad days, perhaps weeks, to make up his mind, even upon such a simple problem as the quantity of grain his horse should have at a feed when the spring planting began; but when once his intention was fixed it withstood all opposition. But this time he was astonished at his own temerity of mind, as his mother and sweetheart were; and the more profoundly he pondered over the gravest decision of his life, the more did it seem to him an inspiration, perhaps from the Deity himself.

But Isaac was formed in too simple and honest a mould to delude the two women or himself with iridescent dreams of success. He had worked on the ragged farm bitterly, incessantly. He had fought the rocks, and the weeds, and the soil, the frost and the drouth, as one fights for his life, and never had a thought of food or of comfort visited him unaccompanied by the necessity for labor.

"I can work fourteen hours a day, mother, and live upon pork and beans, as well as the next man." He stood to his full height, displaying to the pale woman the outlines of massive muscular development.

His hands were huge and callous, their grip the terror of his mates after a husking bee. He had measured his great strength but once; that was in the dead of winter, with the snow drifted five feet deep between the barn and the house. A heifer, well grown, had been taken sick, and needed warmth for recovery. Isaac swung the sick beast over his shoulders, holding its legs two in each hand before his head, and strode through the storm, subduing the battling snow with as much ease as he did the bellowing calf. His mother met him at the woodshed door. Behind the gladiator rose the forbidding background of a stark mountain range; but to her astonished and unfocussed sight, her son seemed greater than the mountain, and more compelling than its peaks. From that hour his whisper was her law; and from that day—for how could the adoring mother help telling her quarterly caller all about the heifer?—Isaac had no more wrestling matches in the valley.

August burned into September, and September, triumphant in her procession of royal colors, marched into October, the month of months. Mrs. Masters had already completed her pathetic preparations for her son's departure. There, in the family carpet-bag, which his father had carried with him on his annual trip to Portland, were stowed a half dozen pairs of well-darned woollen stockings, the few decent shirts that Isaac had left, his winter flannels, which had already served six years, his comb and brush, a hand mirror that had been one of his mother's wedding presents, likewise a couple of towels that had formed a part of her self-made trousseau; and we must not forget the neckties that Abbie had sewed from remnants of her dresses, and which Isaac naïvely considered masterpieces of the haberdasher's art.

At the mouth of the deep bag Mrs. Masters tucked a Bible which fifty years ago had been presented to her husband by his Sunday-school teacher as a prize for regular attendance. This inscription was written in a wavering hand upon the blank page:

*"In the eighth year of the reign of Josiah, while he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David his father.—2 Chron. xxxiv. 3."*

"For," said Mrs. Masters softly to Abbie, after she had read the inscription aloud, and had patted the book affectionately, "this is the first prize my Josiah ever had, an' the Lord knows he thought

more on it than he did of Lucy, his mare. An' if there should happen any accident to Isaac, they'd find by opening of his bag that ef he was alone in a far country he was a Christian, nor ashamed of it, neither."

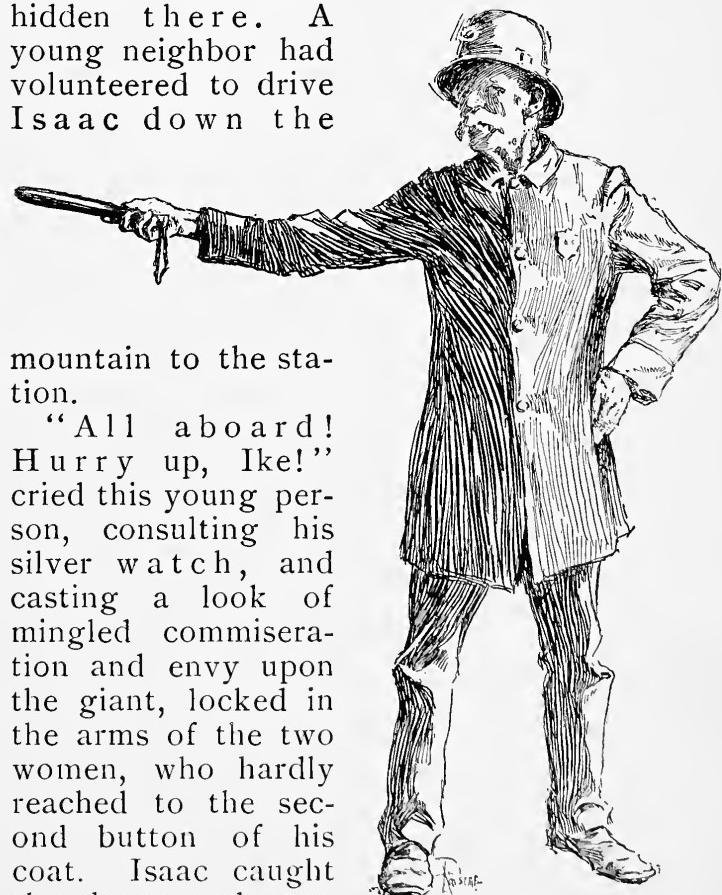
Isaac had only money enough saved up to take him as far as Boston, and to board him in the cheapest way for several days.

"If I can't work," he said proudly, straightening to his full height, "no one can!"

It is just such country lads as this—strong, self-reliant, religious—who, when poverty has projected them out of her granite mountains upon granite pavements, each as hard and bleak as the other, by massive determination have conquered a predestined success.

Too soon, for those who were to be left behind, the day of separation came. Mrs. Masters's haggard face and Abbie's red eyes told of unuttered misery.

But Isaac did not notice these signs of distress. He was absorbed in his future. The last bustle was over, the last breakfast gulped down amid forced smiles and ready tears, the last button sewed on at the last moment; and now Mrs. Masters's lunch of mince pie, apples, and doughnuts was tenderly tucked into the jaws of the carpet-bag; thereby disturbing a love letter that Abbie had hidden there. A young neighbor had volunteered to drive Isaac down the



mountain to the station.

"All aboard! Hurry up, Ike!" cried this young person, consulting his silver watch, and casting a look of mingled commiseration and envy upon the giant, locked in the arms of the two women, who hardly reached to the second button of his coat. Isaac caught the glance, and started to tear himself

"MOVE ON, WILL YER!"

away. But his mother laid her gnarled hand gently upon his arm, and led him into the unused parlor.

"Just a minute, Abbie dear, I want to be alone with my boy," she waved the girl back. "Then you can have him last. It's my right an' your'n!"

She closed the door, and led him under the crayon portrait of his father, framed in immortelles. She raised her arms, and he stooped that they might clasp about his neck.

"Isaac," she said hoarsely, "I ain't no longer young nor very strong. Remember 'fore you go away from the farm that you're the son of an honest man, an' a pious woman, and"—dropping with great solemnity into scriptural language—"I beseech you, my son, not to disgrace your godly name."

With partings like this the primitive Christians must have sent their sons into the whirlwind of the world.

Then Isaac broke down for the first time, and with the tears streaming, he lifted his mother bodily in his arms, and promised her, and kissed her. "Mother trusts you, Ikey," was all she could say. But his time had come. There was a crunching of wheels.

"Now' go to Abbie. Leave me here! Good-by; you have always been a good boy, dear." Mrs. Masters's voice sank into a whisper; the strong man, moved as he was, could not comprehend her exhaustion.

Abbie was waiting for him at the door, and he went to her. The impatient wagon had gone down the road. They were to cut through the pasture, and meet it at the brook. There they were to part.

They clasped hands. Isaac turned. A gaunt, gray face, broken, helpless, hopeless, peered out beneath the green paper shade of the parlor window. If he had known—a doubt crossed his brain, but the girl twitched his hand, and the cloud scattered. Down the hill they ran, down, until the brook was reached. There they stood, panting, breathless, listening. There were only a few minutes left, and they hid behind an oak tree and clasped.

It was long after dark when the train came to its halt in its vaulted terminus. It was due at seven, but an excursion on the road delayed it until after nine. However, this did not disconcert Isaac Masters. He hurried out to the front of the station, where the row of herdics greeted him savagely. Carrying his father's old carpet-bag, he looked from his faded hat to his broad toes

the ideal country bumpkin; yet his head was not turned by the rumbling of the pavements, the whiz of the electrics, the blaze of the arc lights, nor by the hectic inhalations that seem to comprehend all the human restlessness of a city just before it retires to sleep. His breath came faster, and his great chest rose and fell; these were the only indications of acclimation. Isaac had started from home absolutely without any "pull" or introduction but his own willingness to work. Utterly ignorant of the city, and knowing no one in it, on the way down in the train he had marked out a line of conduct from which he determined not to be swerved.

To the mountain mind the policeman becomes the embodiment of a righteously executed law. At home, their only constable was one of the most respected men in the community. Isaac argued from experience—and how else should he? This was his syllogism:

A policeman is the most respectable of men in my town.

This man before me is a policeman.

Therefore he must be the most upright man in the city. I will go to him for advice.

The city casuist might have smiled at the major premise—and laughed at the ingenuous conclusion. Yet if brass buttons, a cork hat and a "billy" are the emblems of guardianship and probity, the country boy has the right argument on his side, and the casuist none at all.

It never occurred to Isaac that the policeman could either make a mistake of judgment, or meditate one. Therefore he approached the guardian of the peace confidently.

This gentleman, who had noticed the traveller as soon as he had emerged from the depot, awaited his approach with becoming dignity. The patronage and disdain that the metropolis feels for the hamlet were in his air.

"Excuse me, sir—I want to ask you—" began Isaac, after a proper obeisance.

"Move on, will yer!"

"But I wanted to ask you—"

"Phwat are ye blockin' up the road fur, young man?"

"I want you to help me!"

"The — you do!" He looked about ferociously. "Look here, sonny, if ye don't move along, an' have plenty of shtyle about it, I'll help ye to the lock-up—so help me —!"

Isaac looked down upon the man, whom



"AM—I—IMPRISONED BECAUSE I AM FRIENDLESS AND POOR? IS THIS YOUR LAW?"

he could have crushed with one swoop of his hands. The consternation of his first broken ideal possessed his heart. With a deadly pallor upon his face, he hurried up the clangling street, and the coarse laughter of brutes tingled in his ears. He swallowed this rough inhospitality, which is the hemlock that poisons country faith. Take from the pavement enough dust to cover the point of a penknife, and insert it in the arm of a child, and in a week it will be dead with tetanus. After this first encounter with the protectors of the people, Isaac felt as if his soul had been bedaubed with mud. He experienced a contracting tetanus of the heart. Had he not planned all the lonesome day to cast himself upon the

kindness of the first policeman whom he saw? What other guide or protector was there left for him in the strange city? The rebuff which he had received half annihilated his intelligence.

Isaac could no more put up at the great hotel he saw on his right than the majority of us can take a trip to Japan. Isaac hurried on. Why did he leave home? The fear of a great city is more teasing than the terror of a wilderness or of a desert. There the trees or the rocks or the sand befriends you. But in the city the penniless stranger has no part in people or home or doorsteps. Every one's heart is against him. It is the anguish of hunger amid plenty, the rattling of thirst amid rivers

of wine, the serration of loneliness amid humanity thicker than barnacles upon a wharf pile. Such a terror—not of cowardice, but of friendlessness—seized Isaac Masters, and a foreboding that he might possibly fail after all made his spine tingle. Still he drove on. He had passed through the main street—or across it—he did not know—until the electric lights cast dim shadows, until stately banks had given way to unkempt brick fronts, until the glittering bar-rooms had been exchanged for vulgar saloons—until—

Masters came to a sudden halt, and dropping his bag, uttered a loud cry. The curtained door of a grog-shop opened upon him. A hatless man dashed out, swearing horribly, and all but fell into Isaac's arms. With a cry of terror the runner dodged the pedestrian, and bolted down the street. Not twenty feet behind him bounded his pursuer.

By this time the country boy had slipped into the shadow of the building, where he could see without being seen. In that moment Isaac caught sight of a dazed group of men within, and the profile of the pursuer against the hot light of the saloon. He saw a brute holding a pistol in his outstretched hand. Before Isaac understood the situation, the weapon shot out two flames and two staccato reports. These were followed by the intense silence which is like the darkness upon the heels of lightning.

Isaac's eyes were now strained upon the creature who was shot. He saw the man stagger, throw up his hands, and fall. He heard a groan. At that time the murderer with the smoking revolver was not more than ten paces away. As he fired, he had stopped. When he saw his victim fall, he gave a hoarse laugh.

By this time the lights in the saloon were put out, and its occupants had fled. The rustle of human buzzards flocking to the tragedy had begun. A motion that the murderer made to escape aroused the New Hampshire boy to a fierce sense of justice. A few bounds brought him by the side of the ruffian, who looked upon him with astonishment, and then with inflamed fear. Isaac furiously struck the pointed pistol to the pavement, and grasped the fellow's waist. Then he knew that he had almost met his match. Isaac held his opponent's left arm by the wrist, and tightened the vise. The murderer held the boy around his neck with a contracting grip such as only a prize-fighter understands. Neither spoke a word. It was power—power against skill.

There was a crash and a cry and a fall. But not until Isaac knew that the man under him was helpless did he utter a sound. Then he called: "Police! Police!"

The answer was a blinding blow upon the crown of his head. Then, before his head swam away into unconsciousness, he felt a strange thing happen to his wrists.

The first lieutenant, the captain, and the superintendent are different beings from the officer of the street, who has no gilt stripes upon his sleeves. The one, having passed through all grades, is supposed to have been chosen not only because of his fidelity and bravery, but because of his discriminating gentleness or gentlemanliness. The other, a private of the force, often a foreigner, with foreign instincts, and eager for promotion (that is, he means to make as many arrests as possible), confuses the difference between rudeness and authority, brutality and law. By the time he is a sergeant sense has been schooled into him, and he ought to know better.

The superintendent looked at Isaac steadily and not unkindly, while he listened to the officer's story.

"Off with those bracelets!" he said, sternly.

Isaac Masters regarded the superintendent gratefully. For the first time since he had been rebuffed by the station policeman, his natural expression of trust returned to his face.

"I'll forgive him," said the boy of a simple, Christian education. "It was dark—and he made a mistake." Isaac wiped the clotted blood from his cheeks. "Can I go now?"

Even a less experienced man than the white-haired superintendent would have known that the young man before him could no more have committed a crime or told an untruth than an oak. The policeman who had clubbed him, perhaps with the best intentions in the world, hung his head.

"Let me hear your story first." The superior officer spoke in his most fatherly tones. He really pitied the country lad.

"What is your name? Where do you come from? How did you get there? Tell me all about it. Here, sergeant, get him a glass of water, first."

"Perhaps a little whiskey would do him good," suggested a night-hawk who had just opened the door of the reporters' room. Blood acts terribly upon even the most stolid imagination. Beneath that red-streaked mask it needed all the experience of the superintendent to recognize the in-

nocence of a juvenile heart. As Isaac in indignant refusal turned his disfigured head upon the youthful representative of an aged paper, he seemed to the thoughtless reporter the incarnation of a wounded beast. The young fellow opened the door, and beckoned his mates in to see the new show that was enacting before them. It is only fair to say that it is due to the modern insanity of the press for prying into private affairs that the worst phase of the tragedy I am relating came to pass.

Isaac Masters told his story eagerly and simply.

"I have done nothing to be arrested for," he ended, looking at the superintendent with his round, honest eyes. "I only did my duty as anybody else would. Now let me go. Tell me, Mr. Officer, where I can get a decent night's lodging, for I am going home to-morrow. I've had enough of this city. I want to go home!"

Something like a sob sounded in the throat of the huge boy as he came to this pathetic end. Every man in the station, from the most hardened observer of crime to the youngest reporter of misery, was moved. Isaac himself, still dizzy from the effects of the blow, nauseated by the prison smell, the indescribable odor of crime which no disinfectants can overcome, confounded by the surroundings into which he had been cast, and trembling with the nameless apprehension that all honest people feel when drawn into the arms of the law, swayed and swooned again.

The sergeant and the reporters (for they were not without kind hearts) busied themselves with bringing him to. From an opposite bench the murderer lowered, between scowls of pain, upon the man who had crushed him. There had been revealed to him a simplicity of soul residing in a body of iron. He saw that the country lad had fainted, not from physical weakness, but because of mental anguish. Such an apparent disparity between mind and body had not been brought to the saloon-keeper's experience before.

"He is the only witness, you say, officer?" inquired the chief. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, sorr!"

"We'll have to hold him, then. It's a great pity. I don't suppose he could get a ten-dollar bail." The superintendent shook his gray head thoughtfully. His subordinates did the same, with an exaggerated air of distress.

"Where am I? Oh!" What horror in

that exhalation, as Isaac realized the place he was in! He staggered to his feet.

"Give me my bag, quick!" he exclaimed. "I will go."

"I'm afraid you can't go yet." The superintendent spoke as if he hated to do his duty.

"Not go? Why not? You have no right to hold an innocent man!"

"In cases of assault and murder, the witnesses must be held until they can furnish bail. That is the law." The white-haired man hurried his explanation, as if he were ashamed of it.

"I will come back."

The officer shook his head.

"I give you my word I will." Isaac clasped the rail pleadingly.

"I'll have to lock you up to-night; the judge will settle the amount of your bail to-morrow."

"Lock me up? I tell you I have no friends here! How can I get bail? Where will you put me?"

"Show him his cell," replied the chief to his sergeant.

"Come along," said the policeman kindly. "All witnesses are treated that way. We'll give you the most comfortable quarters we've got."

He took Isaac by the arm after the professional manner. The young man flung off the touch. For an instant his eyes swept the station menacingly. What if he should exert his strength! There were two—three—four officers in the room. He might even overpower these, and dash for liberty. He saw the livid reflection of electric lights through the windows. Unconsciously he contracted his sinews, and tightened his muscles until they were rigid. Then the hopelessness of his position burst upon him like a red strontian fire. He felt blasted by his disgrace.

"What are you doing to me?" he cried out. "Put me in prison? My God! This will kill my mother!"

The next morning at ten o'clock Tom Muldoon was released on ten thousand dollars bail. The surety was promptly furnished by the alderman of the —th Ward. Muldoon was to present himself before the grand jury, which met the first Monday in each month. As this was the beginning of the month, his appearance could not be required for three weeks at least, and by mutual agreement of the district attorney and the counsel for the defendant, action might be put off for one or even for two months more, pending the recovery or eventual death of the assaulted.

This would give the saloon-keeper plenty of time for the two ribs that Isaac Masters had crushed, to mend!

There are sensitive men and women who would go insane after spending an innocent night in a cell. In the dryest, the largest, the best of them there is everything to debase the manhood and nauseate the soul. The tin cup on the grated window-sill, half-filled with soup which the last occupant left; the cot to the right of the hopeless door, made of two boards and one straw mattress; and that necessity which is the nameless horror of such a narrow incarceration—that which suffocates and poisons; then the flickering jet up the concrete corridor, casting such fitful shadows by the prisoner's side that he starts from his cot in terror to touch the phantoms lest they be real; the alternate waves of choking heat and harrowing cold; the hammering of the steam-pipes; the curses, the groans, and the eruptive breathing of the sleeping and the drunken; the thoughts of home, and friends, and irreparable disgrace; the feeble hope that, after all, the family will not hear of this so far away; and the despair because they will—mad visions of suicide; blasphemy, repentant tears and prayers, each chasing the other amid the persistent thought that all things are impotent but freedom. Oh, what a night! What a night!

There are souls that have existed five, ten years under the courtine of Catharine in the Petropavlovskaya Fortress—drugged, tortured, at last killed like rats in a hole. All the while the maledict banner of the Romanoffs writhes above them. What has been the power to keep alive thousands of prisoners in those bastions, beyond the natural endurance of the flesh? The glory of principle.

No wonder that a ghastly face and haggard eyes and wavering steps followed the keeper to the American court-room the next morning; for nothing could be tortured into a principle to stimulate Isaac's courage. It is easy to die for right, but not for wrong.

There were three short flights of iron that led past tiers of cells, through the tombs, into the prisoner's dock. Isaac dully remembered the huge coils of steam-pipe that curled up the side of the wall. He thought of pythons. As he passed by, the prisoners awaiting sentence held the rods of their doors in their hands, like monkeys, and swore, and laughed, and shot questions at the keeper as he passed along.

"Have you no friends in the city?" proceeded the judge, after he had examined the witness.

Isaac shook his head disconsolately. "I have about five dollars; that is all, and my bag—and, sir, my character."

"Then I am afraid I shall have to hold you over in default of bail until the trial." The judge nodded to the sheriff to bring on the next case.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To the City Jail," answered the sheriff curtly. "Come along!" With a mighty effort Isaac wrenched himself loose, and strode to the bar.

"Judge!" he cried. "Judge, you wouldn't do that! Let me go! I will come back on the trial. Look at me, Judge! What have I done? Why should I be sent to prison? I am an honest man!"

But the judge was used to such scenes, and he turned his head wearily away.

"The law requires the government to hold the witness in default of bail, in cases of capital crime." The judge was a kind man, and he tried to do a kind act by explaining the subtle process of the law again to the lad. When he had done this, he nodded. And now the men approached Isaac to remove him, by force if necessary. But the New Hampshire boy stood before the bar of justice stolidly. His eyes wandered aimlessly, and his lips muttered. Paralysis swept near him at that instant.

"Am—I—imprisoned because I am friendless and poor? Is this your law?"

The judge shrugged his shoulders, but many in the court-room felt uncomfortable.

"Then," spoke Isaac Masters, rising to his greatest height, and uplifting his hand as if to call God to witness, "if this is law—damn your law!" It was his first and last oath. Every man in the room started to his feet at the utterance of that supreme legal blasphemy. But the judge was silent. What sentence might he not inflict for such contempt of court? What sentence could he? The witness had no money, wherewith to be fined, and he was going to prison at any rate. The judge was great enough to put himself in Isaac's place. He stroked his beard meditatively.

"Remove the witness," he said. This was sentence enough. Although two officers advanced cautiously, as if prepared for a tussle, a babe might have led the giant unto the confines of Hades by the



"OH, MY GOD!" HE SOBBED. "MY GOD! MY GOD!"

pressure of its little finger. For Isaac wept.

There were two other witnesses in the white-washed cell to which Isaac was assigned. It was on the south side, and large, and sunny, and often the door was left unlocked; but the cell looked out into a crumbling grave-yard. One of these witnesses was a boy of about eighteen, pale to the suggestion of a mortal disease. It did not take Isaac long to find out that this complexion did not indicate consumption, but was only prison pallor. The other prisoner was less pathetic as to color, but he was listless and discouraged. The only amusement of these men consisted in chewing tobacco in enormous quantities, playing surreptitious games of high-low-jack, in reading the daily paper, a single magazine, and waiting for the sun to enter the barred window, and watching it in the afternoon as it slipped away. These two men tried to cheer the new comer in a rude, hearty way; but when the country lad learned that they had been in detention for six months already, held by the government as main witnesses against the first

mate of their brig, their words were as dust. They only choked him.

"What did you do," Isaac asked, "to get you in such a scrape?"

"We saw the mate shoot the cook; that's all."

"If I'd known," said the pale boy, with a look out of the window, "how Uncle Sam keeps us so long—I wished I hadn't said nothing. But we get a dollar a day; that's something." And with a sigh that he meant to engulf with his philosophy, the boy turned his face away, so that Isaac should not suspect the tears that salted the flavor of the coarse tobacco.

The dark outlook, the blind future, the hopeless cell, the disordered table, the lazy life that deadened all activity but that of the imagination, the lack of vigorous air, the lounging companionship, but, above all things, the thought of his mother and Abbie, and the brooding over what he dared to call an outrage perpetrated, in the name of the law, upon himself—these things made a turmoil of Isaac's brain. There was a daily conflict between the Christian and the criminal way of looking at his irreparable misfortune which he was

surprised to find that even the possession of his father's Bible could not control.

There were times when it needed all his intelligence to keep him from springing on the keeper, and running amuck in the ward-room, simply for the sake of uttering a violent, brutal protest. Then there were hours when he was too exhausted to leave his cot. At such a time he wrote a letter, his first letter to his mother, and he made the keeper promise to have it mailed so that no one could possibly suspect that it started from a prison.

"DEAR MOTHER"—it ran—"I have not written to you for three weeks since I have been here, because I have been sick. I am now in a very safe place, and am doing pretty well. I clear my food and board and seventy-five cents a day. I have not been paid yet. I think you had better not write to me until I can give you a permanent address. I read my Bible every day and love you more dearly than ever. I have tried to do my duty as you would have me. Give my love to Abbie. I will write soon again.

"Ever your affectionate son,  
"ISAAC."

The simpleton! Could he not suspect that country papers copy from city columns all that is of special local interest, and more? And did he not know that it is one of the disgraces of modern journalism that no department is so copiously edited, annotated, and illustrated as that of criminal intelligence?

Could he not surmise that on the Saturday following his incarceration the very mountains rang with the news? That it should be mangled and turned topsy-turvy, and that in the eyes of his simple-minded neighbors he should be thought of as the murderer, by reason of his great strength? For how could it come into the intelligence of law-abiding citizens and law-respecting people, that a man should be shut up in prison, no matter what the newspapers said, unless he had *done* something to deserve it? What did the mountaineers know about the laws of bail, and habeas corpus? And could such news, gossiped by one neighbor, repeated by another, confirmed by a third, fail to reach the desolate farm-house in which a woman, feeble, old and faint of heart, lay trembling between life and death?

The grand jury meets on the first Monday of each month to indict those for trial against whom reasonable proofs of guilt are obtained. The saloon loafer had been shot in the groin, and pending his injuries indictment was waived. In proportion as the wound proved serious and the recovery prolonged, trial was postponed.

Isaac Masters had now been locked up

six weeks. He had not yet heard from home, and had only written once. About noon, one day, the keeper came to tell him that a woman wished to see him. Isaac thought that it was his mother, and the shame of meeting her in the guard-room surrounded by tiers upon tiers of murderers and thieves and petty criminals overcame him. The man of strength sat down on his cot, and putting his hands over his white face, trembled violently. The guard, who knew that Isaac was an innocent man, spoke to him kindly.

"Go! go!" said the prisoner in a voice of agony, "and tell my mother that I will be right there."

"Mother!" ejaculated the guard. "She's the youngest mother for a man of your size I ever see." He winked at the sailor, and went.

Then Isaac knew that it was Abbie, who had come alone, and he tightened his teeth and lips together, and went down.

Isaac slowly came down the perforated iron stairs that were attached to his prison wing like an inside fire-escape. On the bench in the middle of the guard-room sat Abbie—a little, helpless thing she seemed to him—facing the entrance, as if she feared to remove her eyes from the door that led to freedom.

Abbie was greatly changed. She was dressed in black. If Isaac had been a free man, this fact would have startled him. As it was, he was so spent with suffering that his dulled mind could not understand it. At first Abbie did not recognize her hearty lover. His huge frame was gaunt and wasted. His ruddy face was white, and his cheeks hung in folds like moulded putty. His country clothes dropped about him aimlessly. From crown to foot he had been devastated by unmerited disgrace. Grief may glorify; but the other ravages.

This meeting between the lovers was singularly undramatic. Each shrank a little from the other. They shook hands quietly. His was burning; her's like a swamp in October dew. He sat down beside her on the bench awkwardly, while the deputy looked at them with careless curiosity. He was used to nothing but tragedy and crime, and to his experienced mind the two had become long ago confused.

"Mother?" asked Isaac, nervously moving his feet. "Didn't she get my letter?"

The girl nodded gravely, tried to meet his eyes, and then looked away. Tears fell unresisted down her cheeks. She made

no attempt to wipe them off. It was as if she were too well acquainted with them to check their flow.

Then the truth began to filter through Isaac's bewebbed intellect. He spread his knees apart, rested his arms upon them, and bent his head to his hands. His great figure shook.

"Oh, my God!" he sobbed. "My God! My God!"

"Oh, don't, Isaac, don't!" Abbie put her hand upon his head as if he had been her boy. "Your mother was as happy as could be. She was happy to die. We buried her yesterday!"

How could she tell him that his mother had died of grief—too sorely smitten to bear it—for his sake?

But Isaac's head rose and fell—rose and fell rhythmically between his hands. His breath came in low groans, like that of an animal smitten dead by a criminally heavy load.

"She sent her love before she passed away. She wanted you to come back to the farm as soon as you could. She believed in you, Ikey, even if you were in prison. She said Paul was in prison, and that it was a terrible mistake. She knew your father's son would not depart from his God!"

As Abbie uttered this simple confession of country faith, the pitiful man lifted up his eyes from the tiled floor and looked at her gratefully. His dry lips moved, and he tried to speak.

"Yes," was all he said, with fierce humility. Then the lack of breath choked him.

"She made me promise not to give you up, and to come and see you. Of course you are innocent, Ikey?" Abbie did not look at him.

"Yes," he answered mechanically.

"I know," she said softly.

Of what use were more words? They would only beat like waves against the granite of his broken heart. The two sat silent for a time. Then Abbie said, "I must go." She edged a little towards him, and touched his coat.

"When will you come out? I will explain it all to the minister and the neighbors. We will be married as soon as you come home. She wanted us to! Oh, Ikey! Oh, Ikey! My poor—poor boy!"

Isaac arose unsteadily. It was time for her to go, for the turnkey had nodded to him.

A fierce, mad indignation at his fate and what it had wrought upon his mother and

upon his honorable name blinded him. He did not even say good-by, but left the girl standing in the middle of the guard-room alone. At any cost he must get back to his cell. Supposing his mind should give way before he got there? He staggered to the stairway. He threw his hands up, and groped on the railing. A blindness struck him before he had mounted two steps. He did not hear a woman's shriek, nor the rushing of feet, nor the sound of his own fall.

When he awaked, he was alone in the witness cell; and when he put his white hands to his hair, he felt that his head was shaven. The chipper prison doctor told him that he was getting nicely over a brain fever.

It was three months after this before the case of Tom Muldoon came upon the docket. The man whom the saloon-keeper had shot had but just been declared out of danger and on the road to recovery.

When the case was called, the district attorney arose from his desk under the bench, and represented to the court that as for some unforeseen reason the said Frank Stevens, who had been maliciously and wilfully assaulted and shot by the said Tom Muldoon, had refused to prosecute, the prosecution rested upon the government, which would rely upon the direct evidence of one witness to sustain the case.

The district attorney, who was an unbought man, and whose future election depended upon the number of convictions he secured for the State, now opened his case with such decision, vigor, and masterful certainty that the policemen and other friends of the defendant began to quake for the boss of the —th Ward.

"And now, your honor, I will call to the witness-stand a young man of stainless life, whom the government has held as a witness since the brutal assault was committed. He is in the custody of the sheriff of the county, Isaac Masters!"

All eyes turned to the door at the left of the bench. There was a bustle of expectancy, and a pallor upon the face of Tom Muldoon.

"Isaac Masters!" repeated the attorney impatiently. "Will the court officer produce the witness?"

The judge rapped his pencil on the desk in a nervous tattoo. Above all things he detested delay.

"I hope Your Honor will grant me a few moments," said the attorney, annoyed. "The witness must surely be here directly."

"It can go over—" began the judge indulgently, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the sheriff of the county himself. This man beckoned to the district attorney, and the two whispered together with the appearance of great excitement.

"Well?" said the judge, yawning. "Produce your witness."

But the attorney for the government came back to his place slowly, with head bent. He was very pale, and evidently much shaken. The saloon-keeper's face expanded with hope, as he leaned aside and whispered to a friendly wardman.

What was the evidence? Where was the witness? Silent? Why? The question flashed from face to face in the court-room. Had he escaped? Or been spirited away? Such things had been known to happen. Or had he become insane during his incarceration? Such things had been known to happen, too. Gentlemen of the law! Gentlemen of the jury! Sheriff of the county! Judge of the Superior Court! Where is the witness? We demand him on penalty of contempt. Contempt of your Honorable Court? Contempt of court!

What? Is he not here? After all this cost to the State, and to the man? Why has he not met his enforced appointment? If not here, why was the innocent witness suffocated behind bars and walls, while the murderer was free to dispense rum?

"Your Honor," began the attorney, with white lips, "a most unfortunate occurrence has happened, one that the government truly deplores. The witness has been suddenly called away. In fact, Your Honor —hem!—in short, I have been informed by the sheriff that the witness cannot answer to the summons of the court. He is disqualified from subpoena. In fact, Your Honor, the witness died this morning."

The lawyer took out his handkerchief ostentatiously. He then bent to his papers with shaking hands. He looked them over carefully while the court held its breath.

"As the government is not in possession of any evidence against Muldoon, I move to nolle prosequi the case."

"It is granted," said the judge, with a keen glance at the bloated prisoner, whom wardmen and officers of the law were already congratulating profusely.

"Order!" continued the judge. "Prisoner, stand up! You are allowed to go upon your own recognizance in the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars."

The next case was called, a new crowd entered the vitiated room, and the court proceeded with its routine as if nothing unusual had happened.

And the silent witness has passed out of every memory but mine, and that of one poor girl mourning in the New Hampshire hills.



## THE SUN'S LIGHT.

BY SIR ROBERT BALL,

Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge, England; formerly Royal Astronomer of Ireland.



HE light of the great orb of day emanates solely from a closely fitting robe of surpassing brightness. The great bulk of the sun which lies within that brilliant mantle is comparatively obscure, and might at first seem to play but an unimportant part so far as the dispensing of light and heat is concerned. It may indeed be likened to the coal-cellar from whence are drawn the supplies that produce the warmth and brightness of the domestic hearth; while the brilliant robe where the sun develops its heat corresponds to the grate in which the coal is consumed. With regard to the thickness of the robe, we might liken this brilliant exterior to the rind of an orange, while the gloomy interior regions would correspond to the edible portion of the fruit. Generally speaking, the rind of the orange is rather too coarse for the purpose of this illustration. It might be nearer the truth to affirm that the luminous part of the sun may be compared to the delicate filmy skin of the peach. There can be no doubt that if this glorious veil were unhappily stripped from the sun, the great luminary would forthwith lose its powers of shedding forth light and heat. The spots which we see so frequently to fleck the dazzling surface, are merely rents in the brilliant mantle through which we are permitted to obtain glimpses of the comparatively non-luminous interior.

As the ability of the sun to warm and light this earth arises from the peculiar properties of the thin glowing shell which surrounds it, a problem of the greatest interest is presented in an inquiry as to the material composition of this particular layer of solar substance. We want, in fact, to ascertain what that special stuff can be which enables the sun to be so useful to us dwellers on the earth. This great problem has been solved, and the result is extremely interesting and instructive; it has

been discovered that the material which confers on the sun its beneficent power is also a material which is found in the greatest abundance on the earth, where it fulfils purposes of the very highest importance. Let us see, in the first place, what is the most patent fact with regard to the structure of this solar mantle possessed of a glory so indescribable. It is perfectly plain that it is not composed of any continuous solid material. It has a granular character which is sometimes perceptible when viewed through a powerful telescope, but which can be seen more frequently and studied more satisfactorily on a photographic plate. These granules have an obvious resemblance to clouds; and clouds, indeed, we may call them. There is, however, a very wide difference between the solar clouds and those clouds which float in our own atmosphere. The clouds which we know so well are, of course, merely vast collections of globules of water suspended in the air. No doubt the mighty solar clouds do also consist of incalculable myriads of globules of some particular substance floating in the solar atmosphere. The material of which these solar clouds are composed is, however, I need hardly say, not water, nor is it anything in the remotest degree resembling water. Some years ago any attempt to ascertain the particular substance out of which the solar clouds were formed would at once have been regarded as futile; inasmuch as such a problem would then have been thought to lie outside the possibilities of human knowledge. The advance of discovery has, however, shed a flood of light on the subject, and has revealed the nature of that material to whose presence we are indebted for the solar beneficence. The detection of the particular element to which all living creatures are so much indebted is due to that distinguished physicist, Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney.

In the whole range of science, one of the most remarkable discoveries ever made is that which has taught us that the elementary bodies of which the sun and the stars are constructed are essentially the same as



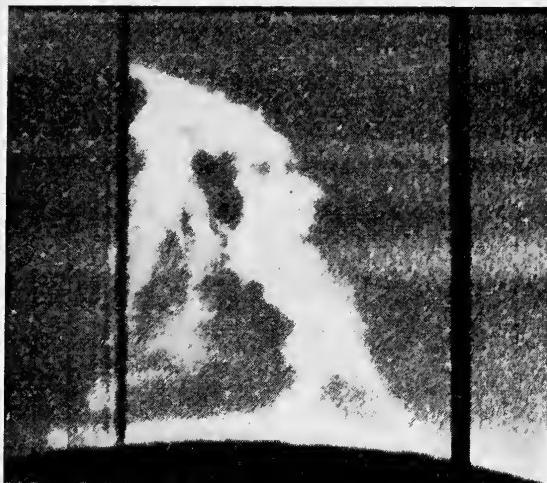
THE SUN'S CORONA.

From a photograph taken by Professor Schaeberle, at Mina Bronces, Chili, in April, 1893, and kindly loaned by Professor E. S. Holden, director of the Lick Observatory.

those of which the earth has been built. This discovery was indeed as unexpected as it is interesting. Could we ever have anticipated that a body ninety-three millions of miles away, as the sun is, or a hundred million of millions of miles distant, as a star may be, should actually prove to have been formed from the same materials as those which compose this earth of ours and all which it contains, whether animate or inanimate? Yet such is indeed the fact. We are thus, in a measure, prepared to find that the material which forms the great solar clouds may turn out to be a substance not quite unknown to the terrestrial chemist. Nay, further, its very abundance in the sun might seem to suggest that this particular material might perhaps prove to be one which was very abundant on the earth.

I had occasion to make use of the word

carbon in a lecture which I gave a short time ago, and I thought when I did so that I was of course merely using a term with whose meaning all my audience must be well acquainted. But I found out afterwards that in this matter I had been mistaken. I was told that my introduction of the word carbon had quite puzzled some of those who were listening to me. I learned that a few of those who were unfamiliar with this word went to a gentleman of their acquaintance who they thought would be likely to know, and begged from him an explanation of this mysterious term; whereupon he told them that he was not quite sure himself, but believed that carbon was something which was made out of nitro-glycerine! Even at the risk of telling what every schoolboy ought to know, I will say that carbon is one of the commonest as well as one of the most remark-



At 10.34 A.M. The height of the eruption at this stage was 135,200 miles.



At 10.40 A.M. Height, 161,500 miles.



At 10.58 A.M. Height, 280,800 miles.

## THREE VIEWS OF AN ERUPTIVE PROMINENCE OF THE SUN.

From photographs taken at Kenwood Observatory, Chicago, March 25, 1895, and kindly loaned by Professor George E. Hale, of the Chicago University.

able substances in nature. A lump of coke only differs from a piece of carbon by the ash which the coke leaves behind when burned. As charcoal is almost entirely carbon, so wood is largely composed of this same element. Carbon is indeed present everywhere. In various forms carbon is in the earth beneath our feet, and in the air which we breath. This substance courses with the blood through our veins; it is by carbon that the heat of the body is sustained; and the same element is intimately associated with life in every phase. Nor is the presence of carbon merely confined to this earth. We know it abounds on other bodies in space. It has been shown to be eminently characteristic of the composition of comets. Carbon is not only intimately associated with articles of daily utility, and of plenteous abundance, but with the most exquisite gems of "purest ray serene." More precious than gold, more precious than rubies, the diamond itself is no more than the same element in crystalline form. But the greatest of all the functions of carbon in the universe has yet to be men-

tioned. This same wonderful element has been shown to be in all probability the material which constitutes those glowing solar clouds to whose kindly radiation our very life owes its origin.

In the ordinary incandescent electric lamp, the brilliant light is produced by a glowing filament of carbon. The powerful current of electricity experiences so much resistance as it flows through this badly conducting substance, that it raises the temperature of the carbon wire so as to make it dazzlingly white-hot. Indeed the carbon is thus elevated to a temperature far in excess of that which could be obtained in any other way. The reason why carbon is employed in the electric lamp, in prefer-

ence to any other substance, may be easily understood. Suppose we tried to employ an iron wire as the glowing filament within the well-known glass globe. Then when the current was turned on that iron would of course become red-hot and white-hot; but ere a sufficient temperature had been attained to produce the requisite illumination, the iron wire would have been fused

into drops of liquid, the current would have been broken, and the lamp would have been destroyed. Nor would the attempt to make an incandescent lamp have proved much more successful had the filament been made of any other metal. The least fusible of metals is the costly element platinum, but even a wire of platinum, though it would stand much more heat than a wire of iron or of steel, would not have retained the solid form by the time it had been raised to the temperature necessary for an incandescent lamp.

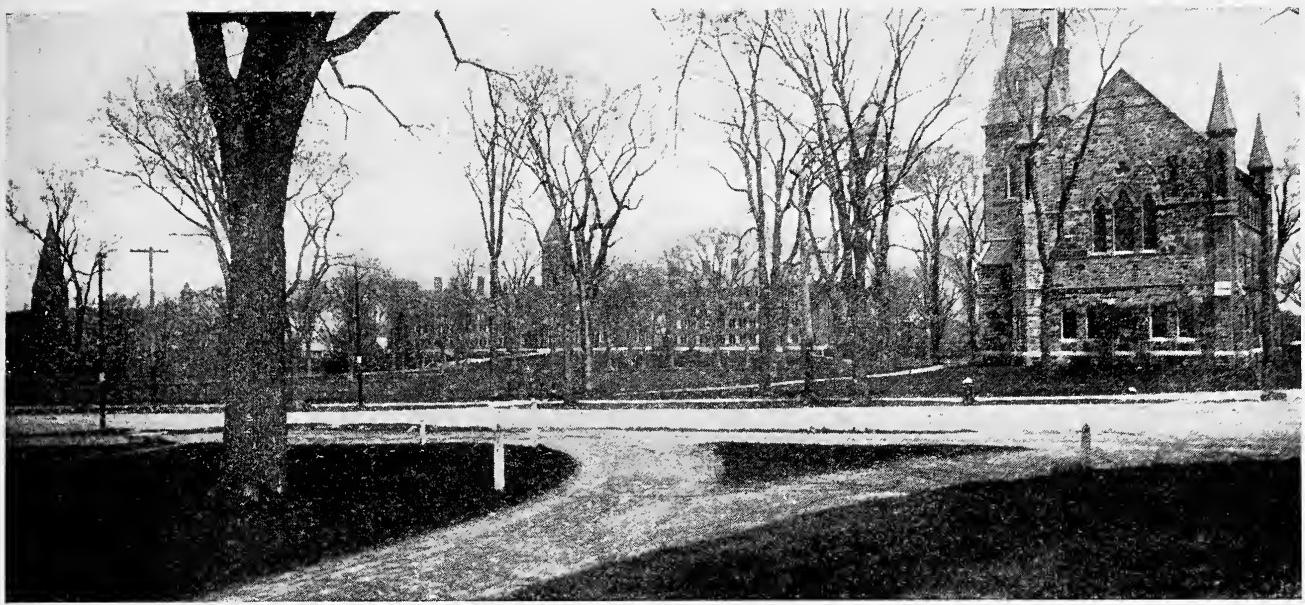
There is no known metal, and perhaps no substance whatever, which demands so high a temperature to fuse it as does the element carbon. A filament of carbon, and a filament of carbon alone, will remain unfused and unbroken when heated by the electric current to the dazzling brilliance necessary for effective illumination. This is the reason why this particular element is so indispensable for our incandescent electric lamps. Modern research has now taught us that, just as the electrician has to employ carbon as the immediate agent in producing the brightest of artificial lights down here, so the sun in heaven uses precisely the same element as the immediate agent in the production of its transcendent light and heat. Owing to the extraordinary fervor which prevails in the interior parts of the sun, all substances there present, no matter how difficult we may find their fusion, would have to submit to be melted, nay, even to be driven off into vapor. If submitted to the heat of this appalling solar furnace, an iron poker, for instance, would vanish into invisible vapor. In the presence of the intense heat of the inner parts of the sun, even carbon itself is unable to remain solid. It would seem that it must assume a gaseous form under such circumstances, just as the copper and the iron and all the other substances do which yield more readily than it to the fierce heat of their surroundings.

The buoyancy of carbon vapor is one of its most remarkable characteristics. Accordingly immense volumes of the carbon steam in the sun soar at a higher level

than do the vapors of the other elements. Thus carbon becomes a very large and important constituent of the more elevated regions of the solar atmosphere. We can understand what happens to these carbon vapors by the analogous case of the familiar clouds in our own skies. It is true, no doubt, that our terrestrial clouds are composed of a material totally different from that which constitutes the solar clouds. The sun evaporates the water from the great oceans which cover so large a proportion of our earth. The vapor thus produced ascends in the form of invisible gas through our atmosphere, until it reaches an altitude thousands of feet above the surface of the earth. The chill that the watery vapor experiences up there is so great that the vapor collects into little liquid beads, and it is, of course, these liquid beads, associated in countless myriads, which form the clouds we know so well.

We can now understand what happens as the buoyant carbon vapors soar upwards through the sun's atmosphere. They attain at last to an elevation where the fearful intensity of the solar heat has so far abated that, though nearly all other elements may still remain entirely gaseous, yet the exceptionally refractory carbon begins to return to the liquid state. At the first stage in this return, the carbon vapor conducts itself just as does the ascending watery vapor from the earth when about to be transformed into a visible cloud. Under the influence of a chill the carbon vapor collects into a myriad host of little beads of liquid. Each of these drops of liquid carbon in the glorious solar clouds has a temperature and a corresponding radiance vastly exceeding that with which the filament glows in the incandescent electric lamp. When we remember further that the entire surface of our luminary is coated with these clouds, every particle of which is thus intensely luminous, we need no longer wonder at that dazzling brilliance which, even across the awful gulf of ninety-three millions of miles, produces for us the indescribable glory of daylight.

*Sir Robert Ball will contribute a series of articles on "The Marvels of the Universe." Six or eight of these articles may be expected during the coming year.*



THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY BUILDINGS, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

## CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "The Madonna of the Tubs," etc.

### LIFE IN ANDOVER BEFORE THE WAR.



NDOVER is—or Andover was—like the lady to whom Steele gave immortality in the finest and most famous epigram ever offered to woman.

To have loved Andover; to have been born in Andover—I am brought up short, in these notes, by the sudden recollection that I was *not* born in Andover. It has always been so difficult to believe it, that I am liable any day to forget it; but the facts compel me to infer that I was born within a mile of the State House. I must have become a citizen of Andover at the age of three, when my father resigned his Boston pulpit for the professorship of Rhetoric in Andover Seminary. I remember distinctly our arrival at the white mansion with the large, handsome grounds, the distant and mysterious grove, the rotund horse-chestnut trees, venerable and solemn, nearly a century old—to this day a horse-chestnut always seems to me like a theological trustee—and the sweep of playground so vast, so soft, so green, so fragrant, so clean, that the baby cockney ran imperiously to her father and

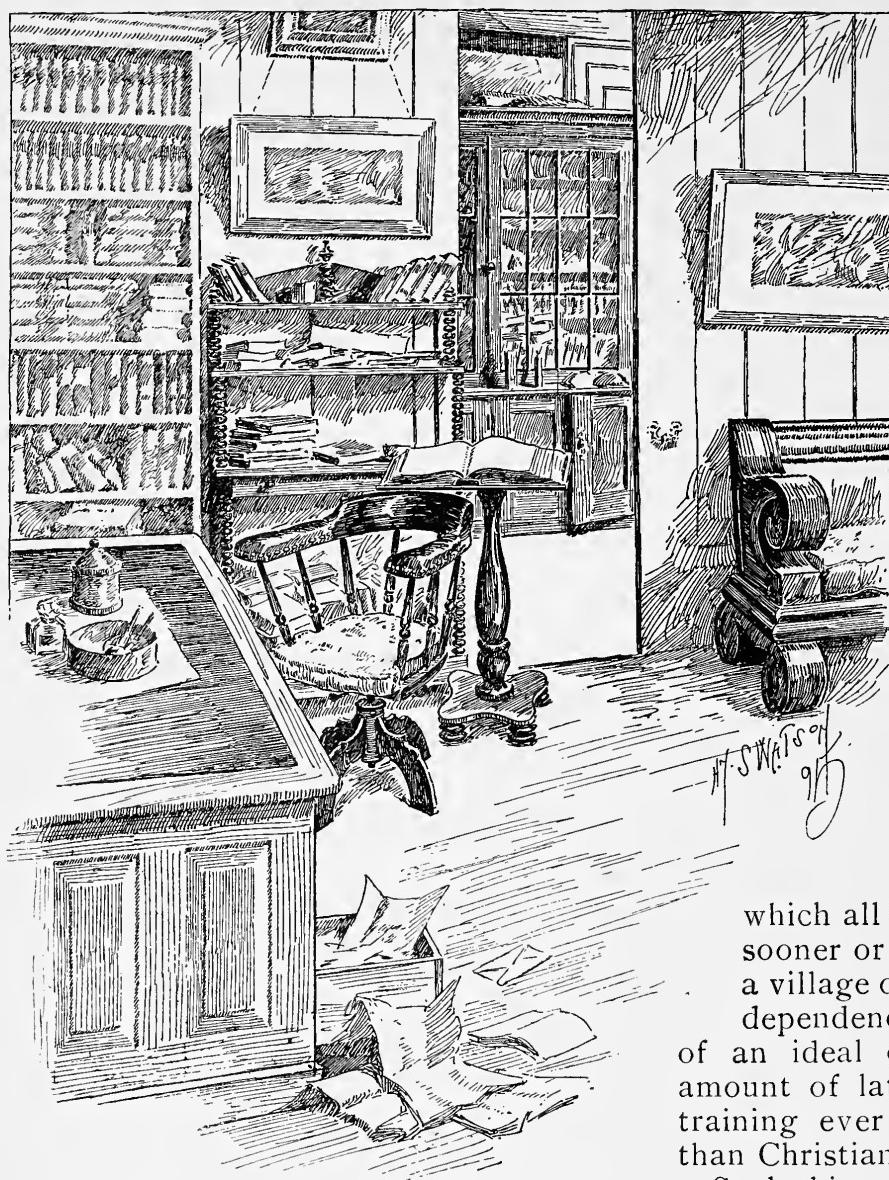
demanded that he go build her a brick sidewalk to play upon.

What, I wonder, may be the earliest act of memory on record? Mine is not at all unusual—dating only to two and a half years; at which time I clearly remember being knocked down by my dog, in my father's area in Boston, and being crowded over by a rooster of abnormal proportions who towered between me and the sky, a dragon in size and capabilities.

My father always maintained that he distinctly remembered hearing the death of Napoleon announced in his presence when he was one year and a half old.

Is the humiliating difference between the instinctive selection of Napoleon and that of the rooster, one of temperament or sex? In either case, it is significant enough to lead one to drop the subject.

Next to having been born in a university town, comes the advantage—if it be an advantage—of having spent one's youth there. Mr. Howells says that he must be a dull fellow who does not, at some time or other, hate his native village; and I must confess that I have not, at all stages of my life, held my present opinion of Andover. There have been times when her gentle in-



PROFESSOR AUSTIN PHELPS'S STUDY.

Drawn from a photograph taken after Professor Phelps's death, when the study had been somewhat dismantled.

difference to the preoccupations of the world has stung me, as all serenity stings restlessness. There have been times when the inevitable limitations of her horizon have seemed as familiar as the coffin-lid to the dead.

There was an epoch when her theology—But, nevertheless, I certainly look back upon Andover Hill with a very gentle pleasure and heartfelt sense of debt.

It has been particularly asked of me to give some form to my recollections of a phase of local life which is now so obviously passing away that it has a certain historical interest.

That Andover remains upon the map of Massachusetts yet, one does not dispute; but the Andover of New England theology—the Andover of a peculiar people, the Andover that held herself apart from the world and all that was therein—will soon become an interesting wraith.

The life of a professor's daughter in a university town is always a little different from the lives of other girls; but the difference seems to me—unless she be by nature entirely alien to it—in favor of the girl. Were I to sum in one word my impressions of the influences of Andover life upon a robust young mind and heart, I should call them *gentle*.

As soon as we began to think, we saw a community engaged in studying thought. As soon as we began to feel, we were aware of a neighborhood that did not feel superficially; at least, in certain higher directions. When we began to ask the "questions of life,"

which all intelligent young people ask sooner or later, we found ourselves in a village of three institutions and their dependencies committed to the pursuit of an ideal of education for which no amount of later, or what we call broader, training ever gives us any better word than Christian.

Such things tell. Andover girls did not waltz, or suffer summer engagements at Bar Harbor, a new one every year; neither did they read Ibsen, or yellow novels; nor did they handle the French stories that are hidden from parents; though they were excellent French scholars in their day.

I do not even know that one can call them more "serious," than their city sisters—for we were a merry lot; at least, *my* lot were. But they were, I believe, especially open-hearted, gentle-minded girls.

If they were "out of the world" to a certain extent, they were, to another, out of the evil of it. As I look back upon the little drama between twelve and twenty—I might rather say, between two and twenty—Andover young people seem to me to have been as truly and naturally innocent as one may meet anywhere in the world. Some of these private records of girl-history were so white, so clear, so sweet, that to read them would be like watching a morning-glory open. The world is full, thank Heaven, of lovely girls; but though other forms or phases of gentle society

claim their full quota, I never saw a lovelier than those I knew on Andover Hill.

One terrible tragedy, indeed, befell our little "set;" for we had our sets in Andover, as well as they of Newport or New York.

A high-bred girl of exceptional beauty was furtively kissed one evening by a daring boy (not a native of Andover, I hasten to explain), and the furore which followed this unprecedented enormity it would be impossible to describe to a member of more complicated circles of society. Fancy the reception given such a commonplace at any of our fashionable summer resorts today!

On Andover Hill the event was a moral cataclysm. Andover girls were country girls, but not of rustic (any more than of metropolitan) social training. Which of them would have suffered an Academy boy, walking home with her from a lecture or a prayer-meeting, any little privilege which he might not have taken in her father's house, and with her mother's knowledge? I never knew one. The case of which I speak was historic, and as far as I ever knew, unique, and was that of a victim, not an offender.

The little beauty to whom this atrocity happened cried all night and all the next day; she was reported not to have stopped

crying for twenty-six hours. Her pretty face grew wan and haggard. She was too ill to go to her lessons.

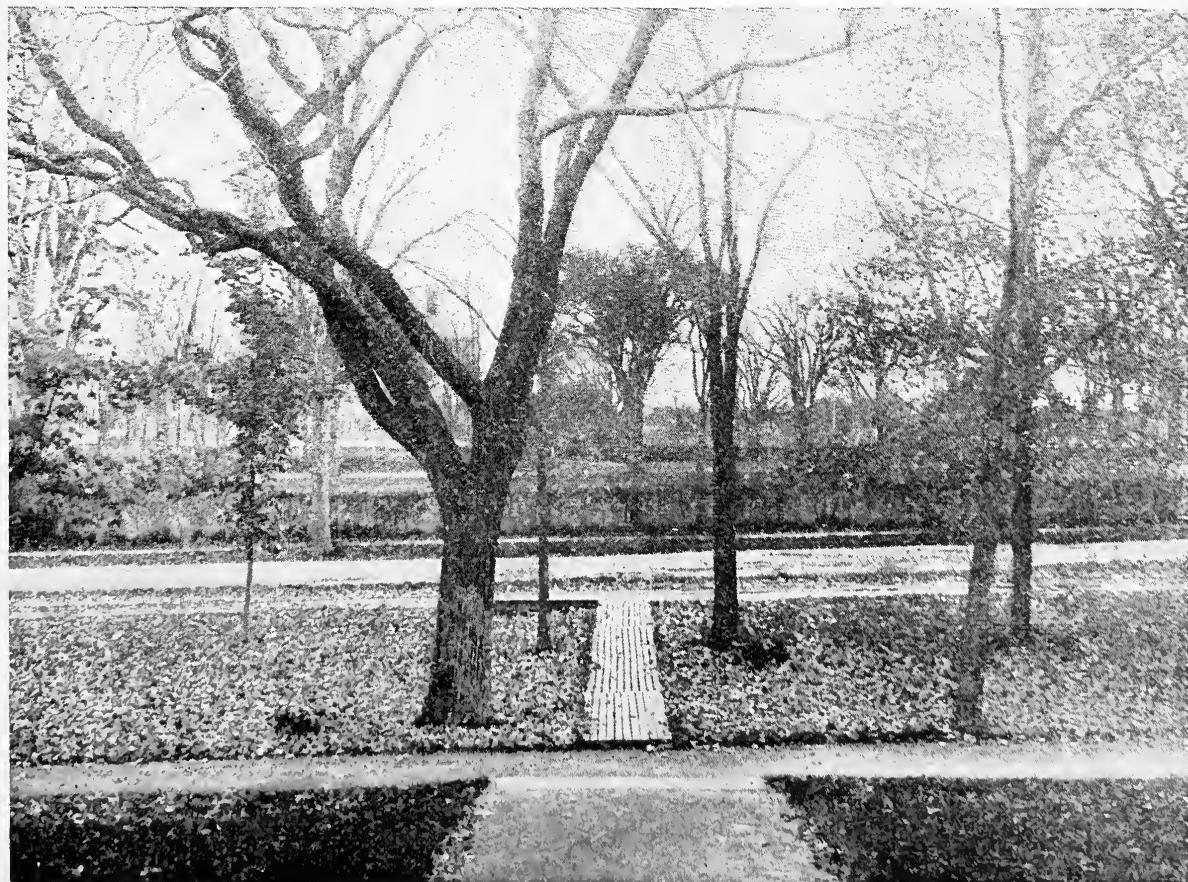
The teachers—to whom she had promptly related the circumstance—condoled with her; the entire school vowed to avenge her; we were a score of as disturbed and indignant girls as ever wept over woman's wrongs, or scorned a man's depravity.

Yet, for aught I know to the contrary, this abandoned young man may have grown up to become a virtuous member of society; possibly even an exemplary husband and father. I have never been able to trace his history; probably the moral repulsion was too great.

Yet they were no prigs, for their innocence! Andover girls, in the best and brightest sense of the word, led a gay life.

The preponderance of young men on the Hill gave more than ample opportunity for well-mannered good times; and we made the most of them.

Legends of the feminine triumphs of past generations were handed breathlessly down to us, and cherished with awe. A lady of the village, said to have been once very handsome, was credibly reported to have refused nineteen offers of marriage. Another, still plainly beautiful, was known to have received and declined the suits of nine theologues in one winter. Neither of these



VIEW LOOKING FROM THE FRONT OF ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S HOME IN ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

ladies married. We watched their whitening hairs and serene faces with a certain pride of sex, not easily to be understood by a man. When we began to think how many times they *might* have married, the subject assumed sensational proportions. In fact, the maiden ladies of Andover always, I fancied, regarded each other with a peculiar sense of peace. Each knew—and knew that the rest knew—that it was (to use the Andover phraseology) not of predestination or foreordination, but of free will absolute, that an Andover girl passed through life alone. This little social fact, which is undoubtedly true of most, if not all, university towns, had mingled effects upon impressionable girls. For the proportion of masculine society was almost Western in its munificence.

Perhaps it is my duty to say just here that, if honestly put to the question, I should admit that this proportion was almost too munificent for the methods of education then—and still to an extent now—in vogue.

A large Academy for boys, and a flourishing Seminary for young men, set across the village streets from two lively girls' schools, gave to one observer of this little scholastic world her first argument for co-education.

I am confident that if the boys who serenaded (right manfully) under the windows of Abbott Academy or of "The Nunnery," or who tied their lady's colors to the bouquets that they tossed on balconies of professors' houses, had been put, class to class, in competition with us, they would have wasted less time upon us; and I could not deny that if the girls who cut little holes in their fans through which one could look, undetected and unreproved, at one's favorite Academy boy, on some public occasion, had been preparing to meet or pass that boy at Euclid or Xenophon recitation next morning, he would have occupied less of their fancy. Intellectual competition is simpler, severer, and more wholesome than the unmitigated social plane; and a mingling of the two may be found calculated to produce the happiest results.

"Poor souls!" said a Boston lady once to me, upon my alluding to a certain literary club which was at that time occupying the enthusiasm of the Hill. "Poor souls! I suppose they are so starved for society!" We can fancy the amusement with which this comment would have been received if it had been repeated—but it never was repeated till this moment—in Andover.

For Andover had her social life, and knew no better, for the most part, than to enjoy it. It is true that many of her diversions took on that religious or academic character natural to the place. Of village parish life we knew nothing, for our chapel was, like others of its kind, rather an exclusive little place of worship. We were ignorant of pastoral visits, deacons, parochial gossip, church fairs, and what Professor Park used to call "the doughnut business;" and, though we cultivated a weekly prayer-meeting in the lecture-room, I think its chief influence was as a training-school for theological students whose early efforts at public exhortation (poor fellows!) quaveringly besought their Professors to grow in grace, and admonished the families of the Faculty circle to repent.

But we had our lectures and our concerts—quite distinct, as orthodox circles will understand, from those missionary festivals which went, I never discovered why, by the name of Monthly Concerts—and our Porter Rhets. I believe this cipher stood for Porter Rhetorical; and research, if pushed far enough, would develop the fact that Porter indicated a dead professor who once founded a chair and a debating society for young men. Then we had our anniversaries and our exhibitions, when we got ourselves into our organdie muslins or best coats, and listened to the boys spouting Greek and Latin orations in the old, red brick Academy, and heard the theological students—but here this reporter is forced to pause. I suppose I ought to be ashamed of it, but the fact is, that I never attended an anniversary exercise of the Seminary in my life. It would be difficult to say why. I think my reluctance consisted in an abnormal objection to Trustees. So far as I know, they were an innocent set of men, of good reputations and quite harmless. But I certainly acquired, at a very early age, an antipathy to this class of Americans from which I have never recovered.

Our anniversaries occurred, according to the barbaric custom of the times, in the hottest heat of August; and if there be a hotter place in Massachusetts than Andover was, I have yet to simmer in it. Our houses were, of course, thrown open, and crowded to the shingles.

I remember once sharing my tiny room with a little guest who would not have the window open, though the thermometer had stood above ninety, day and night, for a week; and because she was a trustee's daughter, I must not complain. Perhaps

this experience emphasized a natural lack of sympathy with her father.

At all events, I cherished a hidden antagonism to these excellent and useful men, of which I make this late and public confession. It seemed to me that everybody in Andover was afraid of them. I "took it out" in the cordial defiance of a born rebel.

Then we had our tea-parties—theological, of course—when the students came to tea in alphabetical order; and the Professor told his best stories; and the ladies of the family were expected to keep more or less quiet while the gentlemen talked. But this, I should say, was of the earlier time.

And, of course, we had the occasional supply; and as for the clerical guest, in some shape he was always with us.

I remember the shocked expression on the face of a not very eminent minister, because I joined in the conversation when, in the absence of my father's wife, the new mother, it fell to me to take the head of the table. It was truly a stimulating conversation, intellectual, and, like all clerical conversations, vivaciously amusing; and it swept me in, unconsciously. I think this occurred after I had written "*The Gates Ajar*."

This good man has since become an earnest anti-suffragist and opposer of the movement for the higher education of women. I can only hope he does not owe his dismal convictions to the moral jar received on that occasion; and I regret to learn that his daughter has been forbidden to go to college.

We had, too, our levees—that was the word; by it one meant what is now called a reception. I have been told that my mother, who was a woman of marked social tastes and gifts, oppressed by the lack of variety in Andover life, originated this innocent form of dissipation.

These festivities, like others in academic towns, were democratic to a degree amusing or inspiring, according to the temperament of the spectator.

The professors' brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms were thrown open to the students and families of the Hill. Distinguished men jostled the Academy boy who built the furnace fire to pay for his education, and who might be found on the faculty some day, in his turn, or might himself acquire an enviable and well-earned celebrity.

Eminent guests from out of town stood elbow to elbow with poor theologues destined to the missionary field, and pathetically observing the Andover levee as one of the last occasions of civilized gayety in which it might be theirs to share. Ladies from Beacon



DR. EDWARDS A. PARK, FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY IN ANDOVER SEMINARY.

From a photograph taken in 1862 by J. W. Black, Boston.

Street or from New York might be seen chatting with some gentle figure in black, one of those widowed and brave women whose struggles to sustain life and educate their children by boarding students form so large a part of the pathos of academic towns.

One such I knew who met on one of these occasions a member of the club for which she provided. The lady was charming, well-dressed, well-mannered.

The young man, innocent of linen, had appeared at the levee in a gray flannel

shirt. Introductions passed. The lady bowed.

"I am happy," stammered the poor fellow, "I am happy to meet the woman who cooks our victuals."

If it be asked, Why educate a man like that for the Christian ministry?—but it was *not* asked. Like all monstrosities, he grew without permission.

Let us hasten to call him the exception that he was to what, on the whole, was (in those days) a fair, wholesome rule of theological selection. The Professor's eyes flashed when he heard the story.

"I have never approved," I think he said, "of the Special Course."

For the Professor believed in no short-cut to the pulpit; but pleaded for all the education, all the opportunity, all the culture, all the gifts, all the graces, possible to a man's privilege or energy, whereby to fit him to preach the Christian religion. But, like other professors, he could not always have his way.

It ought to be said, perhaps, that, beside the self-made or self-making man, there always sat upon the old benches in the lecture-room a certain proportion of gentlemen born and bred to ease and affluence, who had chosen their life's work from motives which were, at least, as much to be respected as the struggles of the converted newsboy or the penitent expressman.

Take her at her dullest, I think we were very fond of Andover; and though we dutifully improved our opportunities to present ourselves in other circles of society, yet, like fisher-folk or mountain-folk, we were always uneasy away from home. I remember on my first visit to New York or Boston—and this although my father was with me—quietly crying my eyes out behind the tall, embroidered screen which the hostess moved before the grate, because the fire-light made me so homesick. Who forgets his first attack of nostalgia? Alas! so far as this recorder is concerned, the first was too far from the last. For I am cursed (or blessed) with a love of home so inevitable and so passionate as to be nothing less than ridiculous to my day and generation—a day of rovers, a generation of shawl-straps and valises.

"Do you never want to *stay?*" I once asked a distinguished author whose domestic uprootings were so frequent as to cause remark even in America.

"I am the most homesick man who ever lived," he responded sadly. "If I only pass a night in a sleeping-car, I hate to leave my berth."

"You must have cultivated society in Andover," an eminent Cambridge writer once said to me, with more sincerity of tone than was to be expected of the Cambridge accent as addressed to the Andover fact. I was young then, and I remember to have answered, honestly enough, but with what must have struck this superior man as unpardonable flippancy:

"Oh, but one gets tired of seeing only cultivated people!"

I have thought of it sometimes since, when, in other surroundings, the memory of that peaceful, scholarly life has returned poignantly to me.

When one can "run in" any day to homes like those on that quiet and conscientious Hill, one may not do it; but when one cannot, one appreciates their high and gentle influence.

One of the historic figures of my day in Andover was Professor Park. Equally eminent both as a preacher and as a theologian, his fame was great in Zion; and "the world" itself had knowledge of him, and did him honor.

He was a striking figure in the days which were the best of Andover. He was unquestionably a genius; the fact that it was a kind of genius for which the temper of our times is soon likely to find declining uses gives some especial interest to his name.

The appearances are that he will be the last of his type, once so powerful and still so venerable in New England history. He wears (for he is yet living) the dignity of a closing cycle; there is something sad and grand about his individualism, as there is about the last great chief of a tribe, or the last king of a dynasty.

In his youth he was the progressive of Evangelical theology. In his age he stands the proud and reticent conservative, the now silent representative of a departed glory, a departed severity—and, we must admit, of a departed strength—from which the theology of our times has melted away. Like other men in such positions, he has had battles to fight, and he has fought them; enemies to make, and he has made them. How can he keep them? He is growing old so gently and so kindly! Ardent friends and worshipping admirers he has always had, and kept, and deserved.

A lady well known among the writers of our day, herself a professor's daughter from a New England college town, happened once to be talking with me in a lonely hour and in a mood of confidence.

"Oh," she cried, "it seems some of

these desolate nights as if I *must* go home and sit watching for my father to come back from faculty meeting!"

But the tears smote her face, and she turned away. I knew that she had been her dead father's idol, and he hers.

To her listener what a panorama in those two words: "Faculty meeting!"

Every professor's daughter, every woman from a university family, can see it all. The whole scholastic and domestic, studious and tender life comes back. Faculty meeting! We wait for the tired professor who had the latest difference to settle with his colleagues, or the newest breach to soothe, or the favorite move to push; how late he is! He comes in softly, haggard and spent, closing the door so quietly that no one shall be wakened by this midnight dissipation. The woman who loves him most anxiously—be it wife or be it daughter—is waiting for him. Perhaps there is a little whispered sympathy for the trouble in the faculty which he does not tell. Perhaps there is a little expedition to the pantry for a midnight lunch.

My first recollections of Professor Park give me his tall, gaunt, but well-proportioned figure striding up and down the gravel walks in front of the house, two hours before time for faculty meeting, in solemn conclave with my father. The two were friends—barring those interludes common to all faculties, when professional differences are in the foreground—and the pacing of their united feet might have worn Andover Hill through to the central fires. For years I cultivated an objection to Professor Park as being the chief visible reason why we had to wait for supper.

I remember his celebrated sermons quite well. The chapel was always thronged, and—as there were no particular fire-laws in those days on Andover Hill—the aisles brimmed over when it was known that Professor Park or Professor Phelps was to preach. I think I usually began with a little jealous counting of the audience, lest it should prove bigger than my father's; but even a child could not long listen to Professor Park and not forget her small affairs, and all affairs except the eloquence of the man.

Great, I believe it was. Certain distinguished sermons had their popular names, as "The Judas Sermon," or "The Peter Sermon," and drew their admirers accordingly. He was a man of marked emotional nature, which he often found it hard to control. A skeptical critic might have wondered whether the tears welled,

or the face broke, or the voice trembled, always just at the right moment, from pure spontaneity. But those who knew the preacher personally never doubted the genuineness of the feeling that swept and carried orator and hearers down. We do not hear such sermons now.

Professor Park has always been a man of social ease and wit. The last time I saw him, at the age of eighty-five, in his house in Andover, I thought, one need not say, "has been," and to recall his brilliant talk that day gives me hesitation over the past tense of this reminiscence. On the whole, with the exception of Doctor Holmes, I think I should call Professor Park the best converser—at least among eminent men—whom I have ever met.

He has always been a man very sensitive to the intellectual values of life, and fully inclined perhaps to approach the spiritual through those. It is easy to misunderstand a religious teacher of this temperament, and his admiring students may have sometimes done so.

One in particular I remember to have heard of who neglected the lecture-room to cultivate upon his own responsibility the mission work of what was known as Abbott Village. To the Christian socialism of our day, the misery of factory life might seem as important for the future clergyman as the system of theology regnant in his particular seminary—but that was not the fashion of the time; at all events, the man was a student under the Professor's orders, and the orders were: keep to the curriculum; and I can but think that the Professor was right when he caustically said:

"That —— is wasting his seminary course in what *he calls doing good!*"

Sometimes, too, the students used to beg off to go on book-agencies, or to prosecute other forms of money-making; and of one such Professor Park was heard to say that he "sacrificed his education to get the means of paying for it."

I am indebted to Professor Park for this: "Professor Stuart and myself were reluctant to release them from their studies. Professor Stuart remarked of one student that he got excused *every Saturday* for the purpose of going home for a *week*, and always stayed a *fortnight*."

The last time that I saw Professor Park he told me a good story. It concerned the days of his prime, when he had been preaching somewhere—in Boston or New York, I think—and after the audience was dismissed a man lingered and approached him.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I am under great obligations to you. Your discourse has moved me greatly. I can truly say that I believe I shall owe the salvation of my soul to you. I wish to offer, sir, to the seminary with which you are connected, a slight tribute of my admiration for and indebtedness to you." The gentleman drew out his purse.

"I waited, breathless," said Professor

Park, with his own tremendous solemnity of manner; "I awaited the tribute of that grateful man. At what price did he value his soul? I anticipated a contribution for the seminary which it would be a privilege to offer. At what rate did my converted hearer price his soul?—Hundreds? Thousands? Tens of thousands? With indescribable dignity the man handed to me—a five-dollar bill!"

## THE WAGER OF THE MARQUIS DE MÉROSAILLES.

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.



**N**the year 1634, as spring came, there arrived at Strelsau a French nobleman, of high rank and great possessions, and endowed with many accomplishments. He came to visit Prince Rudolf, whose acquaintance he had made while the prince was at Paris in the course of his travels. King Henry received Monsieur de Mérésailles—for such was his name—most graciously, and sent a guard of honor to conduct him to the Castle of Zenda, where the prince was then staying in company with his sister Osra. There the marquis on his arrival was greeted with much joy by Prince Rudolf, who found his sojourn in the country somewhat irksome, and was glad of the society of a friend with whom he could talk and sport and play at cards. All these things he did with Monsieur de Mérésailles, and a great friendship arose between the young men, so that they spoke very freely to one another at all times, and most of all when they had drunk their wine and sat together in the evening in Prince Rudolf's chamber that looked across the moat toward the gardens; for the new chateau that now stands on the site of these gardens was not then built. And one night Monsieur de Mérésailles made bold to ask the prince how it fell out that his sister the princess, a lady of such great beauty, seemed sad, and showed no pleasure in the society of any gentleman, but treated all alike with coldness and disdain. Prince Rudolf, laughing, answered that girls were strange creatures, and that he had ceased to trouble his head about them—of his heart he said

nothing—and he finished by exclaiming, "On my honor, I doubt if she so much as knows you are here, for she has not looked at you once since your arrival!" And he smiled maliciously, for he knew that the marquis was not accustomed to be neglected by ladies, and would take it ill that even a princess should be unconscious of his presence. In this he calculated rightly, for Monsieur de Mérésailles was greatly vexed, and, twisting his glass in his fingers, he said:

"If she were not a princess, and your sister, sir, I would engage to make her look at me."

"I am not hurt by her looking at you," rejoined the prince; for that evening he was very merry. "A look is no great thing."

And the marquis being also very merry, and knowing that Rudolf had less regard for his dignity than a prince should have, threw out carelessly:

"A kiss is more, sir."

"It is a great deal more," laughed the prince, tugging his mustache.

"Are you ready for a wager, sir?" asked Monsieur de Mérésailles, leaning across the table toward him.

"I'll lay you a thousand crowns to a hundred that you do not gain a kiss, using what means you will, save force."

"I'll take the wager, sir," cried the marquis; "but it shall be three, not one."

"Have a care," said the prince. "Don't go too near the flame, my lord. There are some wings in Strelsau singed at that candle."

"Indeed, the light is very bright," assented the marquis, courteously. "That risk I must run, though, if I am to win my

wager. It is to be three, then, and by what means I will, save force?"

"Even so," said Rudolf, and he laughed again. For he thought the wager harmless, since by no means could Monsieur de Mérosailles win so much as one kiss from the Princess Osra, and the wager stood at three. But he did not think how he wronged his sister by using her name lightly, being in all such matters a man of careless mind.

But the marquis, having made his wager, set himself steadily to win it; for he brought forth the choicest clothes from his wardrobe, and ornaments and perfumes; and he laid fine presents at the princess's feet; and he waylaid her wherever she went, and was profuse of glances, sighs, and hints; and he wrote sonnets, as fine gentlemen used in those days, and lyrics and pastorals, wherein she figured under charming names. These he bribed the princess's waiting-women to leave in their mistress's chamber. Moreover, he looked now sorrowful,

now passionate, and he ate nothing at dinner, but drank his wine in wild gulps as though he sought to banish sadness. So that, in a word, there was no device in Cupid's armory that the Marquis de Mérosailles did not practise in the endeavor to win a look from the Princess Osra. But no look came, and he got nothing from her but cold civility. Yet she had looked at him when he looked not—for princesses are much like other maidens—and thought him a very pretty gentleman, and was highly amused by his extravagance. Yet she did not believe it to witness any true

devotion to her, but thought it mere gallantry.

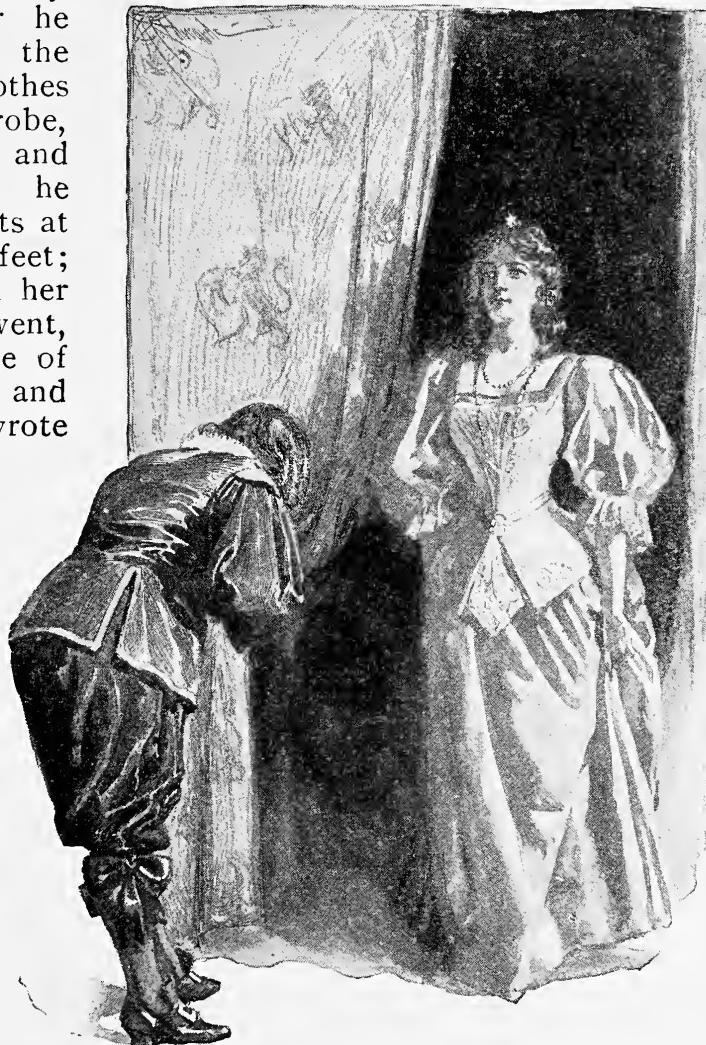
Then one day Monsieur de Mérosailles, having tried all else that he could think of, took to his bed. He sent for a physician, and paid him a high fee to find the seeds of a rapid and fatal disease in him; and he made his body-servant whiten his face and darken the room; and he groaned very pitifully, saying that he was sick, and that he was glad of it, for death would be better far than the continued disdain of the

Princess Osra. And all this, being told by the marquis's servants to the princess's waiting-women, reached Osra's ears, and caused her much perturbation. For she now perceived that the passion of the marquis was real and deep, and she became very sorry for him; and the longer the face of the rascally physician grew, the more sad the princess became; and she walked up and down, bewailing the terrible effects of her beauty, wishing that she were not so fair, and mourning very tenderly for the sad plight of the unhappy marquis. Through all Prince Rudolf looked on, but was bound by his wager not to undeceive her; moreover, he found much entertainment in the

matter, and swore that it was worth three times a thousand crowns.

At last the marquis sent, by the mouth of the physician, a very humble and pitiful message to the princess, in which he spoke of himself as near to death, hinted at the cruel cause of his condition, and prayed her of her compassion to visit him in his chamber and speak a word of comfort, or at least let him look on her face; for the brightness of her eyes, he said, might cure even what it had caused.

Deceived by this appeal, Princess Osra agreed to go. Moved by some strange



THE PHYSICIAN RECEIVING THE PRINCESS IN THE MARQUIS'S SICK-ROOM.

impulse, she put on her loveliest gown, dressed her hair most splendidly, and came into his chamber looking like a goddess. There lay the marquis, white as a ghost and languid, on his pillows; and they were left, as they thought, alone. Then Osra sat down, and began to talk very gently and kindly to him, glancing only at the madness which brought him to his sad state, and imploring him to summon his resolution and conquer his sickness for his friends' sake at home in France, and for the sake of her brother, who loved him.

"There is nobody who loves me," said the marquis, petulantly; and when Osra cried out at this, he went on: "For the love of those whom I do not love is nothing to me, and the only soul alive I love—" There he stopped, but his eyes, fixed on Osra's face, ended the sentence for him. And she blushed, and looked away. Then, thinking the moment had come, he burst suddenly into a flood of protestations and self-reproach, cursing himself for a fool and a presumptuous madman, pitifully craving her pardon, and declaring that he did not deserve her kindness, and yet that he could not live without it, and that anyhow he would be dead soon and thus cease to trouble her. But she, being thus passionately assailed, showed such sweet tenderness and compassion and pity that Monsieur de Mérosailles came very near to forgetting that he was playing a comedy, and threw himself into his part with eagerness, redoubling his vehemence, and feeling now full half of what he said. For the princess was to his eyes far more beautiful in her softer mood. Yet he remembered his wager, and at last, when she was nearly in tears, and ready, as it seemed, to do anything to give him comfort, he cried desperately:

"Ah, leave me, leave me! Leave me to die alone! Yet for pity's sake, before you go, and before I die, give me your forgiveness, and let your lips touch my forehead in token of it! And then I shall die in peace."

At that the princess blushed still more, and her eyes were dim and shone; for she was very deeply touched at his misery and at the sad prospect of the death of so gallant a gentleman for love. Thus she could scarcely speak for emotion; and the marquis, seeing her emotion, was himself much affected; and she rose from her chair and bent over him, and whispered comfort to him. Then she leant down, and very lightly touched his forehead with her lips; and he felt her eyelashes, that were wet

with her tears, brush the skin of his forehead; and then she sobbed, and covered her face with her hands. Indeed, his state seemed to her most pitiful.

Thus Monsieur de Mérosailles had won one of his three kisses; yet, strange to tell, there was no triumph in him, but he now perceived the baseness of his device; and the sweet kindness of the princess, working together with the great beauty of her softened manner, so affected him that he thought no more of his wager, and could not endure to carry on his deception. And nothing would serve his turn but to confess to the princess what he had done, and humble himself in the dust before her, and entreat her to pardon him and let him find forgiveness. Therefore, impelled by these feelings, after he had lain still a few moments listening to the princess's weeping, he leapt suddenly out of the bed, showing himself fully clothed under the bedgown which he now eagerly tore off, and he rubbed all the white he could from his cheeks; and then he fell on his knees before the princess, crying to her that he had played the meanest trick on her, and that he was a scoundrel and no gentleman, and yet that, unless she forgave him, he should in very truth die. Nay, he would not consent to live, unless he could win from her pardon for his deceit. And in all this he was now most absolutely in earnest, wondering only how he had not been as passionately enamoured of her from the first as he had feigned himself to be. For a man in love can never conceive himself out of it; nor he that is out of it, in it: for, if he can, he is halfway to the one or the other, however little he may know it.

At first the princess sat as though she were turned to stone. But when he had finished his confession, and she understood the trick that had been played upon her, and how not only her kiss but also her tears had been won from her by fraud; and when she thought, as she did, that the marquis was playing another trick upon her, and that there was no more truth nor honesty in his present protestations than in those which went before—she fell into great shame and into a great rage; and her eyes flashed like the eyes of her father himself, as she rose to her feet and looked down on Monsieur de Mérosailles as he knelt imploring her. Now her face turned pale from red, and she set her lips, and she drew her gown close round her lest his touch should defile it (so the unhappy gentleman understood the gesture), and she daintily picked her steps round him lest by chance she

should happen to come in contact with so foul a thing. Thus she walked toward the door, and, having reached it, she turned and said to him:

"Your death may blot out the insult—nothing less;" and with her head held high, and her whole air full of scorn, she swept out of the room, leaving the marquis on his knees. Then he started up to follow her, but dared not; and he flung himself on the bed in a paroxysm of shame and vexation, and now of love, and he cried out loud:

"Then my death shall blot it out, since nothing else will serve!"

For he was in a very desperate mood. For a long while he lay there, and then, having risen, dressed himself in a sombre suit of black, and buckled his sword by his side, and put on his riding-boots, and, summoning his servant, bade him saddle his horse. "For," said he to himself, "I will ride into the forest, and there kill myself; and perhaps when I am dead, the princess will forgive, and will believe in my love, and grieve a little for me."

Now, as he went from his chamber to cross the moat by the drawbridge, he encountered Prince Rudolf returning from hawking. They met full in the centre of the bridge, and the prince, seeing Monsieur de Mérésailles dressed all in black from the feather in his cap to his boots, called out mockingly, "Who is to be buried to-day, my lord, and whither do you ride to the funeral? It cannot be yourself, for I see that you are marvellously recovered of your sickness."

"But it is myself," answered the marquis, coming near and speaking low that the servants and the falconers might not overhear. "And I ride, sir, to my own funeral."

"The jest is still afoot, then?" asked the prince. "Yet I do not see my sister at the window to watch you go, and I warrant you have made no way with your wager yet."

"A thousand curses on my wager!" cried the marquis. "Yes, I have made way with the accursed thing, and that is why I now go to my death."

"What, has she kissed you?" cried the prince, with a merry, astonished laugh.

"Yes, sir, she has kissed me once, and therefore I go to die."

"I have heard many a better reason, then," answered the prince.

By now the prince had dismounted, and he stood by Monsieur de Mérésailles in the middle of the bridge, and heard from him

how the trick had prospered. At this he was much tickled; and, alas! he was even more diverted when the penitence of the marquis was revealed to him, and was most of all moved to merriment when it appeared that the marquis, having gone too near the candle, had been caught by its flame, and was so terribly singed and scorched that he could not bear to live. And while they talked on the bridge, the princess looked out on them from a lofty narrow window, but neither of them saw her. Now, when the prince had done laughing, he put his arm through his friend's, and bade him not be a fool, but come in and toast the princess's kiss in a draught of wine. "For," he said, "though you will never get the other two, yet it is a brave exploit to have got one."

But the marquis shook his head, and his air was so resolute and so full of sorrow that not only was Rudolf alarmed for his reason, but Princess Osra also, at the window, wondered what ailed him and why he wore such a long face; and she now noticed that he was dressed all in black, and that his horse waited for him across the bridge.

"Not," said she, "that I care what becomes of the impudent rogue!" Yet she did not leave the window, but watched very intently to see what Monsieur de Mérésailles would do.

For a long while he talked with Rudolf on the bridge, Rudolf seeming more serious than he was wont to be; and at last the marquis bent to kiss the prince's hand, and the prince raised him and kissed him on either cheek; and then the marquis went and mounted his horse and rode off, slowly and unattended, into the glades of the forest of Zenda. But the prince, with a shrug of his shoulders and a frown on his brow, entered under the portcullis, and disappeared from his sister's view.

Upon this the princess, assuming an air of great carelessness, walked down from the room where she was, and found her brother, sitting still in his boots, and drinking wine; and she said:

"Monsieur de Mérésailles has taken his leave, then?"

"Even so, madam," rejoined Rudolf.

Then she broke into a fierce attack on the marquis, and on her brother also; for a man, said she, is known by his friends, and what a man must Rudolf be to have a friend like the Marquis de Mérésailles!

"Most brothers," she said, in fiery temper, "would make him answer for what he has done with his life. But you laugh

—nay, I dare say you had a hand in it.”

As to this last charge the prince had the discretion to say nothing; he chose rather to answer the first part of what she said, and, shrugging his shoulders again, rejoined, “The fool saves me the trouble, for he has gone off to kill himself.”

“To kill himself?” she said, half-incredulous, but also half-believing, because of the marquis’s gloomy looks and black clothes.

“To kill himself,” repeated Rudolf. “For, in the first place, you are angry, so he cannot live; and in the second, he has behaved like a rogue, so he cannot live; and in the third place, you are so lovely, sister, that he cannot live; and in the first, second, and third places, he is a fool, so he cannot live.” And the prince finished his flagon of wine with every sign of ill-humor in his manner.

“He is well dead,” she cried.

“Oh, as you please!” said he. “He is not the first brave man who has died on your account;” and he rose and strode out of the room very surlily, for he had a great friendship for Monsieur de Mérosailles, and had no patience with men who let love make dead bones of them.

The Princess Osra, being thus left alone, sat for a little while in deep thought. There rose before her mind the picture of Monsieur de Mérosailles riding mournfully through the gloom of the forest to his death; and although his conduct had been all, and more than all, that she had called it, yet it seemed hard that he should die for it. Moreover, if he now in truth felt what he had before feigned, the present truth was an atonement for the past treachery; and she said to herself that she could not sleep quietly that night if the marquis killed himself in the forest. Presently she wandered slowly up to her chamber, and looked in the mirror, and murmured low, “Poor fellow!” And then with sudden speed she attired herself for riding, and commanded her horse to be saddled, and darted down the stairs and across the bridge, and mounted, and, forbidding any one to accompany her, rode away into the forest, following the tracks of the hoofs of Monsieur de Mérosailles’s horse. It was then late afternoon, and the slanting rays of the sun, striking through the tree-trunks, reddened her face as she rode along, spurring her horse and following hard on the track of the forlorn gentleman. But what she intended to do if she came up with him, she did not think.

When she had ridden an hour or more, she saw his horse tethered to a trunk; and there was a ring of trees and bushes near, encircling an open grassy spot. Herself dismounting and fastening her horse by the marquis’s horse, she stole up, and saw Monsieur de Mérosailles sitting on the ground, his drawn sword lying beside him; and his back was towards her. She held her breath, and waited for a few moments. Then he took up the sword, and felt the point and also the edge of it, and sighed deeply; and the princess thought that this sorrowful mood became him better than any she had seen him in before. Then he rose to his feet, and took his sword by the blade beneath the hilt, and turned the point of it towards his heart. And Osra, fearing that the deed would be done immediately, called out eagerly, “My lord, my lord!” and Monsieur de Mérosailles turned round with a great start. When he saw her, he stood in astonishment, his hand still holding the blade of the sword. And, standing just on the other side of the trees, she said:

“Is your offence against me to be cured by adding an offence against Heaven and the Church?” And she looked on him with great severity; yet her cheek was flushed, and after a while she did not meet his glance.

“How came you here, madam?” he asked in wonder.

“I heard,” she said, “that you meditated this great sin, and I rode after you to forbid it.”

“Can you forbid what you cause?” he asked.

“I am not the cause of it,” she said, “but your own trickery.”

“It is true. I am not worthy to live,” cried the marquis, smiting the hilt of his sword to the ground. “I pray you, madam, leave me alone to die, for I cannot tear myself from the world so long as I see your face.” And as he spoke he knelt on one knee, as though he were doing homage to her.

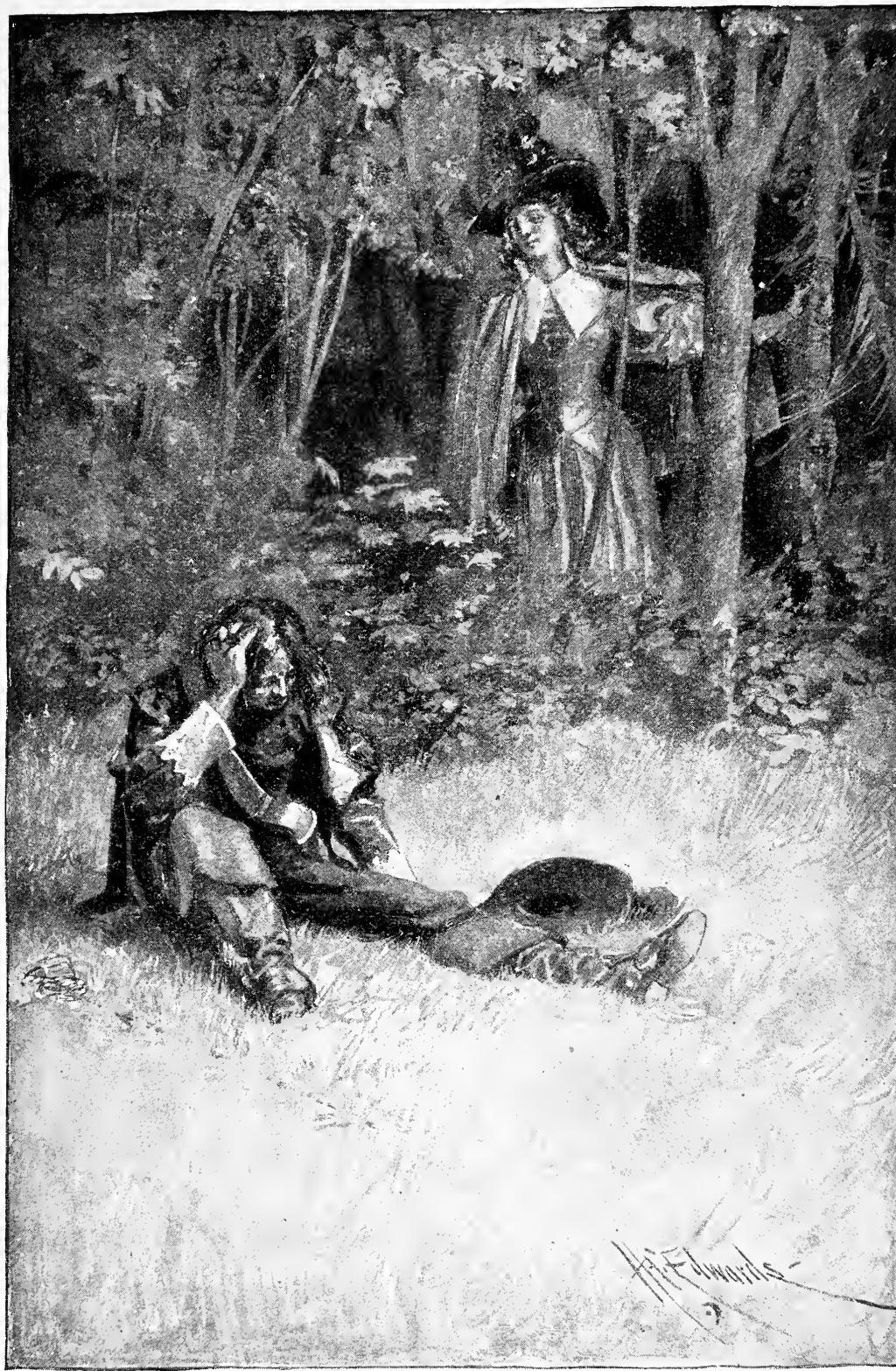
The princess caught at a bough of the tree under which she stood, and pulled the bough down so that its leaves half hid her face, and the marquis saw little more than her eyes from among the foliage. And, thus being better able to speak to him, she said, softly:

“And dare you die, unforgiven?”

“I had prayed for forgiveness before you found me, madam,” said he.

“Of Heaven, my lord?”

“Of Heaven, madam. For of Heaven I dare to ask it.”



SHE STOLE UP AND SAW MONSIEUR DE MÉROSAILLES SITTING ON THE GROUND.

The bough swayed up and down; and now Osra's gleaming hair, and now her cheek, and always her eyes, were seen through the leaves. And presently the marquis heard a voice asking:

"Does Heaven forgive unasked?"

"Indeed, no," said he, wondering.

"And," said she, "are we poor mortals kinder than Heaven?"

The marquis rose, and took a step or two towards where the bough swayed up and down, and then knelt again.

"A great sinner," said he, "cannot believe himself forgiven."

"Then he wrongs the power of whom he seeks forgiveness; for forgiveness is divine."

"Then I will ask it, and, if I obtain it, I shall die happy."

Again the bough swayed, and Osra said:

"Nay, if you will die, you may die unforgiven."

Monsieur de Mérosailles, hearing these words, sprang to his feet, and came towards

the bough until he was so close that he touched the green leaves; and through them the eyes of Osra gleamed; and the sun's rays struck on her eyes, and they danced in the sun, and her cheeks were reddened by the same or some other cause. And the evening was very still, and there seemed no sounds in the forest.

"I cannot believe that you forgive. The crime is so great," said he.

"It was great; yet I forgive."

"I cannot believe it," said he again, and he looked at the point of his sword, and then he looked through the leaves at the princess.

"I can do no more than say that if you will live, I will forgive. And we will forget."

"By Heaven, no!" he whispered. "If I must forget to be forgiven, then I will remember and be unforgiven."

The faintest laugh reached him from among the foliage.

"Then I will forget, and you shall be forgiven," said she.

The marquis put up his hand and held a leaf aside, and he said again:

"I cannot believe myself forgiven. Is there no other token of forgiveness?"

"Pray, my lord, do not put the leaves aside."

"I still must die, unless I have sure warrant of forgiveness."

"Ah, you try to make me think that!"

"By Heavens, it is true!" and again he pointed his sword at his heart, and he swore on his honor that unless she gave him a token he would still kill himself.

"Oh," said the princess, with great petulance, "I wish I had not come!"

"Then I should have been dead by now—dead, unforgiven!"

"But you will still die!"

"Yes, I must still die, unless——"

"Sheath your sword, my lord. The sun strikes it, and it dazzles my eyes."

"That cannot be; for your eyes are brighter than sun and sword together."

"Then I must shade them with the leaves."

"Yes, shade them with the leaves," he whispered. "Madam, is there no token of forgiveness?"

An absolute silence followed for a little while. Then Osra said:

"Why did you swear on your honor?"

"Because it is an oath that I cannot break."

"Indeed, I wish that I had not come," sighed Princess Osra.

Again came silence. The bough was

pressed down for an instant; then it swayed swiftly up again; and its leaves brushed the cheek of Monsieur de Mérosailles. And he laughed loud and joyfully.

"Something touched my cheek," said he.

"It must have been a leaf," said Princess Osra.

"Ah, a leaf!"

"I think so," said Princess Osra.

"Then it was a leaf of the Tree of Life," said Monsieur de Mérosailles.

"I wish some one would set me on my horse," said Osra.

"That you may ride back to the castle—alone?"

"Yes, unless you would relieve my brother's anxiety."

"It would be courteous to do that much," said the Marquis.

So they mounted, and rode back through the forest. In an hour the Princess had come, and in the space of something over two hours they returned; yet during all this time they spoke hardly a word; and although the sun was now set, yet the glow remained on the face and in the eyes of Princess Osra; while Monsieur de Mérosailles, being forgiven, rode with a smile on his lips.

But when they came to the castle, Prince Rudolf ran out to meet them, and he cried almost before he reached them.

"Hasten, hasten! There is not a moment to lose, if the marquis values life or liberty!" And when he came to them, he told them that a waiting-woman had been false to Monsieur de Mérosailles, and, after taking his money, had hid herself in his chamber, and seen the first kiss that the princess gave him, and having made some pretext to gain a holiday, had gone to the king, who was hunting near, and betrayed the whole matter to him.

"And one of my gentlemen," he continued, "has ridden here to tell me. In an hour the guards will be here, and if the king catches you, my lord, you will hang, as sure as I live."

The princess turned very pale, but Monsieur de Mérosailles said, haughtily, "I ask your pardon, sir, but the king dares not hang me, for I am a gentleman and a subject of the king of France."

"Man, man!" cried Rudolf. "The Lion will hang you first and think of all that afterward! Come, now, it is dusk. You shall dress yourself as my groom, and I will ride to the frontier, and you shall ride behind me, and thus you may get safe

away. I cannot have you hanged over such a trifile."

"I would have given my life willingly for what you call a trifile, sir," said the marquis, with a bow to Osra.

"Then have the trifile and life, too," said Rudolf, decisively. "Come in with me, and I will give you your livery."

When the prince and Monsieur de Mérosailles came out again on the drawbridge, the evening had fallen, and it was dark; and their horses stood at the end of the bridge, and by the horses stood the princess.

"Quick!" said she. "For a peasant who came in, bringing a load of wood, saw a troop of men coming over the crown of the hill, and he says they are the king's guard."

"Mount, man!" cried the prince to Monsieur de Mérosailles, who was now dressed as a groom. "Perhaps we can get clear, or perhaps they will not dare to stop me."

But the marquis hesitated a little, for he did not like to run away; and the princess ran a little way forward, and, shading her eyes with her hand, cried, "See there; I see the gleam of steel in the dark. They have reached the top of the hill, and are riding down."

Then Prince Rudolf sprang on his horse, calling again to Monsieur de Mérosailles: "Quick! quick! Your life hangs on it!"

Then at last the marquis, though he was most reluctant to depart, was about to spring on his horse, when the princess turned and glided back swiftly to them. And—let it be remembered that evening had fallen thick and black—she came to her brother, and put out her hand, and grasped his hand, and said:

"My lord, I forgive your wrong, and I thank you for your courtesy, and I wish you farewell."

Prince Rudolf, astonished, gazed at her without speaking. But she, moving very quickly in spite of the darkness, ran to where Monsieur de Mérosailles was about to spring on his horse, and she flung one arm lightly about his neck, and she said:

"Farewell, dear brother—God preserve you! See that no harm comes to my good friend Monsieur de Mérosailles." And she kissed him lightly on the cheek. Then she suddenly gave a loud cry of dismay, exclaiming, "Alas, what have I done? Ah, what have I done?" And she hid her face in her two hands.

Prince Rudolf burst into a loud, short laugh, yet he said nothing to his sister, but again urged the marquis to mount his

horse. And the marquis, who was in a sad tumult of triumph and of woe, leaped up, and they rode out, and, turning their faces towards the forest, set spurs to their horses, and vanished at breakneck speed into the glades. And no sooner were they gone than the troopers of the king's guard clattered at a canter up to the end of the bridge, where the Princess Osra stood. But when their captain saw the princess, he drew rein.

"What is your errand, sir?" she asked, most coldly and haughtily.

"Madam," said the captain, "we are ordered to bring the Marquis de Mérosailles alive or dead into the king's presence, and we have information that he is in the castle, unless indeed he were one of the horsemen who rode away just now."

"The horsemen you saw were my brother the prince and his groom," said Osra. "But if you think that Monsieur de Mérosailles is in the castle, pray search the castle from keep to cellar; and if you find him, carry him to my father, according to your orders."

Then the troopers dismounted in great haste, and ransacked the castle from keep to cellar; and they found the clothes of the marquis and the white powder with which he had whitened his face, but the marquis they did not find. And the captain came again to the princess, who still stood at the end of the bridge, and said:

"Madam, he is not in the castle."

"Is he not?" said she, and she turned away and, walking to the middle of the bridge, looked down into the water of the moat.

"Was it in truth the prince's groom who rode with him, madam?" asked the captain, following her.

"In truth, sir, it was so dark," answered the princess, "that I could not myself clearly distinguish the man's face."

"One was the prince, for I saw you embrace him, madam."

"You do well to conclude that that was my brother," said Osra, smiling a little.

"And to the other, madam, you gave your hand."

"And now I give it to you," said she, with haughty insolence. "And if to my father's servant, why not to my brother's?"

And she held out her hand that he might kiss it, and turned away from him, and looked down into the water again.

"But we found Monsieur de Mérosailles's clothes in the castle!" persisted the captain.

"He may well have left something of his in the castle," said the princess.

"I will ride after them!" cried the captain.

"I doubt if you will catch them," smiled the princess; for by now the pair had been gone half an hour, and the frontier was but ten miles from the castle, and they could not be overtaken. Yet the captain rode off with his men, and pursued till he met Prince Rudolf returning alone, having seen Monsieur de Mérosailles safe on his way. And Rudolf had paid the sum of a thousand crowns to the marquis, so that the fugitive was well provided for his journey, and, travelling with many relays of horses, made good his escape from the clutches of King Henry.

But the Princess Osra stayed a long time looking down at the water in the moat. And sometimes she sighed, and then again she frowned, and, although nobody was there, and it was very dark into the bargain, more than once she blushed. And at last she turned to go in to the castle. And, as she went, she murmured softly to herself:

"Why I kissed him the first time I know—it was in pity; and why I kissed him the second time I know—it was in forgiveness. But why I kissed him the third time, or what that kiss meant," said Osra, "Heaven knows."

And she went in with a smile on her lips.

## MISS TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.

THE response to our New Life of Lincoln is so extraordinary as to demand something more than mere acknowledgment from us.

Within ten days of the publication of the magazine no less than forty thousand new buyers were added to our list, and at this writing (November 25th) the increase has reached one hundred thousand, making a clear increase of one hundred thousand in three months, and bringing the total edition for the present number up to a quarter of a million.

But even more gratifying have been the strong expressions of approval from many whose intimate knowledge of Lincoln's life enables them to distinguish what is *new* in this life.

As Mr. Medill says in an editorial in the Chicago "Tribune," "It is not only full of new things, but is so distinct and clear in local color that an interest attaches to it which is not found in other biographies."

And Mr. R. W. Diller, of Springfield, Illinois, who knew Mr. Lincoln intimately for nearly twenty years before his election to the Presidency, writes to us about Miss Tarbell's article: "As far as read she goes to rock-bottom evidence and will beat her Napoleon out of sight."

There are certainly few men more familiar with all that has been written about Lincoln than William H. Lambert, Esq., of Philadelphia, whose collection includes practically every book, pamphlet, or printed document about Lincoln, and who has one of the finest collections of Lincolniana in the world. He writes:

"I have read your first article with intense interest, and I am confident that you will make a most important addition to our knowledge of Lincoln."

But perhaps it is better to print some of the letters we have received commenting on the first article and on the early portrait and other portraits and illustrations.

John T. Morse, Jr., author of the lives of Abraham Lincoln, John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in their "American Statesmen Series," and editor of this series, writes as follows about the early portrait:

6 FAIRCHILD STREET, BOSTON,  
November 2, 1895.

S. S. MCCLURE, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I thank you very much for the artist's proof of the engraving of the earliest picture of Abraham Lincoln.

I have studied this portrait with very great interest. All the portraits with which we are familiar show us the man *as made*; this shows us the man *in the*

making; and I think every one will admit that the making of Abraham Lincoln presents a more singular, puzzling, interesting study than the making of any other man known in human history.

I have shown it to several persons, without telling them who it was. Some say, a poet; others, a philosopher, a thinker, like Emerson. These comments also are interesting, for Lincoln had the raw material of both these characters very largely in his composition, though political and practical problems so overlaid them that they show only faintly in his later portraits. This picture, therefore, is valuable evidence as to his natural traits.

Was it not taken at an earlier date than you indicate as probable in your letter? I should think that it must have been.

I am very sincerely yours,  
JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

Dr. Hale also draws attention to the resemblance of the early portrait to Emerson:

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS,  
October 28, 1895.

*My dear Mr. McClure*—I think you will be interested to know that in showing the early portrait of Lincoln to two young people of intelligence, each of them asked if it were not a portrait of Waldo Emerson. If you will compare the likeness with that of Emerson in Appleton's "Cyclopedia of Biography," I think you will like to print copies of the two likenesses side by side.

Yours truly,  
EDWARD E. HALE.

Mr. T. H. Bartlett, the eminent sculptor, who has for many years collected portraits of Lincoln, and has made a scientific study of Lincoln's physiognomy, contributes this:

The first interest of the early portrait to me is that it shows Lincoln, even at that age, as a *new man*. It may to many suggest certain other heads, but a short study of it establishes its distinctive originality in every respect. It's priceless, every way, and copies of it ought to be in the gladsome possession of every lover of Lincoln. Handsome is not enough—it's great—not only of a great man, but the first picture representing the only new physiognomy of which we have any correct knowledge contributed by the New World to the ethnographic consideration of mankind.

Very sincerely,  
T. H. BARTLETT.

An eminent member of the Illinois bar, one who has been closely identified with the legal history of Illinois for nearly sixty years, and who is perhaps the best living authority on the history of the State, writes:

That portion of the biography of Mr. Lincoln that appears in the November number of *MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE* I have read with very great interest. It contains much that has not been printed in any other life of Lincoln. Especially interesting is the account given of pioneer life of that people among whom Mr. Lincoln had his birth and his early education. It was a strange and singular people, and their history abounds in much that is akin to romance and peculiar to a life in the wilderness. It was a

life that had a wonderful attractiveness for all that loved an adventurous life. The story of their lives in the wilderness has a charm that nothing else in Western history possesses. It is to be regretted that there are writers that represent the early pioneers of the West to have been an ignorant and rude people. Nothing can be further from the truth. Undoubtedly there were some dull persons among them. There are in all communities. But a vast majority of the early pioneers of the West were of average intelligence with the people they left back in the States from which they emigrated. And why should they not have been? They were educated among them, and had all the advantages of those by whom they were surrounded. But in some respects they were much above the average of those among whom they dwelt in the older communities east of the Alleghany Mountains. The country into which they were about to go was known to be crowded with dangers. It was a wilderness, full of savage beasts and inhabited by still more savage men—the Indians. It is evident that but few other than the brave and most daring would venture upon a life in such a wilderness. The timid and less resolute remained in the security of an older civilization.

The lives of these early pioneers abounded in brave deeds, and were often full of startling adventures. The women of that period were as brave and heroic as were the men—if not more so. It is doubtless true Mr. Lincoln's mother was one of that splendid type of heroic pioneer women. He was brave and good because his mother was brave and good. She has since become distinguished among American women because her child, born in a lowly cabin in the midst of a wild Western forest, has since been recognized as the greatest man of the century—if not of all centuries. It was fortunate for our common country that Mr. Lincoln was born among that pioneer people and had his early education among them. It was a simple school, and the course of studies limited; but the lessons he learned in that school in the forest were grand and good. Everything around and about him was just as it came from the hands of the Creator. It was good, and it was beautiful. It developed both the head and the heart. It produced the best type of manhood—both physical and mental. It was in that school he learned lessons of heroism, courage, and of daring for the right. It was there he learned lessons of patriotism in its highest and best sense; and it was there he learned to love his fellow-man. It was in the practice of those lessons his life became such a benediction to the American nation.

The story of that people among whom Mr. Lincoln spent his early life will always have a fascination for the American people; and it is a matter of congratulation so much of it has been gathered up and put into form to be preserved.

The portraits the work contains give a very good idea of that pioneer race of men and women. The one given of Mr. Lincoln's step-mother is a splendid type of a pioneer woman. A touching contribution are the brief lines of which a facsimile is printed:

"Abraham Lincoln  
his hand and pen  
he will be good but  
God knows When."

These words—simple as they are—will touch the heart of the American people through all the years of our national history. It was "his hand and pen" that wrote many beautiful thoughts. It was his "hand and pen" that wrote those kindest of all words, "With malice towards none, with charity for

all." It was his "hand and pen" that traced the lines of that wonderful Gettysburg speech ; and it was his "hand and pen" that wrote the famous proclamation that gave liberty to a race of slaves. It was then God knew he was "good."

If the remainder of the work shall be of the same character as that now printed, it will be both an instructive and valuable contribution to American biography.

There is so much in Mr. Medill's editorial in the Chicago "Tribune," and he is entitled to speak with such authority, that we print it complete herewith.

Mr. Medill says:

#### THE NEW LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is apparent at the very outset that the new "Life of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the first installment of which appears in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for the current month, will be one of the most important and interesting contributions yet made to Lincoln literature, as it will contain much matter hitherto unpublished, and will be enriched with a large number of new illustrations. It will be a study of Abraham Lincoln as a man, and thus will naturally commend itself to the people.

The first installment covers about the first twenty-one years of Lincoln's life, which were spent in Kentucky and Indiana. The story is told very briefly, in simple, easy style, and abounds with reminiscences secured from his contemporaries. It is not only full of new things, but it is so distinct and clear in local color that an interest attaches to it which is not found in other biographies. A large part of this credit must be awarded not alone to the text and to its careful editing, but also to the numerous pictures which upon every page illustrate the context and give the scenes of the story. It is particularly rich in portraits. Among these are portraits from an ambrotype taken at Macomb, Illinois, in 1858, during his debate with Douglas, the dress being the same as that in which Lincoln made his famous canvass for the Senate ; a second from a photograph taken at Hannibal, Missouri, in 1858 ; a third from an ambrotype taken at Urbana, Illinois, in 1857 ; and a fourth from an ambrotype taken in a linen coat at Beardstown, Illinois.

The picture, however, which will attract the greatest interest is the frontispiece, from a daguerreotype which his son, Robert Lincoln, thinks was taken when his father was about forty years old. In this picture, which bears little resemblance to any other known portraits, he is dressed with scrupulous care. His hair is combed and brushed down with something like youthful vanity, and he has a smooth, bright, rather handsome face, and without sunken cheeks, strikingly resembling in contour and the shape of the head some of the early portraits of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It looks, however, as if it had been taken at an earlier age than forty. As the only portrait of Lincoln with a comparatively young face it will be treasured by all his admirers, and his son has conferred a distinct benefit by his courtesy in allowing it to be reproduced.

There are numerous other portraits, among them those of the Rev. Jesse Head, who married Lincoln's father and mother ; of Austin Gollaher, who was a

boy friend of Lincoln in Kentucky, and the only one now living ; of his step-mother, Sarah Bush Lincoln ; of Josiah Crawford, whom Lincoln served in Indiana as "hired boy ;" of the well-known Dennis Hanks, cousin of Lincoln's mother ; of John Hanks, also a cousin ; of Judge John Pitcher, who assisted Lincoln in his earliest studies ; and of Joseph Gentry, the only boy associate of Lincoln in Indiana now living. These portraits, in addition to the numerous views of scenes connected with Lincoln's boyhood, add greatly to the interest of the text. Mr. McClure, the proprietor of the magazine, is certainly to be congratulated upon the successful manner in which he has launched the opening chapters of the new "Life of Lincoln." The remaining ones, running a whole year, will be awaited with keen interest. It is said that Miss Tarbell has found and obtained a shorthand report of his unpublished but famous speech delivered at Bloomington, May 29, 1856, before the first Republican State convention ever held in Illinois. This is a great find and a very important addition to his published speeches. Many of those who heard it have always claimed that it was the most eloquent speech he ever made.

In an editorial in the "Standard-Union" of Brooklyn, Mr. Murat Halstead expresses the general feeling of all who knew Lincoln :

The magazine gives an admirable engraving of this portrait as the frontispiece, as "The earliest portrait of Abraham Lincoln, from a daguerreotype taken when Lincoln was about forty ; owned by his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, through whose courtesy it is here reproduced for the first time." This is a very modest statement, considering the priceless discovery it announces. The portrait does not show a man "about forty" years old in appearance. "About" thirty would be the general verdict, if it were not that the daguerreotype was unknown when Lincoln was of that age. It does not seem, however, that he could have been more than thirty-five, and for that age the youthfulness of the portrait is wonderful. This is a new Lincoln, and far more attractive, in a sense, than anything the public has possessed. This is the portrait of a remarkably handsome man. . . . The head is magnificent, the eyes deep and generous, the mouth sensitive, the whole expression something delicate, tender, pathetic, poetic. This was the young man with whom the phantoms of romance dallied, the young man who recited poems and was fanciful and speculative, and in love and despair, but upon whose brow there already gleamed the illumination of intellect, the inspiration of patriotism. There were vast possibilities in this young man's face. He could have gone anywhere and done anything. He might have been a military chieftain, a novelist, a poet, a philosopher, ah ! a hero, a martyr—and, yes, this young man might have been—he even was Abraham Lincoln ! This was he with the world before him. It is good fortune to have the magical revelation of the youth of the man the world venerates. This look into his eyes, into his soul—not before he knew sorrow, but long before the world knew him—and to feel that it is worthy to be what it is, and that we are better acquainted with him and love him the more, is something beyond price.

# PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS OF S. S. McCLURE, LIMITED.

The first edition of **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE** for January is 300,000 copies, being 100,000 copies more than both editions for November. A second edition of the November number is now on the press, but after that we shall not reprint the November number again.

It is therefore impossible for over one hundred thousand buyers to have the magazine containing the earliest chapters of the Life of Lincoln. The publishers propose to reprint the first four instalments of the Life (November, December, January and February), with considerable additions both in text and pictures.

Complete in One Volume. To be Published Early in February.

## THE EARLY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS 26th YEAR.

By IDA M. TARBELL.

WITH A CHAPTER ON HIS ANCESTRY BY LUCIUS E.  
CHITTENDEN.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS-STANDS  
AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

*Bound in paper, 50 cents.*

*Strongly bound in cloth, \$1.00.*

This will be the third number of **McCLURE'S LIBRARY**. It will contain all the text and pictures of the Life of Lincoln published in the magazine, November, 1895, to February, 1896, inclusive, with considerable additions. It will be printed on fine enamelled paper; it will contain over 200 pages—magazine size—and nearly 150 pictures.

We publish in the body of the magazine the opinions of many who knew Lincoln well. The editorial by the Hon. Joseph Medill, reprinted on page 208 from the *Chicago Tribune*, indicates how much there is *new* in this life.

The publishers received over 3,000 press notices of the Life of Lincoln. Extracts from a few are given herewith:

*Yankton (Dakota) Press and Dakotan:*

"The **McCLURE'S** goes deeper into the subject, and presents a life of Lincoln that reaches into the years that marked his common life. The opening chapters in **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE** promise to draw popular attention more closely than ever before to the subject."

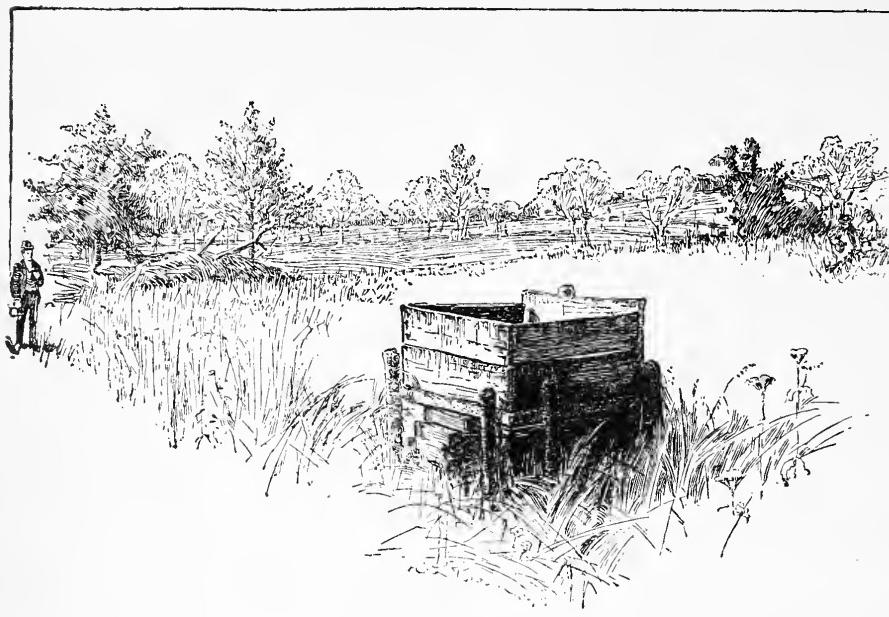
*Dover (N. J.) Era:*

"It is the most interesting story of the martyr President's career that has come under our notice, and its authenticity is beyond question. **McCLURE'S** is one of the really great magazines of this country, yet sells for 10 cents per month."



LINCOLN DURING THE WAR.  
From a rare photograph by Brady.

## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.



THE WELL WHICH LINCOLN HELPED TO DIG IN INDIANA.

### *San Francisco (Cal.) Call:*

"Biographers have expended their literary energies in preserving for posterity the names and inner-life histories of other men less noted and famous in the land, but with one noted exception American literature has no "life history" of Lincoln. Until the present time no magazine in the country has thought of writing about Lincoln in this way, *i. e.*, his life instead of his career. McClure, the pioneer of popular magazine publishers, has opened the eyes of the reading public to the singular deficiency in our literature of American worthies and famous men, and in the November number of his magazine appear the initial chapters of a carefully prepared life of Lincoln. If one may be permitted to judge from this first instalment, the work will, when finished and issued in book form, take its place among the classics of American literature."

### *Merrill (Wis.) Advocate:*

"The first chapter of one of the most interesting biographies of Abraham Lincoln that has ever been published."

### *Troy (N. Y.) Budget:*

"Those who have read other biographies of the martyr President might imagine there was nothing new to be told concerning his familiar career. The illusion will last only until they have read the part of the new biography published in the November *McCLURE'S*. This will reveal to them the fact that the mine has never been so thoroughly explored for biographical materials and anecdotes. The history will contain, as the opening chapters prove, many new illuminations, anecdotes, and facts. Special artists from *McCLURE'S* have explored all the territory covered by Lincoln's boyhood and early manhood, and the result is the most complete and valuable set of views

yet published in any history of Lincoln. The work, to judge from the sample seen, is a splendid exhibition of what *McCLURE'S* can do in bookmaking, and it should extend the sale of the magazine all over the country as well as in foreign lands."

### *Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Record:*

"This new life of Lincoln is a genuinely fresh, vigorous, and absorbing narrative. In no other biography does the reader come so close to the young Lincoln. Even more unexpected than the new information brought to light, is the abundance and interest of the pictures found to illustrate it."

### *McCook (Neb.) Times-Democrat:*

"Never before have the scenes of Lincoln's early life been so fully and beautifully pictured, and in no other biography with which we are acquainted does the reader come so close to his early life."

*The First Edition of "The Early Life of Lincoln"*

*will be 50,000 Copies.*

Ready about February 8. It will be on sale on every news-stand where magazines are sold, at 50 cents a copy; or may be ordered through your newsdealer, bound in cloth, at \$1.00 a copy. Leave your order now, or send the price to the publishers, who will mail the book in either paper or cloth binding, postage free.

*PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.*

THIRD EDITION—FIFTIETH THOUSAND.

A SHORT LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

With 140 portraits of Napoleon, including the paintings and sketches in which he appears, and 110 other portraits and scenes.

Here we have a full history of Napoleon in the great paintings of his era, from his earliest to his latest portrait. The great battle scenes and other scenes of his life; surrounded by his family, Generals, Associates, Opponents; the famous Artists, Authors, Actors, the notable Women, Emperors, Empresses, Queens, Kings, Statesmen, Diplomats, Scientists of Europe.

Miss Tarbell's work is the best and most accurate and most complete short Life of Napoleon in existence.

This is the first volume of *McCLURE'S LIBRARY*, and is for sale everywhere, or can be ordered, postage free, from the publishers.

50 Cents in Paper. \$1.00 in Cloth.

JUST PUBLISHED.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT MEN.

248 Pages. With 275 Illustrations.

This is the second volume of *McCLURE'S LIBRARY*, and contains:

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

By H. W. MASSINGHAM. With 18 portraits of Gladstone from the age of 3 to 83, one portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, and 12 other illustrations.

PRINCE BISMARCK. A brief biography. With 21 portraits from the age of 17 to 79, and 2 other illustrations.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT. By General HORACE PORTER. With 21 portraits from the age of 21 till the last month of his life, his father and mother, and 6 other illustrations.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN. By S. H. M. BYERS. With 7 portraits.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL. By HERBERT SPENCER. With 4 portraits and 4 other illustrations.

CHARLES A. DANA. By EDWARD P. MITCHELL. With 11 portraits from the age of 33 to the present time, and 12 other illustrations.



GLADSTONE IN 1833. AGE 23.  
From a painting by George Hayter.

*PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.*



EUGENE FIELD AT SIX MONTHS OF AGE.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.** An autobiographical paper. With 14 portraits from the age of 20 months till the year before his death, portraits of Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, and 9 other illustrations, and his autograph.

**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.** By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. With 9 portraits from the age of 35 till his 84th year, and 11 other illustrations, and autograph.

**W. D. HOWELLS.** By Professor H. H. BOYESEN. With 13 portraits from the age of 18 to his 56th year, and 5 other illustrations. Also portraits of Professor Boyesen from the age of 17 to his 45th year.

**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.** By HAMLIN GARLAND. With 2 portraits, a poem in autograph, portrait of Mr. Garland, and 5 other illustrations.

**BRET HARTE.** By H. J. W. DAM. With portraits, portraits of his daughters, reproductions of a painting by Edwin Long of "M'liss," of "Phyllis," of the Sierras by Caton Woodville, and 2 other pictures.

**GEORGE DU MAURIER.** Author of "Trilby." By R. H. SHERARD. With 2 portraits and 5 other illustrations.

**A. CONAN DOYLE.** By ROBERT BARR. With 8 portraits from the age of 4 to the present time; also portraits of Robert Barr (2), Mrs. Doyle, Miss Doyle, Mr. Robert McClure, Sherlock Holmes, and 3 other illustrations.

**EUGENE FIELD.** By HAMLIN GARLAND. With 9 portraits from the age of six months to 42 years, and 9 other illustrations.

**D. L. MOODY.** By Professor HENRY DRUMMOND. With 3 portraits from the age of 17 to 45 (1882), portrait of his mother, and 11 other illustrations, including photographs of Mr. Moody preaching on the hill called "New Calvary," near Jerusalem.

**ALPHONSE DAUDET.** By R. H. SHERARD. With 5 portraits from the age of 21 to the present day; also portraits of Madame Daudet, his daughter and second son, and 6 other illustrations.

**PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.** Eight portraits from the age of 6 years to the present day.

**GEORGE W. CABLE.** With 7 portraits from the age of 9 years to 48 years.

In these portraits are seen many of the most noted men of our time as they appeared when the world was before them. The story of their lives is written upon their faces.

The biographies, though brief, are illuminative, and one can learn more from them about the *real* man than is often given in more pretentious works. All these biographies are included in one volume.

*For sale by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or sent postage free by the Publishers.  
Price in paper, 50 cents. In cloth, \$1.00.*

## McCLURE'S LIBRARY.

### GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

An ordinary magazine costing 10 cents contains as much matter as the average book that retails for one dollar. It contains illustrations that if printed in book form would make the book cost at least \$5.00 (partly in view of the limited sale).

McCLURE'S LIBRARY is the result of a plan to *produce books as cheaply* as magazines. This requires the employment of the magazine page, with the resulting economy in paper, presswork, and binding.

McCLURE'S NAPOLEON and "HUMAN DOCUMENTS," of 248 pages, each contains more than three-fourths as much matter as the two volumes of General Grant's "Memoirs," of which several hundred thousand sets were sold at \$7.00 a set. This, of course, includes illustrations.

Or, to put it in another way:

If "The Prisoner of Zenda" by Anthony Hope, "The Bonnie Brier Bush" by Ian Maclaren, "The Window in Thrums" by J. M. Barrie, were *all* printed together in this form in one volume, there would be space enough left in either the NAPOLEON or the "HUMAN DOCUMENTS" to print three-fourths of Stevenson's "Kidnapped!"

Books published in this form are as easily read as magazines, and are as convenient as books in any other form.

The LINCOLN number will not contain quite as many pages as the others, and the type will be larger, and set in single column. The page is the same as the magazine, with larger margins.

The fourth number of the Library will probably be a further instalment of "Portraits and Biographies," and the fifth number will be published next November and will be devoted to Lincoln from his 26th to his 50th year.

Later on, the Life of Lincoln will be published in library form at greater expense, as befits such a work; meanwhile, it is believed many thousands will be glad of an opportunity to possess such a work on terms so moderate.

## McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR 1896.

The magazine enters upon the new year with an edition of 300,000 copies and a strong promise of continual growth. The increase in three months is 175,000 copies, an unusual and, we believe, unprecedented gain in circulation. It has been impossible thus far to supply the demand for the November and December issues.

The publishers have purchased an absolutely new and complete printing and binding plant sufficient to manufacture half a million copies a month, and they expect to have this plant in operation by the 1st of March. These facilities will make it possible to reprint the earlier Lincoln numbers.

The first LINCOLN volume in McCLURE'S LIBRARY will contain, complete, the first four instalments (November to February, inclusive), and will be on sale early in February. The edition will be limited only by the demand.

## THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

The Life of Lincoln began in the November issue (a new edition is being printed to supply all subscribers), and will run through twelve numbers.

The editors have in hand over fifty different photographs of Lincoln. There will be fully 300 other portraits and pictures.

Other notable features :

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS will continue her autobiographical papers, telling how she wrote "The Gates Ajar" and other of her notable books, giving reminiscences of the great authors of New England, etc.

SIR ROBERT BALL is preparing articles on "The Marvels of the Universe."

THE CENTURY OF PAINTING, by WILL H. LOW, with reproductions of the greatest paintings of all countries of the Nineteenth Century, will be a regular feature.

OCTAIVE THANET will contribute six short stories, and stories are in hand by RUDYARD KIPLING, BRET HARTE, ANTHONY HOPE, IAN MACLAREN, ROBERT BARR, GILBERT PARKER, HERBERT D. WARD, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and others.

SERIES OF PORTRAITS of Mark Twain, Longfellow, and the late Professor Huxley will appear in early numbers.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. GARRETT P. SERVISS in climbing Mont Blanc and other mountains in the Alps, to visit the lofty observatories, as well as his interviews with Schiaparelli and the famous astronomers, will form the material for a remarkable series of illustrated papers.

THE FASTEST RUNS of Railroad Trains, Bicycles, Horseless Carriages, Horses, and Ocean Steamships will be the subjects of papers beginning in the February number.

THE RECENT EXTRAORDINARY INVENTIONS of George Westinghouse, Jr., and Nicola Tesla will be described.

10 Cents a Copy. \$1.00 a Year.



OCTAIVE THANET.



SIR ROBERT BALL.

S. S. McCLURE, Limited,  
30 Lafayette Place, New York.

**Van Bibber Cigarettes or Little Cigars.**  
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.  
**25c. a Bundle,  
10 in Bundle.**

Trial Package in Pouch by mail  
for 25 Cents.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

## All Thinking People,

especially physicians and scientists,  
are asked to thoroughly investigate  
the theory of and results that follow  
the application of

**THE  
Electropoise**  
An Oxygen  
Home Remedy  
Without Medicine.

## A "Sure Cure"?

Of course not; but by its new method of applying that potent curative agent, oxygen, the Electropoise has often cured cases pronounced "incurable."

Book by mail for the asking.

ELECTROLIBRATION COMPANY,  
1122 Broadway, N. Y.; 346 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**Yale Mixture**  
Smoking Tobacco

The Finest Leaf Tobacco grown is used in Yale; making it the most sumptuous and seductive Pipe Tobacco that can be found in any part of the "World."

"We could not improve the quality if paid double the price"

A 2 oz. Trial Package Post Paid for 25cts.

**MARBURG BROS.**  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR  
BALTIMORE MD.

Most Reliable,  
Highest  
Medicinal,  
Best Value.



## Dr. Pray's World-Renowned Toilet Preparations

### DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL.

Quickest, most brilliant nail polish; free from grit; does not stain; fragrant perfume. 50 and 25 cents.

**ROSALINE** for tinting the lips, cheeks and nails a rosy hue, true to nature. Not detected, or affected by cold baths. Unequalled lip salve. Boxes, 25 and 50 cents.

**CREAM VAN-OLA** whitens the hands. Cures rough, chapped skin, sunburn, skin diseases. Soothing emollient, quickly absorbed. Boxes, 25 and 50 cents.

**ONGOLINE** bleaches and cleans the nails. Removes ink, hosiery and glove stains, from the skin. 50 cents.

**POCKET EMERY BOARD** for shaping the nails. Prevents splitting, repairs broken nails. Box, 10 pieces, 25 cents.

**HYGENIA FACE POWDER** contains no bismuths, magnesia, chalk, or any injurious substance. Highly medicinal, adhesive, spreads smoothly. 50 cents.

**OLIVINE OINTMENT.** 50 cents.

**PEDOLIN**, a liquid. 75 cents.

These two remedies for the relief and cure of Corns, Bunions, etc., used by Dr. Pray, 25 years' practice.

Sold everywhere, and sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for 12-page illustrated catalogue of manicure and pedicure goods. 40 articles.

**DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.,**

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers. Established 1868.

SALESROOMS:

10 and 12 East 23d St., N. Y.

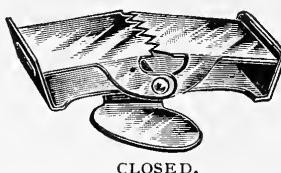
# The Perfect Cuff Holder

**FASTENS THE CUFFS TO THE LINING OF THE COAT SLEEVE.**

Is placed in the back button-hole of the cuff, and holds the cuff in exactly the same position at all times.



OPEN.



CLOSED.

**Just what Cuff Wearers have been wanting.**

**It is the correct way to hold the Cuffs.**

**Will last a lifetime, and cannot get out of order, and Will save their price in laundry bills in one month.**

**DIRECTIONS.**

Fasten Holder to the Cuff, open clasp, place Cuff under the Coat Sleeve with Clasp open, then press down on outside of Sleeve, closing the clasp, thus the jaws of the Holder will fasten to the Coat Sleeve lining. To remove the Cuff, pass thumb between the Cuff and Sleeve and open clasp, when Cuff will slide off. The Cuffs being fastened to the Coat Sleeve come off with the Coat and are thus kept from getting wet or dirty, when washing the hands or doing dirty work. **To protect Cuffs** while at work, or **washing**, they can be slipped up the Coat Sleeve and fastened out of sight, and thus save Laundry Bills. This cannot be done with any other Cuff Holder.

**AGENTS WANTED. SELLS AT SIGHT.**

Liberal terms. Sample pair, 25 cents, sent prepaid by mail. Order at once and secure territory to agents.

**THE PERFECT CUFF HOLDER CO.,  
85 Dearborn Street (Room 312), Chicago, Ill.**

**CURE YOURSELF WITH OUR INSTRUMENT AND HOME TREATMENT.**

## RAMEY'S MEDICATOR CURES CATARRH,

*Catarrhal Deafness, Headache, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Etc., or money refunded.*

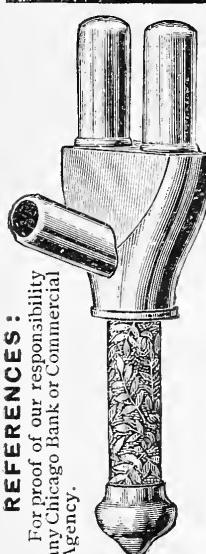
**PRICE COMPLETE, WITH FOUR MONTHS' TREATMENT BY MAIL, \$2.00.**

The medicine is put on a sponge in enlarged part of medicator. Insert twin tubes in nostrils, single tube in mouth, then blow; thus your lungs force highly medicated air into all parts of the head and throat. **Send for terms, testimonials, and full particulars.**

**RAMEY MEDICATOR CO., 85 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

**AGENTS WANTED.**—Large profits for ladies or gentlemen. No experience required. Ask your druggist for Ramey's Medicator. Take no other.

**REFERENCES:**  
For proof of our responsibility  
any Chicago Bank or Commercial Agency.



RAMEY MEDICATOR CO., 85 Dearborn St., City.

When members of our family have been benefited by a medicine or treatment we are willing to state the fact for the benefit of others. The Ramey Medicator and treatment for Catarrh and kindred affections we have thus tried. It reaches directly the part affected and the treatment has proved invariably beneficial.

Very truly yours,

C. H. HOWARD.

**GEN. HOWARD SAYS:**

TIMES BUILDING, CHICAGO, Feb. 3, 1894.

**GOV. CHASE SAYS:**

EXECUTIVE DEP'T, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 22, 1892.

I have used your Medicator with entire satisfaction for Colds and Catarrhal trouble. When used according to directions its effect is immediate and a cure seems certain. I shall not travel without it.

Very respectfully, IRA B. CHASE.

**DEAFNESS AND CATARRH CURED.**

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENN., June 9, 1894.

I bought one of your Medicators last fall for Catarrh. It benefited me so much; I had lost my hearing, and got it back by the use of your Medicator.

Respectfully,

W. H. FUHR, 619 Cherokee St.

**USED BY PUBLIC SPEAKERS.**

BAY CITY, MICH., Feb. 3, 1894.

It is the best Nasal Medicating invention on the market. Its use by platform speakers prior to the delivery of their discourses will give that "clearing" that is so indispensable to distinct public utterance. Its convenient size admits of its being a vest-pocket companion. All hail to its timely appearance; may its popularity increase.

Respectfully,

F. NELSON GLOVER, Pastor First Baptist Church.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



We are offering wonderful inducements in order to introduce our papers.

If there is no dealer in your town carrying our well known **BOSTON LINEN**, **BOSTON BOND** and **BUNKER HILL** papers and envelopes, send us 4 cents in stamps for our samples representing an immense variety of the most desirable papers made in America. You will be surprised and delighted at what we are willing to do.

**SAMUEL WARD COMPANY,**

Manufacturing Stationers,

49 Franklin Street, = = Boston, Mass.

**MAYOR'S OFFICE,**

SILVERTON, COLO., Aug. 9, 1893.

Your Medicator has helped me wonderfully. I have tried a great many, but yours is the most simple and does its work better than any I ever tried; in fact it is a blessing to the sufferer from Catarrh. I recommend this unsolicited by you.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. H. H. KRAMER, Mayor.

**HEARING RESTORED.**

FRESNO, CAL., April 26, 1894.

I have been using the Medicator for two months. Before I began I had entirely lost the hearing in one ear, and almost from the other; *at times was deaf*. At present time I am a little deaf in one ear, other ear hearing *fully restored*. Have great faith in the Medicator.

Respectfully, H. W. LANE.

ALPENA, MICH., Dec. 12, 1893.  
After two years of use we find your Medicator of great value.

Yours truly, F. W. GILCHRIST, Mfr. of Lumber.

# PACKER'S TAR SOAP,

Used for Bathing and Shampooing, is not only a real luxury, but a constant protection against contagion. It is pure, mild, and antiseptic, yielding a plentiful, white, emollient lather, and is recommended by eminent physicians.



**F**OR BABY'S BATH Packer's Tar Soap is preferable to all others. In removing scurf or dandruff from the baby's head, in relieving the itching and irritation caused by chafing, it is beyond compare.—*Cradle and Nursery*.

**O**NE can hardly recommend too often anything that is as valuable in the nursery as **PACKER'S TAR SOAP**. No mother who has ever used it for her babies would willingly do without it.—*Christine Terhune Herrick*.

**25 Cents. All Druggists, or**

**THE PACKER MFG. CO., 83 Fulton Street, New York.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# THE AVERAGE MAN

IT IS SAFE TO PRESUME, DESIRES TO HAVE HIS APPAREL NEAT.

## THE PRACTICAL TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS

will aid him. It keeps Trousers

**"Smooth as if Ironed."**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Thousands of the Hangers have been bought by leading men throughout the country, most of whom testify to their appreciation of the device by ordering again. Duplicate orders we esteem to be our greatest champions. Fac-simile letters of some of them and our descriptive circular free on request.

The device is not only thoroughly effective—but is so easy to use as to be  
“QUICKER THAN CARELESSNESS”—  
a merit all men appreciate.

PRICE 75 CENTS. SENT POST-PAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE IN STAMPS OR OTHERWISE.

WE SEND, EXPRESS PAID, SIX TROUSERS HANGERS AND THREE CLOSET RODS (DESCRIBED BELOW) FOR \$5.00. WE SELL HUNDREDS OF SUCH SETS. A PERFECT GIFT TO MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Also, the PRACTICAL CLOSET ROD, price 25 cents, postpaid. It is made of wrought steel, nickel-plated, is 9 inches long and constructed with a detachable socket, rendering it very easy to put in place—(a truly good thing to increase the capacity of a closet).

Did you ever go to your closet and find several coats, a pair or two of trousers and perhaps some of your wife's dresses, all hanging on the same hook and on top of just the garment you wanted? Well, this never happens when you use our devices and arrangement.

The picture shows why. It also indicates the capacity of a Rod and shows how three Rods can be advantageously used.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 429 Walnut St., Philada., Pa.

## Trouble with Dust and Moths!!

Do you ever have any?

We can tell you how to get entirely rid of it.

Paige's Odorless Dust and Moth Proof Bags positively protect Furs, Dresses, Overcoats, Dress Suits or Garments of any kind from both DUST and MOTH.

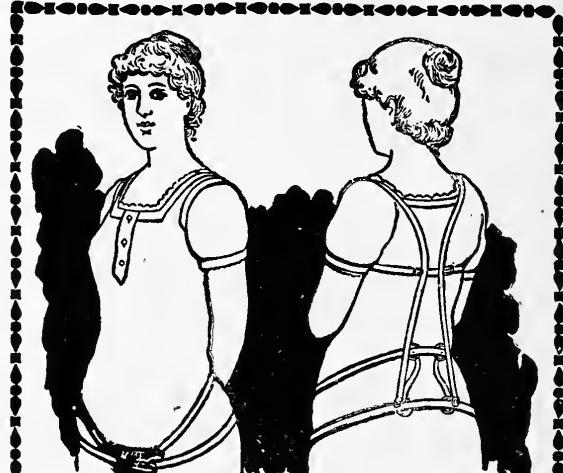
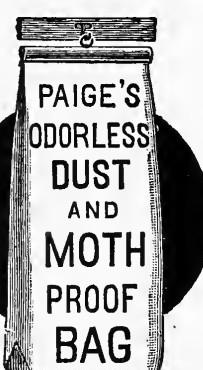
Any housewife will find it a great comfort to own one of these roomy, strong, handy bags, in which she can easily hang her gowns free from harm. You'll wonder how you managed without them.

Size, 24x48, 1 patent hook inside, 60c.—size, 30x50, 2 hooks inside, 75c. Last for years. Sold at Dry Goods stores—or, if you're won't order them, send Postal Note to us.

Detroit Paper Bag Co., 6 Clark Bldg.,  
Detroit, Mich.

N. Y. Office, 21 University Place. San Francisco Agents,  
Stevenson & Co.  
Canadian Agents, Kilgour Bros., Toronto.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## The Natural Body Brace

Cures Female Weakness, Restores Health and Vigor. Strengthens Men. Every Pregnant Woman Should have it. Thousands Gladly Testify.

“I cannot begin to say enough in praise or thanks for the Brace.”—Mrs. L. W. Tryon, West Haven, Conn., July 29, 1895.

“I feel like a new person since wearing my Brace. I run sewing machine all day and work in garden. Had not been able to work all day without lying down, for ten years before getting Brace. Had suffered intensely from all kinds of female weakness.”—Mrs. Lissa L. Houck, Cowan, Ind.

“The Brace bought of you two years ago did wonders indeed for me, I am now a well girl and owe it all to the Brace. It cured me of most painful menstruation, bowel trouble and other female weakness.”—Miss Annie Wood, Delphos, Kans., Aug. 5, 1895.

Money Refunded if Brace is not Satisfactory.

Send for full information.

**NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.,**  
Box 188. **SALINA, KANSAS.**

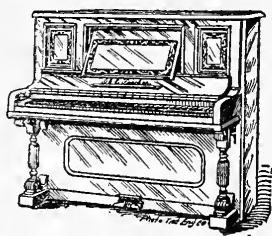
# THE SHOE FOR '96

"BETTER THAN EVER  
AND STILL THE BEST"



# THE REGAL

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## A Piano By Mail \$40.

It is just as safe to purchase a piano by mail as to buy from an agent, when the firm is a responsible one. We have an exceptionally fine line of pianos, which have had a very little use and which for that reason cannot be sold as new, yet for tone and appearance are just as good as new. Among them are such famous makes as KNABE, HAZELTON, WEBER, STEINWAY, FISCHER, VOSE, EMERSON and, in fact, nearly every well known piano. In our stock are Squares from \$40, Uprights from \$100, and Grands from \$200, upward.

These pianos are put in the best possible condition, perfectly tuned, and so sure are we that you will be satisfied with any piano selected, that we agree to pay the freight both ways should the piano sent not prove satisfactory. Lists of these pianos will be furnished on application. Easy terms if desired.

Our factories produce 100,000 instruments annually, among them the world-famous

### WASHBURN

Guitars, Mandolins and Banjos; we are the largest Sellers of Band Instruments in this country and deal extensively in **EVERYTHING Known in Music.**

Catalogues free. Correspondence invited.

*Lyon & Healy*

Adams and  
S. Wabash Ave.  
Chicago



Has the endorsement of every physician who understands the nature of its ingredients, and the care with which they are compounded.

For keeping the pores free from obstruction and normally active in their important work, at the same time rendering the skin soft and beautiful, there is nothing more delightfully effective.

The Palisade Mfg Co., Yonkers, N. Y.

## CHILDREN TEETHING

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with perfect SUCCESS. It SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

## Making Razors



has been our business for more than 10 years. Our customers say that our No. 348, Swedish Steel Razors are excellent. We warrant them and will refund your money if you don't think so. Price, \$2.00, by insured mail.

Every razor tried and set ready for use.

**FRED DOLLE,** Wholesale Barber Supplies,  
384 W. MADISON ST.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## Hinds' Almond AND Honey Cream.

Unsurpassed as a Toilet Requisite.

Positively no Greasy or Irritating Properties.

### A Fair Skin

can always be ensured if, after exposure to the sun and rough winds, ladies will use

### Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

This preparation has long been known for its surprising effect in softening, improving and preserving the Skin, and in rendering the complexion clear and beautiful.

It is recommended by ladies generally.

Best for Chapped Hands, Face and Lips, Rough, Hard and Irritated Skin.	Best for Pimples, Chafing, Itching, Sealy Eruptions, Eczema, etc.
---	--

**A Sample Bottle Free** with a book descriptive and testimonials for one month by mentioning McClure's.

Price, 50 Cents at Druggists.

Sent post-paid, 60 cents per Bottle.

### A Trial Bottle,

Post-paid, 30 Cents.

**A. S. HINDS,**  
Portland, Me.



TRADE MARK



# Cigar or tobacco Jar

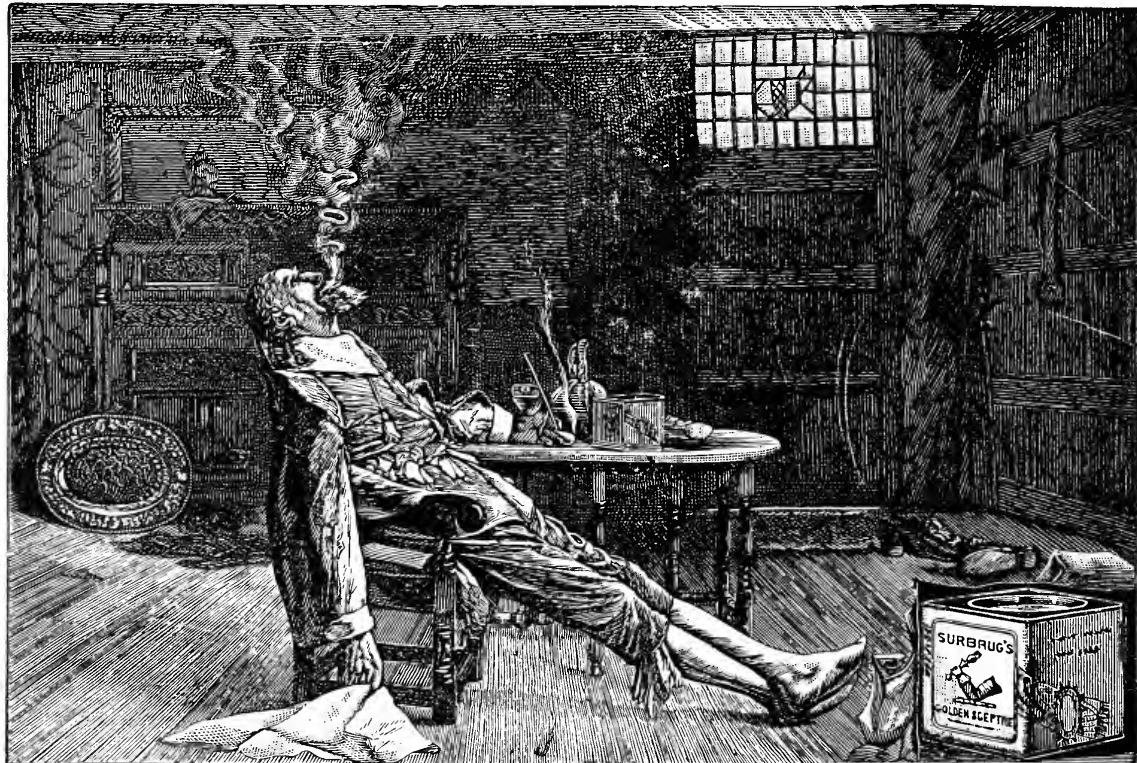
Made in Two Sizes Only.

50 Cigars	100 Cigars
Plain - -	\$2.25 \$2.75
Cut (Like Illustration)	4.50 5.25
Richly Cut	10.50 12.00

Stopper holds sponge and is ground in jar.

## Dorflinger's American Cut Glass.

C. Dorflinger & Sons,  
915 Broadway, NEW YORK.  
(Near 21st Street.)



Will  
Not  
Bite  
or  
Dry  
the  
Tongue  
or  
Throat

## SURBRUG'S GOLDEN SCEPTRE

If you are a Pipe-Smoker

we want YOU to try GOLDEN SCEPTRE—all the talk in the world will not convince us quickly as a trial that it is almost perfection. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., New York City. Prices GOLDEN SCEPTRE: 1 lb., \$1.30;  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb., 40c. Postage paid. Send for pamphlet of our goods giving list of dealers who handle them.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

TICKLES  
THE PALATE. **AMERICAN** AIDS  
**CLUB HOUSE CHEESE** DIGESTION.

is a soft, rich cheese, unexcelled for lunch or dinner in private houses, clubs, restaurants and hotels. Being put up in hermetically sealed glass jars it is especially adapted for traveling or excursion luncheons.



TRADE MARK REGISTERED DEO. 20, 1891.

A full-size jar will be sent to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

LEADING GROCERS SELL IT.

**The Chandler & Rudd Co.,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

## An Elegant Doorway A Beautiful Window

An artistic door and a charming window do more to beautify a room than any other two things. You can make an artistic doorway and a charming window at a very moderate cost by using the adjustable arches. They are made so they can be readily fitted to any window or door. They make finer effects than Moorish fretwork at not one quarter the cost. They are made with stained glass settings, and without. These arches are not made up like the cheap fretwork that you buy by the square foot, but are specially designed, and, by the application of a recent invention, are so made that any particular door or window can be readily and easily fitted. Made in white and gold, or as antique oak, or cherry, or ash. They are not "in the trade," but are sold direct from the manufactory. I want a good agent in each town or city. No canvassing is required. You can sit in your own room and take orders. It is a pleasant and profitable business. Write for a descriptive circular and terms. If you do not wish to act as my agent, but simply wish to fit up your own rooms, write for a descriptive circular and I will supply you direct from the factory, provided I have no agent in your place. If I have an agent in your place, I will send your application to the agent.

This business is particularly pleasant for a lady, and, as above stated, requires no canvassing. Send for a descriptive circular at once.

**JOHN C. TAYLOR**

No. 21 Linden Place - Hartford, Conn.

# In the South

## *Increased Attractions for the Winter of 1895-96*

The magnificent new HOTEL JEFFERSON, at Richmond, Va. The superb new HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, at Old Point Comfort, Va. The Winter Service of the beautiful Hotel at HOT SPRINGS, VA. Added to the usual attractions of the famous HYGEIA, at Old Point Comfort, and the elegant PRINCESS ANNE, at Virginia Beach. The new health and pleasure resort, PINEY WOOD INN, at Southern Pines, N. C.; and the celebrated Hotels at ASHEVILLE and HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

*All reached by the beautiful new steamers of the*

# *Old Dominion Line*

*direct or by their railroad connections.*

Send for the Pilot.

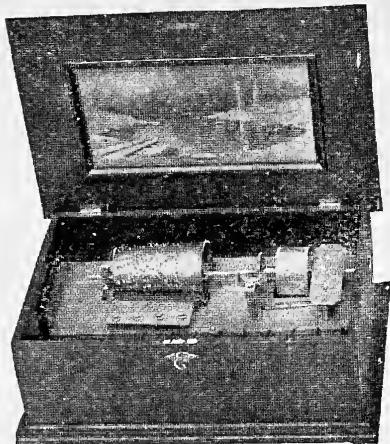
## *Old Dominion Steamship Company*

**W. L. Guillaume**

*Vice-President and Traffic Manager*

*New Pier 26 N. R., New York*

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



# The CAPITAL Self-Playing Music Box

Plays any number of tunes  
Standard and popular airs

American Manufacture  
Interchangeable Cylinders

Size A, 15 x 12 x 7 inches, 44 teeth in comb, with 8 tunes, \$15.00

Size B, 21 x 14 x 9 inches, 58 teeth in comb, with 10 tunes, \$28.00

Size C, 26 x 17 x 10 inches, 81 teeth in comb, with 12 tunes, \$40.00

Extra tunes, 20c., 30c. and 40c.

Sent on receipt of price or C.O.D. by

**F. G. OTTO & SONS, 44 to 50 Sherman Ave., Jersey City, N. J.**

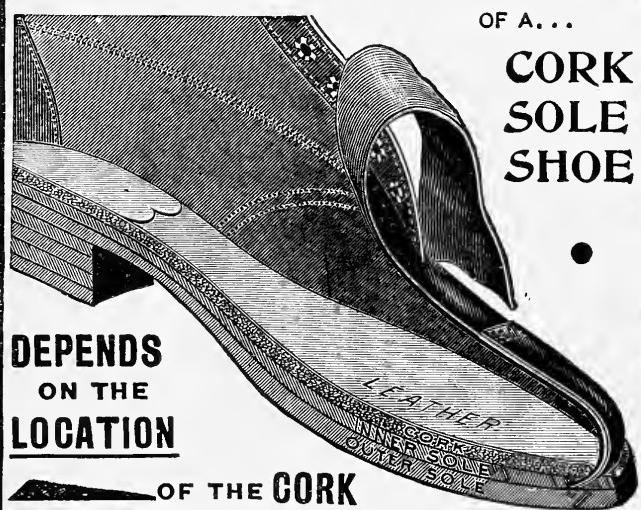
Or can be bought from any dealer in musical merchandise.

Send for illustrated price-list.

## The Value

OF A...

CORK  
SOLE  
SHOE



DEPENDS  
ON THE  
LOCATION

OF THE CORK

If moisture is between your foot and the cork sole, its waterproof qualities are valueless. Yet the old construction of this style of shoe permits moisture to intrude. In ours the waterproofing is **ABOVE THE SEAMS**. Made the full length of the shoe, forming a cushion to the foot. This valuable feature is **OUT OF SIGHT** and does not give that clumsy appearance that is found on the ordinary cork-sole shoe. Wide or narrow toes—Calf or English enamel.

\$ 3.50

Send for Catalogue.

F. P. WEBSTER,  
277 Washington Street, BOSTON.

## A "March"

High Grade  
Bicycle .....

FAMOUS "VIM" TIRES

AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Costs \$100 Cash

(Invisible Frame Joints. No Handle-Bar Clamps  
(Detachable Sprockets. No Crank Keys)

## The January Nickell Magazine

Tells you an easy way to get one

5 Cts. All News-stands, or, BOSTON

## These Three Epithets

BEST - FITTING  
BEST - WEARING  
BEST - LOOKING

... ARE FOUND TO BE APPLICABLE TO THE...

*Shawknit*  
TRADE MARK

Half-Hose

THEY, OR THEIR EQUIVALENTS, OCCUR IN NEARLY EVERY TESTIMONIAL.

None Genuine unless stamped *Shawknit* on the toe.

Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant.  
Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.

SHAW STOCKING CO.  
LOWELL, MASS.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**If**

your skirt edges  
wear out  
why don't you  
**insist**  
upon having the



put on?

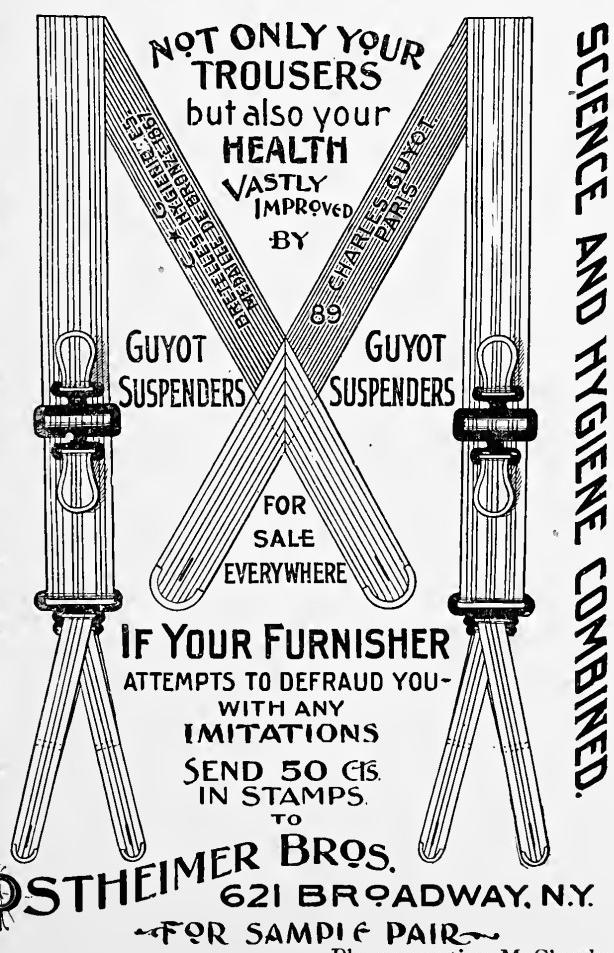
The **Redfern** Bias Corded Velvet for your nice gowns, and the **Duxbak** Rainproof for wet weather dresses.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and material to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

## TWO MILLION PAIRS SOLD ANNUALLY

SUITABLE FOR ALL SEASONS.



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## Combing Sacque

Of excellent quality of Flannelette, in pretty pink and blue stripes—finished with button-hole stitch—neck tied with pretty ribbon—the price with postage included

98c.

**Jordan, Marsh & Co.**  
Boston, Mass.

*The Empress of Grand Opera*



in a recent letter writes:

"I use Rose-Attar and find it a most delightful toilet preparation."

NELLIE MELEBA.

## ROSE-ATTAR

is the daintiest and best of all toilet preparations. For chapped hands, roughness and redness of the skin, for gentlemen's use after shaving, etc. Sample bottle by mail, 10¢.

**E. H. CUTLER & CO., BOSTON, MASS.**  
Sole U. S. Agents.

# The Luxury of a Bath



In an  
Odorless,  
Bugless,  
Sanitary,  
Broad Rim  
Tub

Every good thing has  
worthless imitations, so  
be sure you get the  
**GENUINE** with



this stamp at the head.

has to be experienced to be appreciated.  
It is found as fully in

# The Steel Clad Bath

as in Baths costing four times its price—and having perhaps one-fourth its durability.

The **Steel Clad Bath** is indestructible, being a steel shell lined with heavy tinned and planished copper. It cannot harbor dirt or vermin, has no wood but the rim, is made in many styles and sizes, has connected waste and overflow pipes, avoiding extra plumber's charges, and can be decorated to match the room. Descriptive circulars can be had of the manufacturers, and all jobbers and plumbers supply it.

For particulars write to the

**STEEL CLAD BATH CO.** of New York, 414-424 W. 26th St., NEW YORK.

# Perfection

## Cake Tins.



Indispensable  
to perfect  
Success in  
Cake baking.

Perfect in their simplicity.

Used exclusively by over 2 million housekeepers. If your dealer does not keep them we will mail you 3 round or 2 square layer tins for **50 cents**. Catalogues showing all styles, round, square and oblong, with prices, *free*.

**CAUTION.**—Our Trade Mark "Perfection" stamped on all Improved Perfection Tins. Beware of Imitations made without the Groove. They will leak batter.

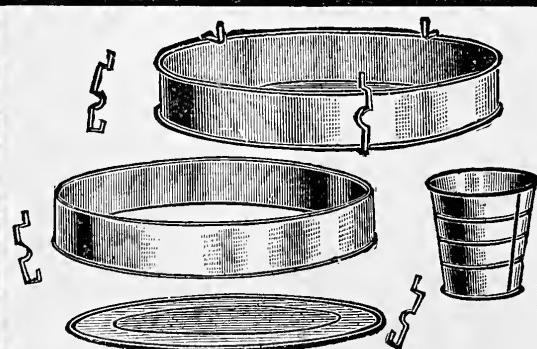
AGENTS WANTED. Richardson Mfg., Co., 18th St., Bath, N. Y.

**WE PROVE WHAT WE PREACH**



namely, that The "Old **INCUBATORS**" are the Reliable" Self Regulating most successful hatcher made. Our new, 112 page Poultry Guide and Catalogue for 1895 explains the chance you are looking for  
**Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Quincy, Ills.**

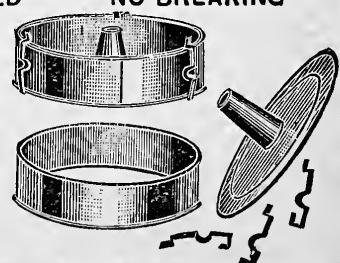
# THE MISSES LISK'S PATENT Improved Cake Tins



CANNOT LEAK BATTER  
LIGHT CAKE  
EASILY REMOVED  
NO GREASING REQUIRED  
NO BREAKING

No sharp edges. Made either round or square. One loaf and three layer tins comprise the set. Price, \$1.00. We give free Standard Measuring Cup and a set of Acme Cake Recipes to purchasers who mention this

publication. Thousands of our tins in use, giving perfect satisfaction. Indispensable in fine cake baking. **Liberal terms to Agents.** Sell to your neighbors and get your set free.



**W. A. JUDD, Box 10, Clifton Springs, N. Y.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Paint in the South

does not last long. Being *on* the wood, the hot sun cracks and peels it off, and painting is a constant bill of expense.

HARRY W. JONES, ARCHITECT,  
MINNEAPOLIS

## Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains

are *in* the wood, and cannot crack or peel.

They are made in all colors, and are 50 per cent. cheaper than paint. Decay or insects never attack Creosoted Shingles.

Send for Stained Wood Samples and Color Studies.

**Cabot's Sheathing Quilt**  
makes warm houses.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer  
68 Kilby Street, = = = = = Boston, Mass.  
Agents at all Central Points.

## HITCHINGS & CO.

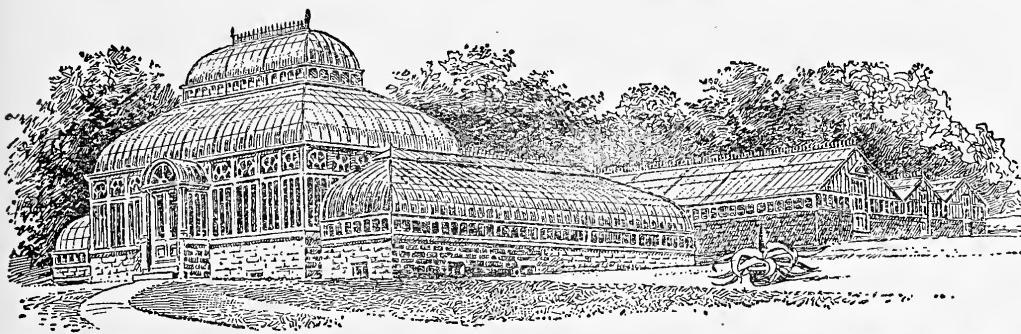
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

HORTICULTURAL ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS

AND LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

GREENHOUSE HEATING AND VENTILATING APPARATUS.

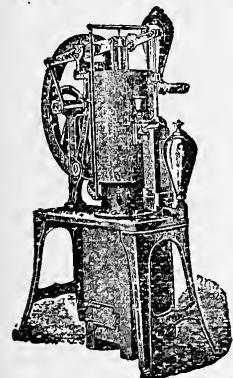
SMALL PORTABLE GREENHOUSES FOR AMATEURS SHIPPED COMPLETE FOR \$350.



Conservatories, Greenhouses,  
Palm Houses, etc., Erected  
Complete with Our Patent  
Iron Frame Construction.  
Plans and Estimates of Cost  
and Illustrated Catalogues  
sent on Application.

233 MERCER ST., N. Y.

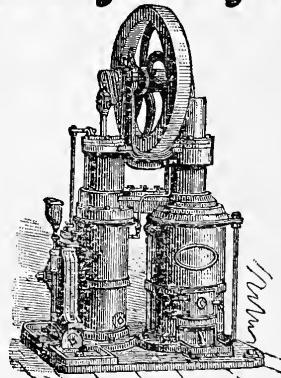
# Do You Use Water? Do You Want It Every Day?



Only the best pump will meet this want. The best ones are the

## Rider and Ericsson Hot-Air Pumps

Is a record of twenty years proof enough? They are not the "cheapest." The best of anything is **never** cheapest in first cost. But you do not buy pumps every day, and in the "long run" the lowest-priced things are not always the cheapest. Any boy can run our engines, and under all circumstances they are absolutely safe. If interested, send for catalogue "D," and state conditions under which your pump will have to work.



## RIDER ENGINE CO.

86 Lake Street, CHICAGO

37 Dey Street, NEW YORK

## HOUSE PLANS.

All Grades; Cheap, Medium and Elaborate.  
100 DESIGNS for DWELLINGS are shown in

### "Artistic Dwellings,"

A book of house plans; the 1895 edition of which was issued in Feb'y last. These plans are the work of designers skilled in dwelling-house architecture, and embody the newest and latest ideas in this line. Views, floor plans, costs and descriptions with each design. PRICE, \$1.00. Send stamp for circulars and sample designs. FRANK P. ALLEN, Architect, Grand Rapids, Michigan.



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# HARDWOOD FLOORS.....

in the form of Parquetry, Wood-Carpet and Endwood Mosaic are fast displacing carpets in the remodeling of old houses and in the construction of new ones. Compared with carpets they are clean, sanitary, artistic, inexpensive and easy to care for. We make all varieties, together with the materials required to keep them in order. Our catalogue, giving full description and prices, is sent free on application.

**WOOD-MOSAIC CO.**

*315 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK*

**DELIGHTFUL OCEAN TRIPS** for **TOURISTS or TRAVELERS** varying from **SIXTY HOURS** (800 miles) to **SIX DAYS** (2,100 miles) via **MALLORY STEAMSHIP LINES** to the Ports of **Georgia, Florida and Texas**. Tickets embrace all Winter Resorts in Florida, Texas, Colorado, Mexico, California. Our 64 page Guide Book mailed free. **C. H. Mallory & Co., Pier 20, E.R., N.Y.**

**HARD WOOD DOORS** beautify your home. From us they cost no more than the common pine doors. Write for our prices.  
**FOX BROS. MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**WE PAY** \$5.00 to \$100 a 1000 for all kinds News-paper Clippings & Addresses. Particulars for stamp. News Clipping Co. Dep't AJ. 304 W. 139th St., N.Y.

**Some Architects Plan 17-Story Buildings.** I never have; but I do draw little, cheap cottages, and beautiful ones. Now-a-days one likes even a \$300 building to have a tasteful and artistic effect. I believe I have been more successful with these than many of my competitors, and people who buy my book and order plans from me say I am right. My book, "Picturesque Cottages," contains perspectives, floor plans, and descriptions of homes and summer houses costing from \$300 to \$2500. It gives correct estimates and careful descriptions. It is without a competitor in its field, and if you want to build a house at seashore or mountains, or for a cottage home, which, because of its beauty, will be a joy for ever—send for this book. Price, by mail, 50 cts. Also, a SCORE OF STABLE SKETCHES, 50 cts.

No. 90  
**E. H. STAFFORD CO., - MUSKECON, MICH.**

**PLAYS** Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.  
**T. S. DENISON**, Pub. Chicago, Ill.



**E. E. HOLMAN, Architect, 1020 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# THE POWER OF PAINT

*In old times men used their power of painting to show the objects of their faith, in later times they used the objects of their faith to show their power of painting.—RUSKIN.*

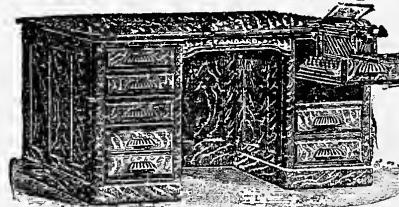
It is profitable to have faith in the power of PATTON'S PAINT. It saves time and labor because of its great covering capacity. It's more economical because of its marvelous durability. Rain or shine, it neither blisters, peels nor fades.

## PATTON'S PURE LIQUID PAINT

is the only paint fully guaranteed. Beware of pure "white lead paint."

\$1.50 per gallon. Freight paid to any R. R. station east of Denver. A booklet "How to Increase the size of your Home (with paint)," free for the asking, or 18 actual combinations of proper house coloring for four 2 ct. stamps or free from our agents.

**JAS. E. PATTON CO., Milwaukee, U. S. A.**



**STANDARD**

**Typewriter Desks AND TABLES PRICES, \$3 TO \$30**  
MANUFACTURERS OF A FULL LINE OF Office, Church and School Furniture ASK FOR CATALOG

**E. H. STAFFORD CO., - MUSKECON, MICH.**

**BUILD A HOME!**

Now is the time. Select your designs from Books Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, Houses and Cottages. 200 classified designs. Book No. 6 has 58 designs, costing from \$1.50 to \$1,500; Book No. 7 has 57, from \$1,600 to \$2,500; Book No. 8 has 54, from \$2,600 to \$3,500; Book No. 9 has 20, from \$3,600 to \$12,000, and 12 stable designs from \$250 to \$1,600.

Views, plans, dimensions, estimates, modifications and descriptions given of each design.

**PRICES, \$1.00 EACH; ANY TWO, \$1.50; ALL FOUR, \$2.00.**

Booklet of 30 choice sample designs, "How to Start Right to Build," etc., 25c. (silver). All post-paid.

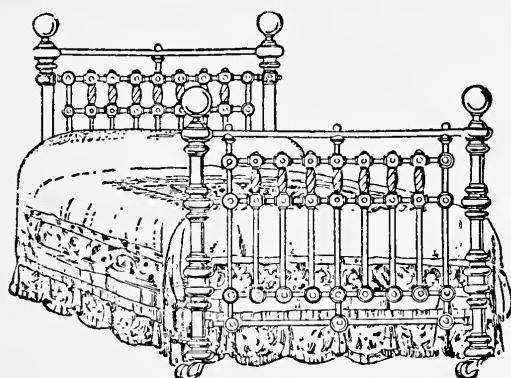
**D. S. HOPKINS, Architect,**  
**No. 74 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

# Mason & Hamlin Co.

The Mason & Hamlin Pianos are the only pianos manufactured containing the patented Screw Stringer, by virtue of which they do not require one-quarter as much tuning as any other piano made: thus reducing expense of keeping and inconvenience to a minimum.

Full particulars and catalogues mailed free on application.

Mason & Hamlin Co.  
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO



## English Brass and Iron Bedsteads

in unique designs.

These bedsteads add beauty and cheerfulness to the Bedchamber, and are comfortable, cleanly, elegant and economical.

Catalogues and price list on request.

**HOSKINS & SEWELL**  
16 East 15th Street, New York

England: London, Birmingham

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

The total depravity of inanimate objects is best exemplified in a shade roller that stutters. A balky horse can't be half as contrary.

Just why anybody buys such rollers nobody else can tell. As James Whitcomb Riley says, "It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice"—in the possession and use of

## HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLERS



See that Stewart Hartshorn's autograph is on the label.

## Ordinary Filters are Dangerous.

Professor Lucius Pitkins, Ph. D., Analytical Chemist of New York, says: "A filter is essentially a sieve, and the organisms which it must stop in their passage are, to put an average figure, but one twenty-five thousandth of an inch in diameter. Filters packed with sponge, charcoal and gravel catch only the coarser particles of floating matter, and are no better than a flannel bag tied to a faucet. These filters pollute the water if not kept scrupulously clean; the impurities collected decompose and become more dangerous than in their original state."

**The Pasteur** the only  
**GERM PROOF Filter** in the world

has a filtering medium of unglazed porcelain and the impurities are collected on the outside surface and can readily be removed with brush and water.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT, OFFICE SUP'T OF HEALTH, BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY, CITY HALL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sirs—A single tube domestic Pasteur Filter, submitted to me for biological examination, has been upon the faucet in the laboratory for upwards of a year, during which time daily and weekly analyses have been made, the results invariably showing a complete filtration of all organisms from the water supplied. This is the only filter which I have thus far found upon the market which did not increase the number of organisms present within twenty-four hours' use.

Yours respectfully,  
GARDNER T. SWARTS, M. D., Medical Inspector.

**The Pasteur-Chamberland Filter Co. Dayton, O.**  
**EASTERN DEPARTMENT, 1193 BROADWAY, N. Y.**

SALES AGENCIES:

Baltimore, 301 N. How'd St.  
Boston, 180 Washington St.  
Buffalo, 251—257 Main St.  
Chicago, 205 State St.  
Cincinnati, 238 Race St.  
Cleveland, 48 the Arcade.  
Columbus, 106 N. High.  
Denver, 826 Fifteenth St.  
Evansville, 213 Up, 2d St.  
Kansas City, 917 Walnut St.  
Milwaukee, 122 Grand Ave.

Minneapolis, 329 H'pin Ave.  
New Orleans, 94 Common St.  
New York, 1193 Broadway.  
Omaha, 1321 Farnam St.  
Philadelphia, 3 S. 10th St.  
Pittsburg, 526 Smithfield St.  
Richmond, Governor St.  
St. Louis, 1101 Olive St.  
San Francisco, 823 Market.  
Toledo, 210 Summit St.  
Washington, 1205 Penn. Ave.

and by Druggists, Plumbers, and Dealers in Hardware and House-furnishing Goods.

# The Strength of the SOLID STERLING BICYCLE

is such a feature of the wheel no other should be thought of for road riding.

Green Enamel for '96.  
Light-running.  
Built like a watch.

Send stamp for beautiful catalogue.

**STERLING CYCLE WORKS**

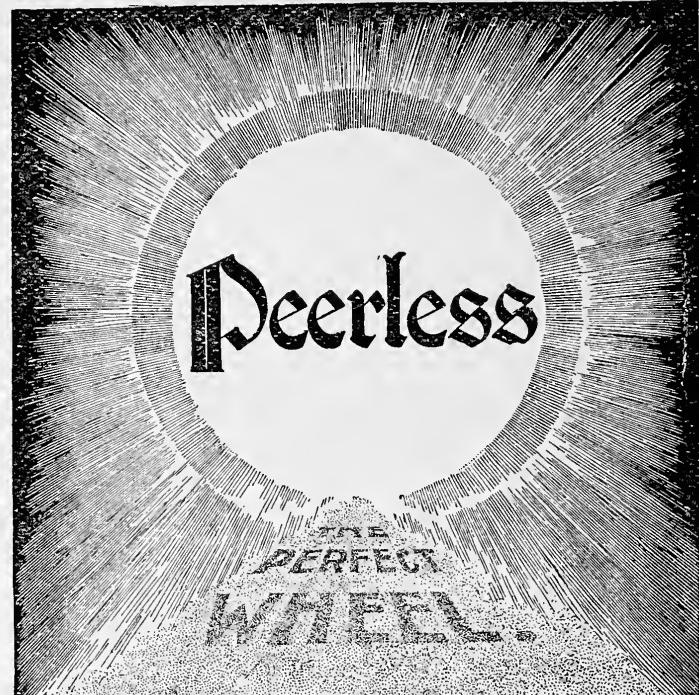
274-278 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.  
Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.

# THE STAMP OF QUALITY



When you see it on your wheel, you know you have the best

**THE LIBERTY CYCLE CO**  
4 Warren Street, New York City



**The Peerless Mfg. Co.**  
**CLEVELAND, OHIO**

... MAKERS OF ...

**Peerless and Triumph Bicycles**

*Catalogue for the Asking*



YOU can't tell a balky horse by his looks and you're just as likely to be deceived in a bicycle. There's no better guide when buying a wheel than this famous name

# Monarch

It identifies the king of wheels — it's a guarantee of strength, speed and reliability. A name that you can proudly point out to your friends. 4 models. \$85 and \$100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the Defiance is made in 8 models, \$40 to \$75. Send for Monarch book.

**Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.,**  
Lake, Halsted & Fulton Sts. Chicago.

BRANCHES:  
New York, San Francisco,  
Portland, Salt Lake City,  
Denver, Detroit,  
Toronto.



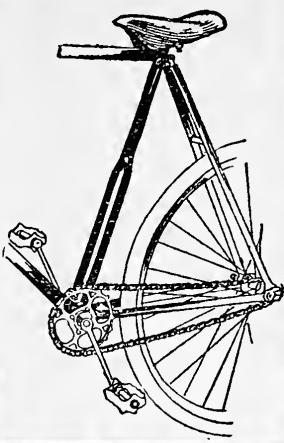
Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## BE GUIDED

The  
**CRAWFORD**  
BICYCLE

REPRESENTS THE  
HIGHEST DEGREE OF  
RELIABILITY-BEAUTY  
STRENGTH AND SPEED.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO., Makers.  
Factory & Main Offices: HAGERSTOWN, MD.  
Branch } NEW YORK CITY—70 & 72 Reade St.  
Houses } ST. LOUIS—608 North Fourth St.  
BIGELOW & DOWSE CO., Boston, N. E. Agts.



THE  
TRUSS  
DOES  
IT,  
MAKES

**"THE AMERICA"**

BICYCLE  
THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD.  
WE OWN THE PATENT—  
IN PERFECT CONSTRUCTION AND  
SUPERB FINISH  
THE AMERICA LIKE ITS NAME  
STANDS SUPREME  
INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO.  
CHICAGO.

## BARNES BICYCLES

The Barnes  
White  
Flyer

is a Popular and Trustworthy  
Mount. It can boast of more  
novel features than any other  
machine on wheels. \*

There are OTHER bicycles,  
but only one BARNES.

=Catalogue Free=

THE BARNES CYCLE CO.,

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

## Proud of Your Mount

You can't help being so,  
if you ride a

*Ben-Hur*  
Bicycle

It's the fleetest and hand-  
somest. The qualities of light-  
ness and strength are perfectly  
blended.

The Ben-Hur Bi-  
cycle represents the  
highest stage of the  
art—4 elegant models  
—\$85 and \$100.

This name-plate  
insures you against  
substitution.

Ask your dealer  
for them. Send for  
handsome catalogue.  
Mailed free.



CENTRAL CYCLE MFG. CO.,  
32 Garden St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Columbia Bicycles

## Nearer Perfection

THAN EVER.

Would you know all the delight of silent gliding bicycle motion? Then secure one of the 1896 Columbias. The price is \$100 to all alike. Standard bicycle, standard price.

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.

The Columbia Desk Calendar should be in the possession of every busy man or woman. By mail for five 2-cent stamps. Address Calendar Department.

**POPE MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Factories and General Offices, Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town.  
If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

**TALLY-HO**

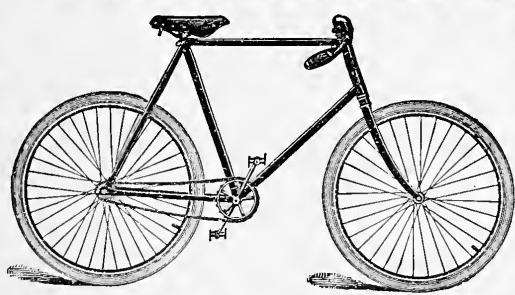
THIS LIGHT SHOWS THE WAY

The "Tally-Ho" Bicycle Lantern is made to meet successfully the expert criticism of experienced riders. Brass. Burns Kerosene.

SIMPLE—CLEAN—POWERFUL

Send for free illustrated circular regarding this and Bicycle Sundries.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.  
309 Broadway, New York City



## Erie Bicycles

The finest bicycle that mortal man is able to build.

It's worth \$100 if ever a bicycle was, and we are selling it for

**\$75.**

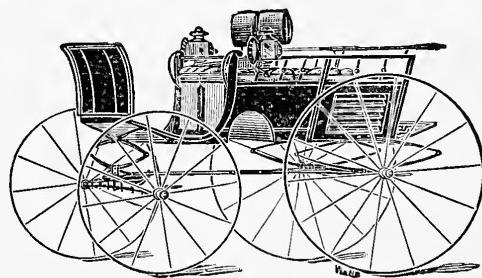
The construction is perfect, material the best, and finest finish.

Send for our catalogue.

QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO.,  
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## FINE CARRIAGES



Enquire of your dealer for our Carriages, with our

**SELF OILING**

**DUST PROOF AXLE**

AND

**QUICK SHIFTING**

**SHAFT SHACKLE**

**H. H. BABCOCK CO.**

CARRIAGE BUILDERS

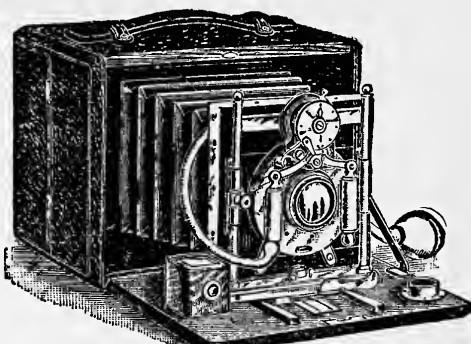
Branches { Baltimore, Md.  
Rochester, N.Y.

WATERTOWN, N.Y.

# THE NEW "WIZARD" CAMERA

## A Queen among Cameras

Covered in genuine red Russia leather. All metal parts triple nickel-plate.



Size, 7 in. x 5½ in. x 5½ in.

SHOWROOMS 1209 Broadway  
New York City

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO., Cresskill, N. J.



### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Tenth Edition of

### HOPE'S AMATEUR HANDBOOK

Is now ready—revised and enlarged. A complete guide to the art of Photography. Price, 75c. Our new Catalogue of Cameras, Kodaks and Photographers' Supplies of all kinds will be mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE WILKINSON CO.,

83 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Fitted with our Extra Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Bausch & Lamb's Iris Diaphragm Shutter.



OUR LATEST SPECIALTIES IN

**DOG COLLARS and FURNISHINGS**  
are Sterling Silver, German Silver, Aluminum Bronze and Aluminum Trimmed Goods.

Apply for special illustrations of these goods.

PRIZE COLLARS IN STERLING SILVER.  
MEDFORD FANCY GOODS CO., I. BREMER, SUCCESSOR,  
44 and 46 Duane St., N. Y.

Exclusive Manufacturers of Dog Outfittings.

### COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF GUNS AND SPORTING GOODS



NOW READY.  
UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES.  
SEND 2-CENT STAMP FOR COPY.

E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO., ST. LOUIS,  
MO.

Top Snap  
Extension Rib  
**DOUBLE**  
Breech \$7.50  
Loader

### GUNS

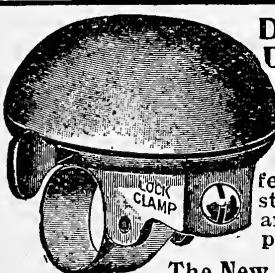
BUY-CYCLES  
Pistols, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, cheaper than elsewhere. Send 2c. for 60-page catalogue.  
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.,  
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

CANVAS FOLDING  
ENAMELED BATH.  
6 gallons. a full bath

Tub fits bather so 2 pails of water make full submergent bath. Hot bath made ready in 5 min. Wt., 10 lbs. Durable, compact, cheap. Cat. free. Baths or 15 styles FOLDING BOATS. Award at World's Fair. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.



D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER  
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floorroom; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. C. F. JORDAN, Marshall Field Bldg., Chicago, Ills. D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, N. Y.



Don't you hear dem bells?  
Dey's ringing everywhere!

Made  
in 16  
dif-  
ferent  
styles  
and  
prices.

### THE NEW DEPARTURE BELLS...

Are the  
standard  
of excel-  
lence the  
world over.

Send postal for booklet to  
BRISTOL, CONN.  
U.S.A.

The New Departure Bell Co.,

### MUSIC SELF TAUGHT

PROF. RICE'S Self-Teaching SYSTEM.  
All can Learn Music without a teacher.  
RAPID, CORRECT. NOTES, CHORDS, ACCORD-  
PANIMENTS, HARMONY. Established 12 Years.  
10 Lessons 10 Cents. CIRCULARS FREE  
G. S. Rice Music Co., 243 State St., Chicago, Ill.

P  
W  
A  
E  
Y  
L  
S  
L

**McALLISTER**  
M.F.G.  
OPTICIAN  
49 NASSAU!  
NEW YORK

FOR ENTERTAINMENT  
HOME INSTRUCTION  
AMUSEMENT  
PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS  
CHURCH &  
SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.  
COLLEGES  
SECRET SOCIETIES

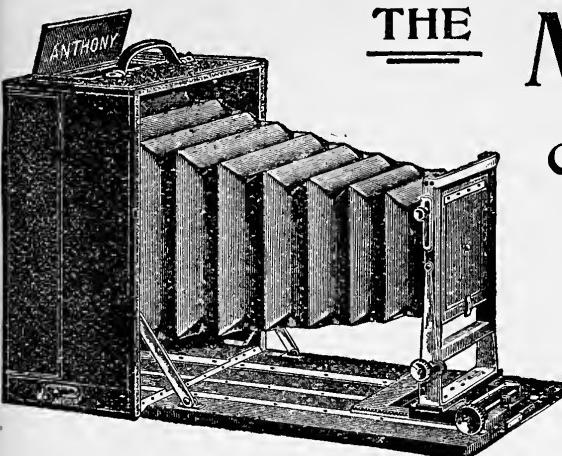
MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONs,  
AND MANY THOUSANDS OF VIEWS ILLUSTRATING  
EVERY SUBJECT

SEND FOR  
265 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE.  
THIS IS A PROFITABLE BUSINESS FOR MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL.

P  
W  
A  
E  
Y  
L

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**THE MARLBOROUGH**  
**Combined { DETECTIVE TRIPOD } Camera**



*Handsomeley Finished in Leather*

RISING FRONT  
REVERSING BACK

SWING FRONT  
SWING BACK

*"A Perfect Model of Ingenuity"*

8x10 : : : : \$50.00	5x7 : : : : \$35.00
6½x8½ : : : : 45.00	5x7, with lens and shutter 60.00

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., = 591 Broadway, New York



**\$3.00**  
Prepaid

## "Kombi"

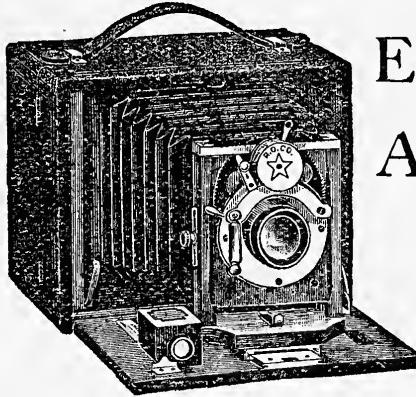
Only Pocket Camera that will go in the pocket conveniently and do perfect work

**50,000 Sold in One Year**

Five times smaller than any Camera made. Pictures three times larger in proportion to size. Twenty-five perfect pictures—one loading. Carried easily as a pack of cards. Boy or girl can take perfect pictures. Every Kombi guaranteed.

**Send for Free Photographs**

and book, "All About the Kombi." The Kombi is for sale by dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid (loaded for 25 pictures) on receipt of price—**\$3.00** THE KOMBI CAMERA CO.  
132-134 Lake Street, Chicago



Everything  
A Camera  
Should  
Be. . .

## THE PREMO

Embodyes more, better, and later improvements than any other. Compact, light, and easily manipulated.

Substantially made and elegantly finished in mahogany and leather.

Fitted for both hand and tripod work, in-doors and out, portraits and landscapes.

Nothing left undone to make it the most practical and satisfactory all-round instrument ever offered to the photographing public.

**\$10.00 to \$50.00**

*For illustrated pamphlet and samples of the work, address*

**ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.**

42 South Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



**Waverley** **BICYCLES**

Are made in the largest and best equipped bicycle factory in the world

It requires a corps of scientific men to construct a bicycle that will meet the demands of the modern rider. We have the best men in the world in each department—steel experts, mechanical experts, superintendent, master mechanic, etc.—the largest and most thoroughly modern bicycle plant in the world—buy the best of high grade material regardless of cost, and make every part under our own roof—hence we know we are right in warranting the Waverley to be the best bicycle built in the world regardless of price. Do you want the best? Our catalogue is free by mail.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# The SNOWY LANDSCAPE . . .



of winter with its leafless trees and ice-bound streams offers the amateur photographer as many opportunities for artistic work as do the most pleasant days of summer, and one need not think that a Pocket Kodak purchased now need be laid away until summer before using.

The little instrument is hardly larger than a well filled purse, yet it takes beautiful "snowscapes" and is always ready for making a flash-light picture when congenial companions are gathered about the fireside in the long winter evenings.

**Kodak**, loaded for 12 exposures  $1\frac{1}{2}$  x 2 in., - - - \$5.00  
Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, - - - - - 1.50

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Sample photo and booklet  
for two 2-cent stamps.

Rochester, N. Y.



### \$2.00 Per Pair. Wire-bound Wood Rims

make Bicycle Wheels that can be ridden with deflated tires without injury, or on the naked rim in an emergency. Strongest for their weight and save expensive repairs. Every owner of a "wheel" should know about them. Write for descriptive circular to makers,

**S. N. BROWN & CO.,**  
106 St. Clair Street, - DAYTON, O.

### A NEW ART

WONDERFUL!! Any one can draw all Pictures, Portraits, Sketches from Nature, etc., mechanically (patented). A child can learn. Taught by mail; send for catalogue. Agents wanted everywhere.

EUGENE PEARL, Artist, 23 Union Square, New York.

### TRIBUNE BICYCLES

The BEST in the World



SEND FOR CATALOGUES

**THE BLACK MFG. CO., ERIE, PA.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

### "The Light-Running" DENSMORE

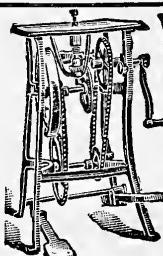


It has instantly interchangeable carriages, one having harder rubber specially for manifolding. You are, for instance, writing a contract in manifold. Letters arrive requiring immediate answer. Simply lift off the carriage and substitute the extra one. Your manifold work remains in the carriage undisturbed. As easy to change as to take a hat off a hook and put another in its place.

This is the fourth point named in which the Densmore excels all other typewriters. The other three are: Lighter Key Touch, Greater Speed, More Convenient Paper-Feed. Will announce Number Five of this series next month. We stand ready to demonstrate and defend each claim.

Adopted by the U. S. War Department in 1893; Government contract renewed in 1894; supplied Densmores to the Government Land Offices throughout the U. S. in 1895. First Densmore purchased by the Carnegie Steel Co. in 1892; they now use over 30.

**DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO., 316 Broadway, N. Y.**



### WOOD or METAL Workers

without steam power can save time and money by using our

Foot and Hand Power Machinery

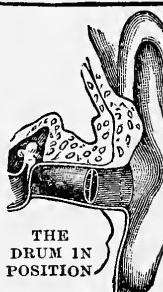
Send for Catalogues—

A—Wood-working Machinery.

B—Lathes, etc.

**SENECA FALLS MFG. COMPANY,**

679 Water St., Seneca Falls, N.Y.



### DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using  
**Wilson Common Sense Ear Drums.**

New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

**WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,**  
Offices { 108 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.  
1122 Broadway, New York.



# Vim Tires Don't Slip



Perfect Confidence on all roads, in all weather and under all conditions can be placed in the bicycle that is encircled with Vim Tires.

Of course they are FAST and that is why the crack riders all have the

**Vim**  
Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co.  
—Enough said  
It's the pebble tread.

## Eclipse Bicycles

are the net result of combining the choicest materials, the most skillful labor, an immense factory just completed and fitted with the latest machinery, almost human, ample capital and many years of experience, with an honest, persistent endeavor to give the public, for their hundred dollars, the very finest bicycle possible to build. We are justly proud of our wheels—they are highest possible grade and

## Stand the Test

Send for Catalogue.

ECLIPSE BICYCLE COMPANY

Elmira, N. Y. Drawer E

## Built for Speed!

Truest Bearings  
Most Rigid Frame  
Easiest Running  
Handsomest Outlines

Our handsome catalogue tells all about these matchless "Gendron" and "Reliance" Bicycles. Sent free to you. Where do you live?

Gendron Wheel Co., Toledo, Ohio

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# The Only Visible Writing Machine

that prints direct from the Ink, after the nature of a press

## THE WILLIAMS

using no Ribbon, produces writing like copperplate at a Minimum of Expense

*Unequalled Speed, Manifolding Power and Durability*

Illustrated Catalogue on application and mention of this magazine

AGENTS WANTED FOR FREE TERRITORY

THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO.

253 Broadway, New York

LONDON, 21 Cheapside

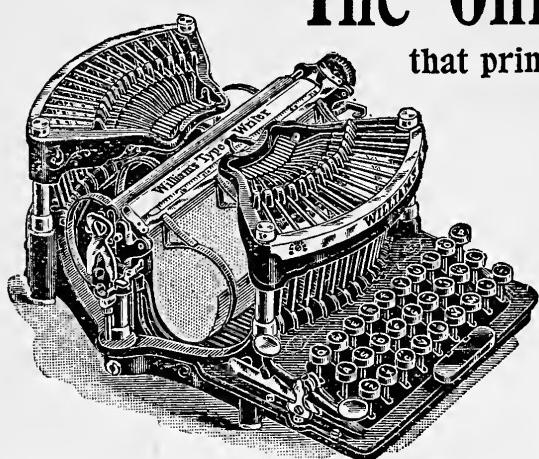
BOSTON, 147 Washington St.

DALLAS, 283 Main St.

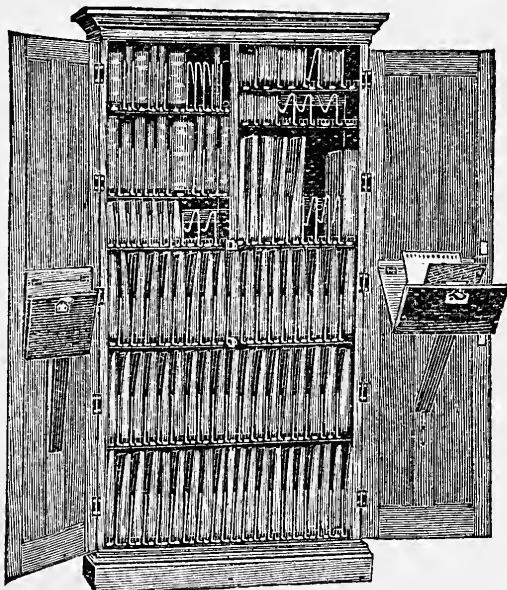
MONTREAL, 200 Mountain St.

ATLANTA, 15 Peachtree St.

SAN FRANCISCO, 409 Washington St.



## Wells Filing Cabinets



For Filing Letters, Invoices, Catalogues, Price Lists, Documents (flat), Documents (folded), Legal Blanks, any kind of sheet, any size of sheet.

**STRONG POINTS.**—Rapid Filing. Quick Reference. Labor Saving. No Waste Room. Adjustability. (Keep the adjustable feature in mind.) Combination. (One cabinet can be arranged to do all work mentioned above.)

Will file anything from a newspaper clipping to a 1000 page catalogue

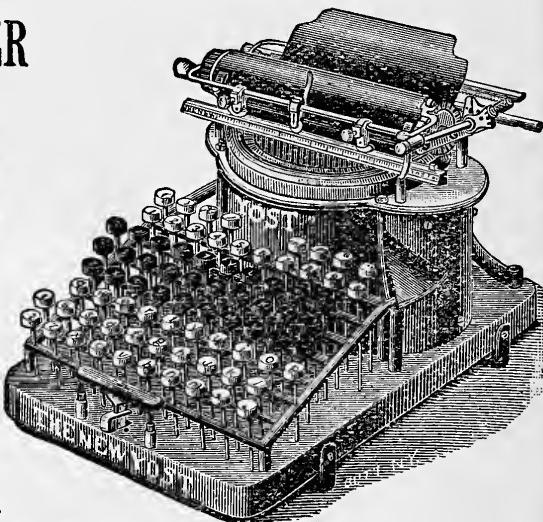
**No Waste Room.** The shelves are adjustable. The partitions are adjustable. The files will expand from one inch to five inches as the case may require.

Send for catalogue showing different styles and sizes.

A. J. WELLS MFG. CO., - Syracuse, N. Y.

## NUMBER

4



## YOST

A perfect typewriter does perfect work.

"The beautiful work of the Yost" is unequalled.

Send for Catalogue.

Yost Writing Machine Co.

61 Chambers St., New York

40 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.

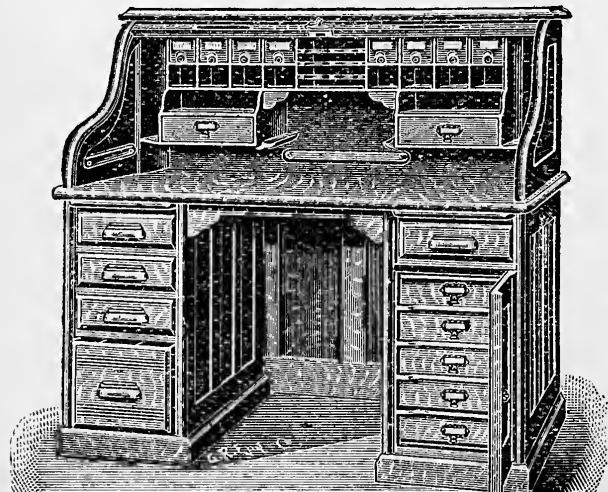
## MACEY'S No. 10



*is the Best high roll top Desk in the World for the Money—none excepted*

**OUR LIBERAL OFFER.**—We will ship you this Desk—you can examine it CAREFULLY—make a note of its many points of merit, go to your furniture dealer, look at the best Desk HE will sell you for the SAME PRICE, and if you are not fully satisfied that "Macey's No. 10" is the best Desk for the price you were ever offered by ANY dealer, at ANY time, for ANY purpose, you may return the Desk, at OUR expense, and we will send your MONEY BACK.

Size, 54 in. long; 33 in. wide; 51 in. high. Quarter-sawed Oak. Antique Finish. Piano Polish. Strictly high grade throughout. Sectional Construction, permitting the Desk to be taken through the narrowest doorways.

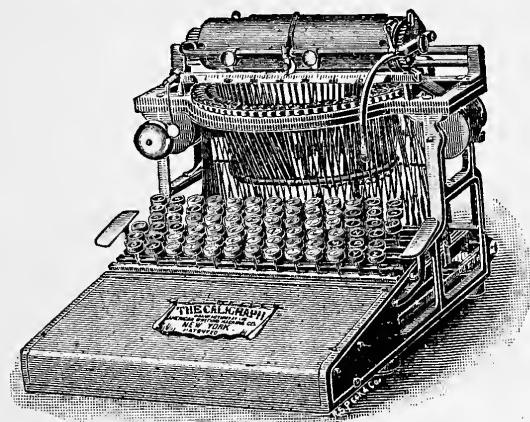


Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## OUR NEW CATALOGUE

*Will give you  
Full Information about the*

# Caligraph Typewriter



When you send for a copy, ask for our new Paper Sample Book and Catalogue of Typewriter Supplies.

American Writing Machine Co.  
237 Broadway, New York

**1**  
**2**

**SAVED**

ON ANY TYPEWRITER

We have machines of every make. Guaranteed in perfect order or money refunded. Sent anywhere with privilege of examination.

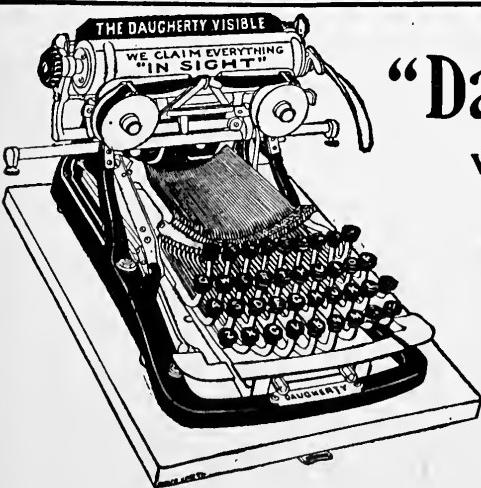
TYPEWRITERS  
SOLD, RENTED, EXCHANGED.

Write us before buying. Send for illustrated catalog of new and old machines.

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 214 La Salle Street, CHICAGO.

**National**

TYPEWRITER.  
IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE,  
THE BEST. Trial proves it.  
Ask for descriptive booklet "P."  
2265 Arch Street,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



## "Daugherty-Visible" Typewriter

Writing more IN SIGHT than on ANY OTHER Machine

*Rapid*

*Durable*

*Simple*

**Price, \$75.00**

Orders for 2000 machines for  
France, Germany, Russia, Australia

Machines Sent on Trial  
Send References

The Daugherty Typewriter Company

22 Sixth Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

140 Dearborn Street, Chicago



## THE BEST TYPEWRITER EVER MADE

*It was*

That is a matter of history. The First, the only one! No other was thought of till the Remington proved successful.

*It is*

That is a matter of experience. The unanimous testimony of thousands of daily users proves it.

*It will be*

That is a matter for us to say. Useful improvements, not catch-penny experiments, mark the history of the

## Remington Standard Typewriter

WITNESS  
THE NUMBER **SIX** NEW MODEL

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict  
327 Broadway, New York

**THE MUNSON**  
TYPE WRITER NO. 1.  
PERFECTION.

Price, - - - \$65.00  
THE Munson is the highest-grade standard machine, and is the result of years of patient experimenting. It has been on the market over three years, is in use in nearly every country of the world, and is backed up by hundreds of testimonials. Absolutely perfect alignment, interchangeable steel type wheel (18 different styles of type) speedy as any, light, durable (rarely ever getting out of order), perfect work, universal satisfaction. Equally adapted to the business man, the stenographer, the lawyer, the minister, or the doctor. Highest medal at the World's Columbian Exposition. An absolutely perfect high-grade machine, guaranteed for one year, at a price within the reach of all. Send postal for catalogue and testimonials.

MUNSON TYPEWRITER CO.,  
171-173 Division St., Chicago, Ill.

.... THE ....

**Price, \$75.00**

Orders for 2000 machines for  
France, Germany, Russia, Australia

Machines Sent on Trial  
Send References



The M. & H. water-mark in a writing paper is a guarantee of excellence.

# HIGH CLASS WRITING PAPERS

Sold only by Dealers.

Samples Free.

**THE LEADING WRITING PAPERS OF AMERICA.**  
The M. & H. papers are unrivaled for purity of stock and beauty of texture and finish.

W. H. HASBROUCK & CO., Manufacturers, 536 & 538 Pearl Street, N. Y. City.



## Revolving Dating Stamp

SAMPLE POST-PAID FOR

50 cents.

THREE FOR A DOLLAR.

HALF ACTUAL SIZE. All the Months and Years from 1895 to 1900, Figures 0 to 99, "Rec'd," "Ans'd," "Paid," "Ac'd," "Ent'd."

**SIZE OF TYPE:**

**DEC 25 1895 D. T. MALLETT,**

*Broadway and Chambers Street, - New York City*

### Improved SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER



Simplex Typewriter Co., 24 & 26 E. 13th St., N.Y.

### TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

45 Liberty st., New York, sells all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

SAMPLE SHEETS MAILED FREE

Showing Watermarks of the

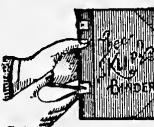
### JAPANESE CRANES

IN OUR

"Gold Medal" Linen Ledger }  
"Japanese Linen" } PAPERS.  
"Warranted All Linen"

CRANE BROS., Paper Makers, Westfield, Mass.

**SORRY  
FOR  
10c.**



For Five Two-cent Stamps we will mail you a **BLACKAMOOR LEAD PENCIL**, with which we guarantee to make you

**FEEL SORRY**

that you never encountered it before.

Back of this cheap "sorrow-cloud" there is a solid silver lining of satisfaction. Total cost of cloud and "lining" is but Ten Cents.

J. C. BLAIR CO., Huntingdon, Pa.

**KLIPS** BIND Papers, Magazines, etc. Contents instantly removable. Adopted by U. S. Govt. and many libraries. At all stationers. **Send 25c. for samples. Covers to order.**

H. H. BALLARD, 143, Pittsfield, Mass.

### BOOK-BINDING

Well done with good material for **60c**  
McClure's, Harper's and Century  
Chas. Macdonald & Co. Periodical Agency,  
55 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**WE  
PAY  
POST-  
AGE**

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**CASH PAID** for your neighbors' addresses (also newspaper clippings all kinds) \$20 per 1000. Particulars for stamp. Advertisers' Clipping Bureau, Mahler Blk, New York

**\$10.** Genuine Confederate Money, 10c.; Trilobite, 10c.; Fossil Shark Tooth, 10c.; Alligator Tooth, 10c.; red or brown Seabeans, 10c.; Spearpoint, 10c.; 2 Pentremites or 2 Lucky Beans, 10c.; all postpaid. List of prices paid for rare coins 6c.  
**R. W. MERCER, 288 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.**

**\$3 A DAY SURE** Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once.  
**ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX M 4, DETROIT, MICH.**



*JUST OUT*  
**UNIVERSAL CRANDALL TYPEWRITER No 3**

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. SEND FOR CATALOG.

**CRANDALL MACHINE COMPANY, GROTON, N.Y.**

353 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

206 LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

VCVCVC Vapo-Cresolene VCVCVC

**Anthony Comstock** says:

"A servant in my household was taken with **Malignant Diphtheria**—My family was ordered away and carbolic acid used to disinfect the room. I discarded the acid and tried **Vapo-Cresolene**, burning constantly. As a result, though the girl's friends came in to take care of her, none were affected. No other disinfectant was used after the first night, and the girl was able to attend to her duties in two weeks. The physician thought so highly of it that he used it for other patients with like result." Valuable booklet free.

*Vapo-Cresolene***CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP.**

Vaporized in a closed room will cure the most severe cases of croup, whooping cough. Sold by druggists. Booklet free.

Vapo-Cresolene Co. 69 Wall St., N. Y.  
Schieffelin & Co. New York, U. S. Agents.

VCVCVC Vapo-Cresolene VCVCVC

**Christmas Dinners**

are enjoyable, but they are liable to leave as souvenirs pimples and various skin eruptions

**Woodbury's Facial Soap**

cures pimples and makes and preserves complexions. Drug-gists sell it and use it. No other is just as good

JOHN H. WOODBURY

DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

127 West 42d Street, New York

BRANCH INSTITUTES FOR  
TREATMENT OF THE SKIN11 Winter St., Boston  
1218 Walnut St., Phila.Champlain Bldg., Chicago  
Union Trust Bldg., St. Louis

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Vapo-Cresolene

Vapo-Cresolene

VCVCVC

**"Dr. Scott's Electric"**

goods are world renowned for the beneficent power of Electro-Magnetism they contain, and popular because this curative agent is combined in articles of every-day use.

**Electric Corsets** Cure Weak Back, Indigestion, Spinal Trouble, Rheumatism. Price, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$3.00.

**Electric Hair Brushes** for Falling Hair, Baldness, Dandruff, and Diseases of the scalp. Price, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00.

**Electric Belts** cure Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Backache, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Price, \$3.00, \$5.00, and \$10.00.

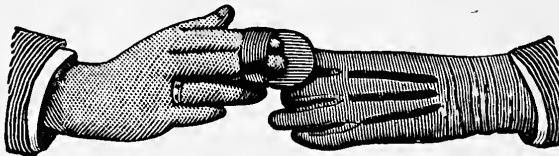
**Electric Safety Razor**, a safeguard against Barber's Itch, Pimples, and Blotches; perfect security from cutting the face when shaving. A novice can use it. Price, \$2.00.

**ELECTRIC PLASTERS, INSOLES, FLESH BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES, CURLERS, AND APPLIANCES.**

If you cannot obtain these goods at the store, we will send them, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Our book, "The Doctor's Story," giving full information concerning all our goods, free on application. Address

**GEO. A. SCOTT,**  
Room 5, 846 Broadway, NEW YORK.  
Agents Wanted.

Mention this Magazine.

**Bailey's Rubber****Glove=Cleaner.**

Unlike all other methods it cleans the finest glove without injury to the kid. Rubs dirt off, not in. Requires no moisture, soap nor preparation. Cleans in two minutes, easily, quickly, and thoroughly; finger tips necessarily become soiled, it removes soil in a minute; keep it on your dresser for use before going out, it saves 50 per cent. of your glove money and keeps you cleanly gloved; try it; all dealers or sent post-paid.

Price 10c.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush,	-	\$1.50
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush,	-	.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large),	-	.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small),	-	.25
Bailey's Rubber Manicure,	-	.25
Bailey's Complexion Soap,	-	.10

Found at Dealers or Sent on Receipt of Price.

Catalogue Free of Everything in Rubber Goods.

**C. J. BAILEY & CO.,**

22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

# NO BUSINESS OFFICE

Is properly equipped unless supplied with modern devices for filing its papers.

## Globe Filing Cabinets,

the "Ideal" for flat and the "Globe Document" for folded papers, in points of convenience, variety of styles and elegance of finish are unequalled by any others in the world.

Ask for 108 page Catalogue--costs you nothing and tells more about Business Furniture than any other catalogue published.

42 Beaver Street,  
NEW YORK.

THE GLOBE CO., Cincinnati.



YOUR NAME

NICELY PRINTED  
on 25 FRIENDSHIP  
CARDS. Lovely For  
get-me-nots beautifully  
embossed around the border of the Cards.



3 Goldine Pens, 1 Corrugated Penholder, 1 Faber's Lead Pencil, 1 Covered Slate Pencil, 1 Rule, and a SPLENDID RING. All the above as Premiums with our 16 page Story Paper 3 months for 10 cts. and 3 cts. postage on the premiums.

WAYSIDE CO., A, CLINTONVILLE, CONN.

## NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

**BRUCELINE**, the only genuine remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color; no dye and harmless. Thousands of testimonials, \$1.00 per bottle. Druggists or BRUCELINE Co., 377 Sixth Ave., N. Y. Treatise on the hair sent on application **FREE**.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED** by my Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Warranted to help more cases than all similar devices combined. Help ears as glasses do eyes. Sold by F. HISCOX only, 858 Broadway, New York. Send for book of proofs **FREE**

**NAME** on 125 SILK FRINGED CARDS for 1896  
Pen and Pencil Holder, Ring, Album, Motto Verses, &c.  
Japanese Handkerchief, ALBUM, 320 Sample Cards, &c.  
ALL for 10 CENTS. IVY CARD CO., HAMDEN, CONN.



**692** New Sample styles of Envelope, Silk Fringe CARDS &c., 20 New Songs, 100 Rich and Racy Jokes, 1 pack Escort Cards, 1 pack Fun Cards, 1 pack Acquaintance Cards and Standard Bean Catcher. ALL for 2 cts. CROWN CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

**INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION TRAYS**  
Samples sent free for Examination. **OUTFITS.**  
**CLEANLINESS.** S CONVENIENCE Sanitary Com. Outfit Co. Box 8, Rochester, N.Y. **S**

## BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS

Send 2 cent stamp for 80 page Illustrated Catalogue of Custom Hand-made Oak Leather Harness, sold direct to consumers at wholesale prices. Why not buy from first hands and save the middleman's profit. You can buy by mail as well as though here in person. Making to order a specialty. KING & CO., No 18 Church St., Owego, N.Y.

**\$55 SALARY** at home or traveling, to advertise Diamond Drip Syrup; city or country; advertising matter supplied. Double pay for overtime. Steady work. D. D. SYRUP CO., Camden, N. J.

## FREE CRAYON PORTRAIT

of William Shakespeare (21 x 25 in.) by Fleming, no advertisement on it, given with every pound box of

## Shakespeare Plug Tobacco

Made of finest selected Kentucky Burley Leaf, "Pommery Sec" Champagne Flavor. Sent to any address, postage prepaid: One Pound, \$1.00; Half Pound, 50c; Quarter Pound, 25c. FALLS CITY TOBACCO WORKS, 122 Bullitt Street, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD says that "LA DELICATESSE," the new "Confection in Cheese," is the "most delicious cheese" she has ever eaten. Fancy Grocers or "LA DELICATESSE" COMPANY, Herkimer, N.Y.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## THERE'S NO EXCUSE



For having freckles, blackheads, tanned, red, spotted, mothy, ugly or muddy skin, pimples, tetter, eczema, rashes, etc., when

**Derma-Royale**  
—harmless as dew—



easily, quickly and forever removes and cures every blemish and makes the skin clear, soft and beautiful. There is nothing like it. Leading actresses, professional beauties, society ladies and people of refinement everywhere eagerly unite in its praise. Hundreds of testimonials with portraits will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. Derma-Royale is the best skin preparation in the world. We will give \$500 cash for any case it fails to cure. Wherever it is once tried everybody wants it, so we are determined to introduce it everywhere, and will send you a full-sized

## \$1 BOTTLE FREE

if you will talk it up among your acquaintances. Send us your full post-office address today.

The DERMA-ROYALE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**STUTTERING AND STAMMERING NO CURE** Absolutely cured in from Five to Twenty minutes. Full information on request. **NO PAY** Address, THEODORE BROWN, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.



## \$50 A WEEK AGENTS

Local or traveling, ladies or gents, selling

**National Patent DishWasher**, best made, simple, durable, low price, well and honestly made, washes and dries dishes in two minutes, no muss, slop, scalded fingers or broken dishes,

a child can operate, every one warranted, one in a locality means a sale to all the neighbors, sells on merit, every family buys, permanent situation, write for agency. World Mfg. Co., (D 23) Columbus, Ohio.



## MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF

has never been equaled for the instant relief of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, and Headache. Cures Deafness, restores lost sense of smell. Sixty years on the market. All Druggists sell it. 25 cents per bottle.

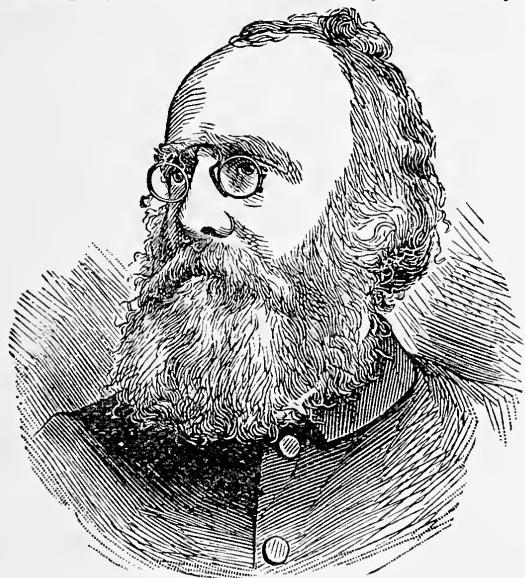
F. C. KEITH, Mfr., Cleveland, O.

## *A BROAD-MINDED DIVINE*

*A Scholarly, Christian Man and a Beloved Pastor, Who Believes in Training the Body as Well as the Mind*

The 29th day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial Church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D.D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the church.

Dr. Calthrop was born in England, and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School, London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wits that followed in the traditions of Macaulay and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home, and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Calthrop have had their fundamentals drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broadest culture, in literature, in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeared himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.



REV. DR. CALTHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snow white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old, his rather spare figure is firm and erect, and every movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent admirer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracusans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curving around the hill leads to Calthrop Lodge, an old-fashioned, red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull-cap and a black coat of semi-clerical cut, the master of Calthrop Lodge graciously received the reporter, who called to inquire about his health; for, though manfully repressing all possible evidences of his suffering, Dr. Calthrop for many years has been the victim of a distressing affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success, and he and his friends had given up hope of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of *The Evening News*, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Calthrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Calthrop's letter:

*To the Editor of The Evening News.*—DEAR SIR: More than thirty-five years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out entirely, and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About fifteen years ago the swelling re-commenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for thirty-five years. I took one pill at my meals three times a day. I gladly give you this statement.

I gladly give you this statement.  
Yours,

S. R. CALTHROP.

Since writing this letter Dr. Calthrop has not had any visits from his old enemy, and is even more cordial now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said:

"I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to acquaintances and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia.

"Pink Pills," continued Dr. Calthrop, "are the best thing of the kind I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain, and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor, but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take.

"I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, or any impoverishment of the blood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.—From *The Evening News*, Syracuse, N. Y.



CATALOGUE  
**FREE**

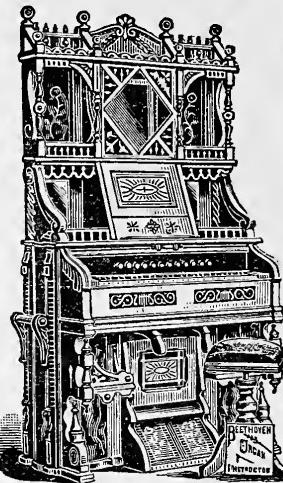
Now is the time to buy a **PIANO** or **ORGAN** from the largest manufacturers in the world, who sell their instruments direct to the public at wholesale factory prices. Don't pay a profit to agents and middlemen.

**TERMS** to suit all. No money asked in advance. Privilege of testing organ or piano in your own home 30 days. No expense to you if not satisfactory. Warranted 25 years.

**REFERENCE** Bank references furnished on application; the editor of this paper, any business man of this town, and to the thousands using our instruments in their homes. A book of testimonials sent with every catalogue. As an advertisement we will sell the first Piano in a place for only **\$159.** The first Organ only **\$25.** Stool, Book, &c., **FREE.** If you want to buy for cash, if you want to buy on instalments, **BUT DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU** **Write Us.**

BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO.,

P. O. Box 862 WASHINGTON, N. J.



## Old Violins

Several hundred fine examples of all the classic makes, for example: Stradivarius, Amati, Carlo Bergonzi, etc. We guarantee their genuineness. Prices are reasonable, and time payments possible. Send for free brochure "Rare Old Violins".

LYON & HEALY,

20 and 40 Adams St.,  
CHICAGO.



100, all dif., Venezuela, Bolivia, etc., only 10c.; 200, all dif., Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! C. A. Stegmann, 5941 Cote Brilliant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



**\$3.75 buys a complete Baby Carriage;** has parasol top. Better ones up to \$30.00. Every carriage guaranteed as represented, or money refunded. Special freight allowance. Send for large illustrated catalogue. CHAS. RAISER MFG. CO., 62 and 64 Clybourn Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

## D. R. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
Beautifies the Skin.  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 46 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton a patient: "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,  
37 Great Jones St., New York.

## PATENTS BOOKS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington,  
D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is obtained. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.  
Standard Authors reduced to **10C.** New General Catalog Free!  
Popular Book Co., Chicago.

## "SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "Chautauqua" DESK  
OR A "CHAUTAUQUA"  
ROCKER AND RECLINING CHAIR

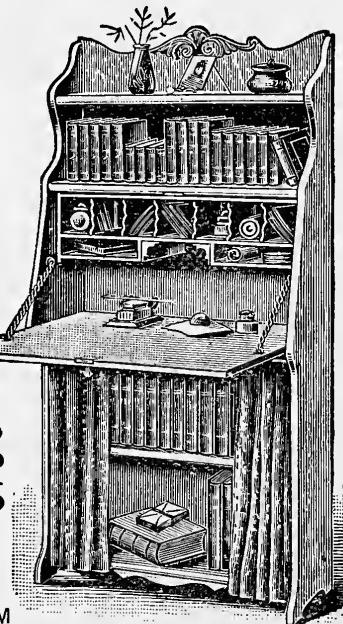
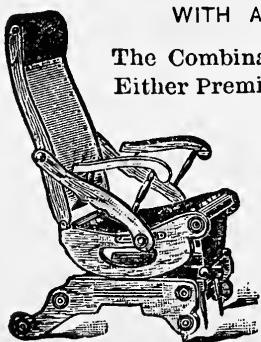
WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR \$10.00.

The Combination Box at retail would cost, .	<b>\$10.00</b>
Either Premium	<b>Ditto, . . . . .</b>

Total, . . . . . **\$20.00**

YOU GET BOTH **FOR \$10.00**

WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM  
ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT \$10.00 IF  
NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

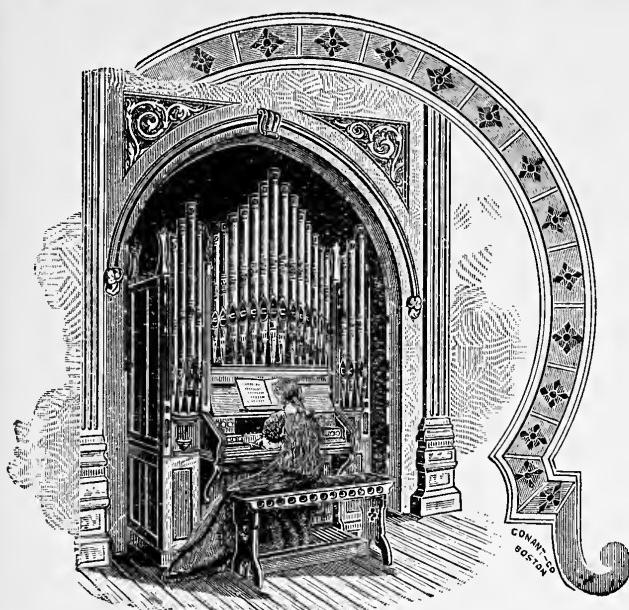


THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in McClure's—October, November, December.

NOTE.—The Larkin Co. never disappoint. They create wonder with the great value they give for so little money. A customer once is a customer always with them.—Christian Work.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



"Has a magnificent future."—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.  
"Rare combination of power and sweetness."—PATTI.  
"Remarkable instrument."—DAMROSCH,

## The Mason & Risch Church, Chapel ... AND ... Concert Organ

IS NOT A MERE PIPE ORGAN;  
IS NOT A MERE REED ORGAN;  
BUT IS A VOCAL ORGAN—

Vocalion; every note is a Throat. Played like any other organ. Great saving in expense of construction. Perfect organ tone—grand, buoyant, pervading. Investigate the marvelous development of our LARGE as well as our small organs. Catalogues furnished; correspondence solicited.

## The Mason & Risch Vocalion Co., Ltd.,

WAREROOMS:

10 E. 16th St., New York.

FACTORY:

Worcester, Mass.

### The Kitchen Savings Bank

saves time in preparing dainty dishes, and money in working up "left-overs" into palatable food.

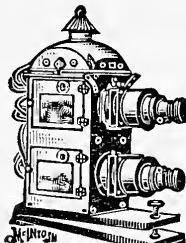
### New Perfection Chopper.

Send for "Kitchen Knacks," with recipes by Mrs. Rorer, Principal, Philada. Cooking School—free.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia.



### Amusement Entertainment Instruction



MONEY MADE EASILY.  
REQUIRES BUT SMALL INVESTMENT.

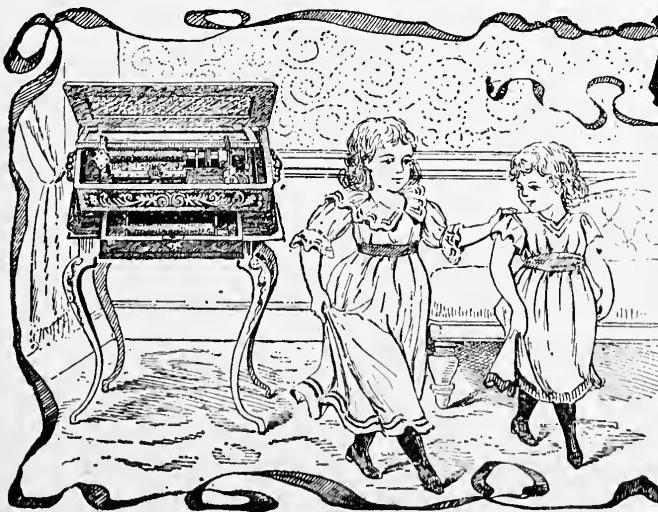
### STEREOPTICONS

Accessory Apparatus, Lantern Slides.

Write for Catalogue.

Mention McClure's.

McINTOSH BATTERY & OPTICAL CO., Chicago.



### IDEAL MUSIC BOXES

#### HIGHEST AWARD.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA AT THE  
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

IDEAL MUSICAL BOXES are the most complete, durable and perfect boxes made, produce the most exquisite music and will play **any number of tunes**.

We have in stock 21 different styles from \$70.00 up. These instruments are all guaranteed. Also a complete line of musical boxes of all styles and sizes, from 40 cts. to \$1,500, and a line of musical novelties.

Send 4-cent stamp for 65-page illustrated catalogue with list of tunes.

JACOT & SON, 39 Union Sq. West, New York City.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

# A. Slocum Company,

Manufacturing Chemists,

181-183 PEARL STREET,

New York, Nov. 15, '95.

To the Editor:--I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured.

So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption or any Lung Trouble, if they will write me their Express and Post Office address. Sincerely,

A. Slocum, M.C.

## Billiard AND Pool Tables

Balls, Cues, Bowling Alleys and everything needed for Club or Residence Direct from the Factory at prices to suit all purses. Handsome illustrated catalogue Free from the manufacturer

B. A. STEVENS, LUCAS AND F STS., TOLEDO, O.

### Good Every Day in the Year.

Whenever you are interested in a Wedding, a Birthday, an Anniversary or Celebration of any kind, requiring the purchase of a gift, you will need for reference a copy of the largest and

### Hansomest "Blue Book" Published.

Profusely illustrated, contains 600 pages, gives history and meaning of Precious Stones, and recipes for cleaning and caring for all kinds of Jewelry. Sent to any address **Free**.

Oskamp, Nolting &amp; Co., 5 &amp; 7 Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

**WILD FOWL SHOOTING** The finest wild fowl shooting on the Atlantic coast is to be had in Eastern North Carolina; also plenty of deer, quail, and other game. In the center of this territory, on Pamlico River, is the HOTEL NICHOLSON, Washington, N. C., where can be furnished all the comforts and facilities a sportsman wants. Guides, dogs, boats, etc. Write for information and rates to J. A. BURGESS, Washington, N. C.



### AT LAST WE'VE GOT 'EM! SHARPENERS THAT SHARPEN.

No more dull Knives, Skates, or Shears! You can make the worst old ones you have, good as new in 10 seconds, with the Diamond Sharpener. **OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS, FREE!**

The Diamond Skate Sharpener fits the curve of any skate. Beautifully nickelated. An excellent Christmas gift for the boys. Does the work in a minute. **They Sell to Everybody!** Agents simply hand them out and pull in the quarters. Sample by mail, 25c.

Diamond Cutlery Co., 60 Broadway, New York, and 1467 State Street, Chicago.



BURPEE'S

FARM ANNUAL for '96

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

A BOOK of 184 pages, more complete than ever before;—hundreds of illustrations, pictures painted from nature.

It tells all about the **BEST SEEDS** that Grow, including rare novelties that cannot be had elsewhere. Price 10 cents (less than cost), but mailed **FREE** to all who intend to purchase SEEDS.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# The Imperial Hair Regenerator

No matter how Gray your Hair is—or Bleached—or Faded—Makes it Beautiful, Natural, Glossy



## RESTORES Gray Hair to its Original Color REGENERATES Bleached Hair

Gives it new life and vigor, and makes it any color desired. By using the REGENERATOR once every few months, the hair is always glossy, beautiful, and natural.

It is guaranteed by court tests absolutely harmless. There are many imitations. Refuse to take them.

Every druggist and hair-dresser sells it. Write for catalogue.

These are the colors. Baths do not affect them, neither does curling or crimping:

No. 1—Black	No. 4—Chestnut
No. 2—Dark Brown	No. 5—Light Chestnut
No. 3—Medium Brown	No. 6—Gold Blonde
No. 7—Drab or Blonde Cendree	

Price \$1.50 and \$3.00

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES

**Imperial Chemical Mfg. Co., 292 Fifth Ave., N.Y.**

"Cornease for Foot Ease."

## "CORNEASE" Cures Corns

It isn't cheap, but it cures. It doesn't cure in an hour, but it cures. Cures any corn. It doesn't hurt, but the corn goes. An even, unmarred surface of skin is left in its place. Cornease is 25 cents a box, and a box is not very big—but it holds the salve that cures. It removes any calloused spots, corns, hard or soft, moles, warts.

Sold everywhere, or by mail, post-paid.  
Your money back if it fails to satisfy you.

**CLARK JOHNSON MEDICINE CO.**  
17 Lispenard Street, New York

THE ALMA  
ALMA, MICHIGAN.

ALMA are embodied and set forth in a handsomely illustrated book which is sent free to any address upon application.

**THE ALMA SANITARIUM CO., - ALMA, MICH.**  
Special discount to clergymen, teachers, and their families.

# GOUT AND RHEUMATISM. TARTARLITHINE

Acts chemically by eliminating uric acid from the blood. Does not interfere with digestion nor affect heart action.

**TARTARLITHINE**, although effervescent, contains none of the additional alkaline salts common to the granular preparations. It is recommended as a uric acid solvent, in place of alkaline lithium salts or lithia waters, for gout, rheumatism and all similar affections.

SEE THAT THE LABEL ON THE BOTTLE  
READS "TARTARLITHINE."

Supplied by all reputable druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, or mailed direct, on receipt of price, by

**MCKESSON & ROBBINS, 91 Fulton Street, New York**

## FREE! A Deaf Man's Slate



25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate. I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly.

EDWARD E. WILLIAMS, Lead, S. Dak.  
**Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.**

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address

J. H. MOORE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.

"Run-down" people find here the panacea for mental or physical ailment. The wonderful waters, pure air, and above all, the restful quiet of this charmed spot quicken into new life the tired senses. All the facts about THE



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Cuticura

Instantly Relieves  
SKIN  
TORTURES



A warm bath with **Cuticura Soap**, and a single application of **Cuticura**, the great skin cure, afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure in every form of torturing, disfiguring skin humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Send for our free booklet entitled

# SENSE

it's of interest to woman-kind everywhere

Tells all about the wonderful

## "PRI-MO"

a new and scientific attachment for Syringes. Endorsed by all Physicians

E. J. HUSSEY & CO.

80 A John St., New York

## Dandruff

or scurfiness with general thinning of the hair is a common condition of the neglected scalp. Aside from the annoyance by covering the shoulders with the bran-

### CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP

(Persian Healing.)

bald-  
ness  
may soon result. This soap brings the oil glands back to a properly healthy state, prevents the loss of hair, sweetens and refreshes. The best soap for the toilet and bath. Sold by druggists.

You need it!

## Quina Laroche

is of all Tonics the only one that has received the French National Prize of

16,600 Francs.

Good in every climate and in all seasons.

No physician will deny it.

Every Druggist keeps it, but in case yours does not, then send name and address to

E. FOUGERA & CO.,  
26-28 North William Street, New York.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

COPCO SOAP



**A**HERE is no soap too good for the baby, and the baby is at the same time the best test for a good soap.

"COPCO" BATHSOAP will not smart a baby's skin. It is most charming for nursery use and for all bathing. Being perfect soap it is as good for the baby's clothes as for its skin.

Ask to see "COPCO" at your dealers.  
Once tried, always wanted. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,  
Chicago,      New York,      St. Louis.

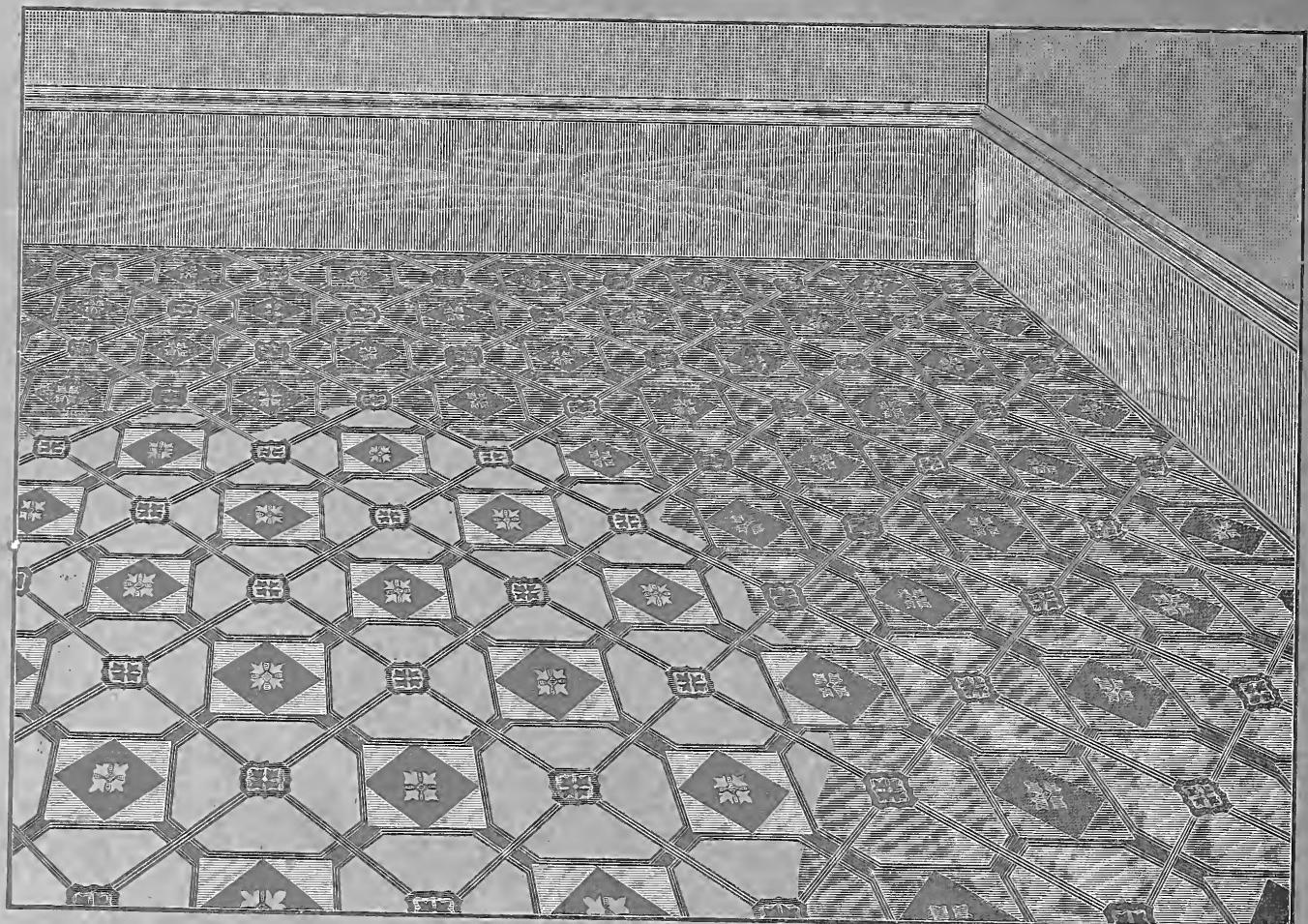
**COPCO**  
TRADE MARK

**COPCO**  
TRADE MARK

**COPCO**  
TRADE MARK

**COPCO**  
TRADE MARK

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER



When you clean with  
**Gold Dust Washing Powder**

your work tells. It will make a dingy oil cloth as bright as new—make the color fresh—the design clear. Try Gold Dust, and note the result. It makes things clean at a touch. For all kinds of household cleaning, Gold Dust saves time, money, labor and annoyance.

Sold everywhere.

**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,**

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

While we have for years been doing the largest Newspaper Advertising business in the world, January, 1896, finds us doing more than ever before, and we believe doing it better than ever.

Newspaper Advertising is an out-of-the ordinary business. It would have been worth a vast deal to us, when starting twenty-six years ago, to have had the facilities and experience which we now possess.

Impossible, we know, impossible for us, but not for our clients of to-day, each of whom shares in the advantages of the facilities, organization, capital and experience which are the accumulation of all these busy years.

We lack the facilities for the public discussion of our business, and others' business, which most of our competitors enjoy---and we are thankful that we do---but for a personal consideration of the best plans, places, papers, prices and copy, we are always ready, and we believe we can in this way contribute something of interest to any one who has a dollar to spend in Newspaper Advertising.

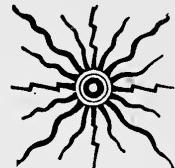
We will be glad to hear from you.

N. W. AYER & SON  
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING  
AGENTS, PHILADELPHIA



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# PILLS NEVER HAVE NEVER CAN *Dissolve Uric Acid Or Oxalate of Lime*



Which are Solids and cause Kidney Disease, Bright's Disease, Gravel, Rheumatism, etc.

A LIQUID MEDICINE must be used as a Solvent.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE, a scientific and time tried remedy for all Kidney and Urinary Diseases, dissolves Uric Acid, Oxalate of Lime, etc., and Expels these Poisons from the System.

"A Single Fact Outweighs a Thousand Claims."



**Leave Heathenish Habits to heathens and DON'T TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.** If you are a tobacco user and want to break away from this brain-weakening, nerve-ruining, blood-poisoning, and nerve-destroying habit, here's hope of help under a guarantee to cure.

## NO-TO-BAC KILLS TOBACCO

You ask for proof? Test No-To-Bac under our absolute guarantee. Feel how quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates

the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. The old man in feeling is made young again and—happy.

**OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT.** One box, \$1; three boxes, thirty days' treatment, \$2.50. Sold by druggists everywhere under a GUARANTEE TO CURE THE TOBACCO HABIT in any form, or money refunded. We don't claim to cure everyone, but the percentage is so large, we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure, than his money. **WE HAVE FAITH IN NO-TO-BAC.**

Book called "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the asking. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St.; New York office, 10 Spruce St.; Laboratory Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.





## LADIES

If you desire a transparent, CLEAR, FRESH complexion, free from blotch, blemish, roughness, coarseness, redness, freckles, or pimples, use

**DR. CAMPBELL'S**

**SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS**

—AND—

**Fould's Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap.**

The only real true beautifiers in the world. *Warranted to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.* Wafers by mail, \$1; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, per cake, 50 cents.

Address, H. B. FOULD, 214 Sixth Avenue, New York.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults.

Delightful after shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches,

Pimples, makes the skin smooth and healthy. **Take no substitutes.**  
**FREE**

**Sample Mailed.** (Name this magazine.)  
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

**Parker Pays the Postage** on his Arctic Sock for men women, and children. Recommended by physicians and nurses for house, chamber, and sick-room. Only sock for rubber boots; it absorbs perspiration. Ask shoe dealer, or send 25c. with size. **J. H. Parker, 103 Bedford St., Boston. 60**



## EXCLUSIVE PANT TAILORS PANTS to \$4 per pair

None Higher, None Lower,  
Fit and Quality Guaranteed.  
Samples and all directions for measurement sent free on application.

**FAULTLESS CUSTOM PANTS CO.,**  
266-268 Wabash Av., Chicago. Dept. C.



ALL KINDS OF

## Stringed Instruments, Parts thereof.

**FINE STRINGS**, High-Grade Repairing.  
**BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL, I.**

39 E. 19th St., New York.

Write for Catalogue.



## ALOGUE FREE!



We give the following premiums with **TEA.**

Watches, Solid Gold Rings  
Banquet Lamps, Banjos,  
Autoharps, Air Guns, Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets.

**Liberal Tea Co.,** 103 Cross St., Boston, Mass.

7 CENTS  
PER  
COPY.

## SHEET MUSIC!

7c. per copy.  
15 copies for \$1.  
Sold everywhere at 30c. to \$1.00 per copy. Catalogue of 12,000 pieces FREE to any address.

**F. BREHM, Erie, Pa.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## LADIES

Why not Write To-day for

## BEAUTY SECRETS?

A handsome new illustrated Book, just out, containing numerous valuable receipts of everything pertaining to the care of COMPLEXION, HAIR and HEALTH. How to REDUCE and INCREASE FLESH, Remove FRECKLES, WRINKLES and all Blemishes of the Skin. "BEAUTY SECRETS" with a Sample Cake of my ROYALE SKIN SOAP should be in possession of every woman, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. postage. Address

**MME. JOSEPHINE LE FEVRE, Dermatologist,  
No. 1208 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

## OUR IMPROVED BREATHING TUBE.



(FOR USE OF COMMON AIR)

Is the best and cheapest device ever offered for Developing Throat and Lungs. Unequalled for preventing and curing Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Also for prevention of Colds. Invaluable for public speakers and singers for improving and strengthening voice. Send stamp for circulars to G, Hygienic Supply Co., Boston.

## ARE YOU DEAF?

Don't YOU Want to HEAR?

**THE AURAPHONE** will help you if you do. It is a recent scientific invention which will assist the hearing of anyone not born deaf. When in the ear it is invisible and does not cause the slightest discomfort. It is to the ear what glasses are to the eye—an ear spectacle. Enclose stamp for particulars. Can be tested **FREE OF CHARGE** at any of the

New York Auraphone Co.'s Offices:  
716 Metropolitan Bdg., Madison Square, N.Y.; 433 Phillips Bdg., 120 Tremont St., Boston, or 843 Equitable Bdg., Atlanta, Ga.

AT LAST—ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR NECKTIE, \$1.50;  
sample \$1; elegant, brilliant, scientific; catalog agents' goods 2c.  
**Ohio Electric Co., Cleveland.**

## YOU

You can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write at once.  
**Lynn & Co. 48 Bond St. New York**

**SELF THREADING SEWING NEEDLES.**  
Weak sighted or blind can thread them.  
Finest silver spring steel. One style thread springs in

on the end, other on the side.  
**SPRING STEEL PINS**, sharp points, black or white. Can't break or bend them. Worth a dozen pairs of common pins. Sample paper by mail of either kind. Pins or Needles, 10 c., 2 for 15c., 4 for 25c., 12 for 70c. Money easily made selling these goods. Address, CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N.Y.



## MONITOR INCUBATOR

Illustrated Catalogue for stamp.  
Medal and Diploma Awarded at the World's Fair.  
**A. F. WILLIAMS, 11 Race St. Bristol, Ct.**

**MORPHINE.** OPIUM HABIT CURED.  
NEVER FAIL. Write for particulars and testimonials.  
**THE OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS, LIMA, Ohio**

100

FOR

\$2.00

20th Century Smoke "DOMINOES"

The Finest Hand-Made, Long Filler  
... STOGIE CIGARS ...

Sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Absolutely Pure Tobacco. As good smoke as any cigar. Sample box (12) by mail, post-paid, 30 cts. Your money back if they are not satisfactory.  
**EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., Wheeling, W. Va.**

# Can ASTHMA Be Cured?

IS A QUESTION  
AFFECTING  
THOUSANDS

"It gives me pleasure to say that you have cured me of Asthma. I suffered several days at a time every year for over ten years, before I commenced Dr. Hayes' treatment. After a thorough trial I was cured, and haven't suffered a minute since. This was over five years ago. If you wish, you may publish this."

**G. L. CONNOR, M.D., Cokesbury, S. C.**

"Schuyler is very well, and entirely free from Asthma and the other complaints that formerly troubled him so much. For the past two years he has had no return of his Asthma, and is strong and well, and can do his ten or twenty miles on his bicycle. As for myself I have had no return of Asthma for several years, and in fact have never had since the first year of using your medicine (1888)."

**W. C. PATE, 46 Cedar St., New York, N. Y.**



**2000**

other references, with full information, free on application to

**Dr. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.**

## HEADACHE



## NERVEASE

**REMOTES THE CAUSE  
AND CURES ANY HEAD-  
ACHE IN FIVE MINUTES**

**25 CENTS**

ALL DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL

**NERVEASE CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

## WE BEGIN TO DIE



THE MOMENT we are born. It may not seem so but it is so.

To be successful in the fight against death who pounces upon us at every turn we should keep every organ in the most perfect working order.

This is practically true of the Kidneys upon whose health and activity the purity of our blood and our freedom from disease germs depends.

**DR Hobb's  
Sparagus  
Kidney Pills**

Prevent Brights Disease, Prostatic and Bladder trouble and filter out of the blood every poison and impurity, whether from imperfectly digested food, Malaria, Rheumatism or other causes. The Kidneys are the Standard Bearers in this Great Struggle Against Death, and Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills their ablest ally.

All Druggists 50 cents, or send price in stamps or silver direct to the

HOBB'S MEDICINE CO., Chicago and San Francisco. Book on Kidney Health and Blood Filtering Free.

# SALVATION OIL

The modern Pain Annihilator, will positively cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, Earache, Backache and all other aches. **SALVATION OIL** is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Only the genuine will do the work.

**CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote, 10c. Dealers or mail, A.C. Meyer & Co., Balt., Md.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**TRIX** Perfume the Breath

WILL EASE THE THROAT FROM  
SLIGHT COUGH and HOARSENESS,  
CLEAR and STRENGTHEN THE VOICE  
Used by people of refinement for over 25 years.

5 & 10cts. TRIX Mfg Co., ROCHESTER, N.Y. Fragrant & Healthfull

**COINS**

If you have any rare American or foreign coins or paper money issued before 1878, keep them and send two stamps to *Numismatic Bank*, Boston, Mass., for Circular No. 20. Fortune for somebody. Add's Coin Dept. 5.

**DR. MEEKER'S** Positively **OPIUM**  
**ANTIDOTE** **CURES HABIT.**  
DR. MEEKER CO., 21 Quincy St., Chicago.

**Cure ASTHMA**

Senier's Asthma Remedy acts like magic, overcomes the paroxysm at once, all wheezing and struggling for breath ceases, refreshing sleep follows. Price 50c. of druggists or by mail. Sample free. Sole American Agent, FRANK W. GOODWIN, Saxonville, Mass., U. S. A.

**BRAZILIAN METEORIC DIAMONDS**

Not imitations but genuine Meteoric Diamonds. A new discovery. They defy experts and severest tests. Beautiful—Brilliant. The price puts them within the reach of everybody. Unmounted Gems our specialty. Descriptive booklet free. THE WOOD-HILL CO., P. O. Box 144, COLUMBUS, OHIO. Am. Agts. Brazilian Mining Co.

**FAT**

**CORPUS LEAN**  
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co. 2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

**MADE**

**ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.**  
Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.

**LEAN****CLEAN HANDS.**

Every lady buys a **STOVE POLISHING MITTEN** at sight. Polishes the stove better and quicker than a brush. Sample by mail. 35 cents a set; 4 sets, \$1.00. **New England Novelty Manufacturing Co.**, 24 Portland St. (Dept. 39), Boston, Mass. Agents can make \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day. Circulars free.

**EVERYBODY WRITES,**

a minute. Hundredth copy equal to first done with pen, pencil or typewriter. Free information of **EXPRESS DUPLICATOR CO., Room 142, 53 Nassau St., New York.**

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE**

Rentals \$3.50 to \$5.00 per month.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
GEORGE A. HILL, Manager,  
1½ BARCLAY ST. NEW YORK. 156 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO. 38 COURT SQR. BOSTON.

Remington, \$25.00 Smith Premier,  
Caligraph, to Densmore,  
Hammond, \$65.00 Yost, Etc.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS,**  
**THE STANDARD PENS OF THE WORLD.**

Numbers 303, 404, 604 E. F., 332, 601 E. F., 1044, and stubs 1008, 1043, and others. Highest Awards, Paris Exposition, 1878 and 1889, and Chicago, 1893.

The Gill Engraving Co. Makes Half Tones  
For all the LEADING MAGAZINES.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**Baby's Health Demands the Use of "THE BEST" NURSER**

Prevents Wind-Colic and Bowel Trouble.  
**AIRINLET.** See how easily cleansed!  
Nipple Cannot Collapse. At druggists, 25c., complete; or by mail 35c., post-paid. Safe delivery. "Clingfast" Nipple warranted pure gum, 50c. doz., post-paid. The Gotham Co., 82 Warren St., N.Y.

**HOW TO MAKE**

Many women with fair faces are otherwise deficient in beauty. These deficiencies are easily and quickly remedied by the use of

**ADIP-O-MALENE.**  
L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

# GET ALL YOU CAN

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good; why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on SCOTT'S EMULSION with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



### **THE DEL SUR RANCH CO.**

(Incorporated) Owners of 1440 acres of the best foot-hill **ALMOND** and **OLIVE LAND** in Southern California, will plant for themselves, this winter, from three to four hundred acres to Almonds and Olives. They **will sell some of their land**, plant and care for it until in bearing, on very liberal co-operative terms. **Almond eight and Olive ten semi-annual payments.** This makes it easy to acquire a valuable income-producing property. *An income sure to increase with age.* The whole plan is fully explained in a circular to be had free on application to the office of the

**DEL SUR RANCH CO., 1227 Trenton St., LOS ANGELES, CAL., or**

**GEO. EAKINS** (one of the owners), **930 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Los Angeles References



## The Heart of California

The magnificent estate of Señor San Juan, held by Senator Cox for forty years, is now offered for settlement under title of

### **FAIR OAKS**

A Beautiful Natural Park with genial climate, electric railway, sanatorium, abundant mountain water for irrigation through steel pipes. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to secure an ideal home or fruit farm. Oranges, olives, figs, almonds, prunes, etc., yield sure crops and great profits. Persons in failing health, young men starting in life, men weary with the worry of business can find no more agreeable or lucrative pursuit than managing an ORANGE, OLIVE or ALMOND ORCHARD. We plant and care for orchards of non-residents. We court investigation. Titles perfect. Send for literature. Enclose 10 cents for postage on beautiful illustrated pamphlet.

In FLORIDA, at Green Cove Springs, under our colony plan we offer choice farm land at very low rates.

**SAMUEL WILSON & SON**

379 Broadway, New York



**Ladies** Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so, send this advertisement and 15 cents in stamps, and we will mail you a  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sample of Best Tea Imported,—any kind you may select. Good Incomes, Big Premiums. Fine Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder. For terms, etc., address  
*The Great American Tea Co., P. O. Box 289.*  
No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.  
**DIABETES** FLOUR  
Also Gluten Dyspepsia Flour, Barley Crystals, and Patent Biscuit Cake and Pastry Flour.  
Unrivaled in America or Europe.  
Pamphlets and Baking Samples Free.  
Write Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

**BAKER** Sells Recitations and **PLAYS**  
23 Winter Street, Boston.  
CATALOGUES FREE.

**Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum**



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

**The Perfection of Chewing Gum**

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. Beeman Chemical Co. 106 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

*The Bay State*  
SOLID AS PLYMOUTH ROCK  
1620.

Beneficiary Association  
INCORPORATED 1881  
BOSTON, MASS.

F. E. LITCHFIELD, Secretary.

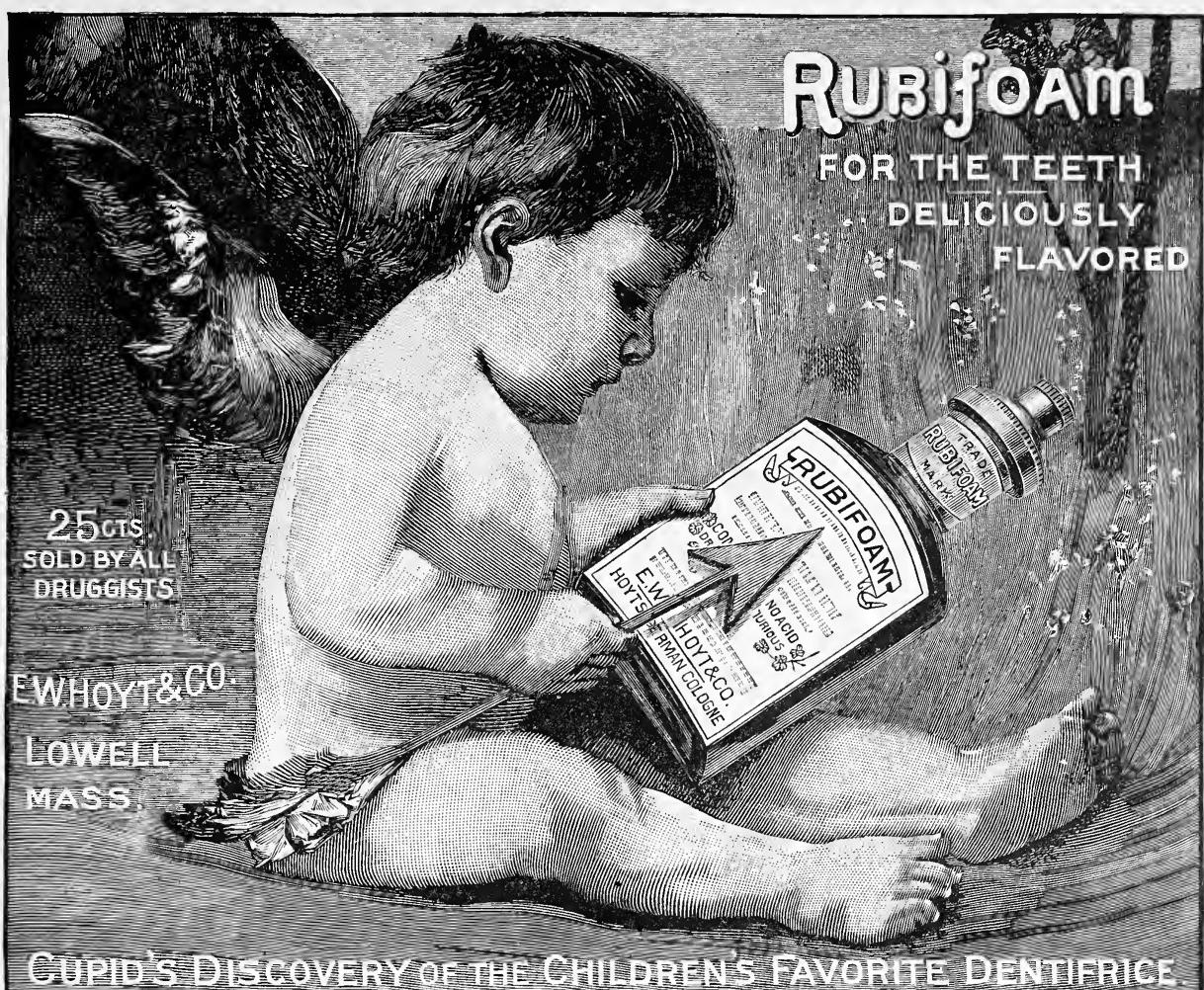
Good territory and liberal contracts for general agents.

**"Solid as Plymouth Rock"**

Over 17,000 Policy Holders.

Nearly \$50,000,000 Insurance in Force.

Home Office { Worthington Building,  
31 State Street, Boston, Mass.



## Beautiful Teeth Make a... Charming Face



Suppose Eve had had Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh Tooth Soap—think the serpent would have had any chance then? One bewitching smile from her, and the positions of tempter and tempted would have been reversed.

It is easy for any of Eve's daughters to get this charm-enhancer. Send us 25 cents in stamps for a full-sized china box, by mail—then you will think the post a great institution when you receive (with the box) a complete edition of Webster's Pocket Dictionary. You can tell by this offer that the twentieth century is at hand. Look up Tooth Soap in the Dictionary. The only definition it gives is "Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh." Wright's and Webster's are both standard; get acquainted with it and every smile will be your prettiest.

Our booklet, "The Teeth and How to Care for Them," if you say the word.

**CHAS. WRIGHT & CO., Chemists**  
*Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.*

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

*The Latest Parisian Fad*

## ED. PINAUD'S Roman Perfumes

For the Handkerchief

The Parisian World is to be relied on in the matter of taste. It is now using these exquisite perfumes on all occasions. *Unusually delicate and remarkably permanent.*

**Charming Wedding, Birthday and Holiday Gifts** in the following odors:

**ROMAN VIOLET**

**ROMAN IRIS**

**ROMAN HELIOTROPE**

**ROMAN ROSE**

**ROMAN LILAC**

**ROMAN LILY**

**Beautifully Decorated Boxes**, the appropriate flower in each design.

**Novel, Unique, Artistic Bottles.** Their equal has never yet been imported.

**VIOLETTE REINE**

The most exquisite **Violet Essence**, now the European fad. Used by the nobility and gentry generally throughout the Continent.

**NOTE.**—If your dealer does not carry these goods, correspond with New York office.

**Ed. Pinaud's Importation Office**

46 G. E. 14th St., New York City

1896



**MISS MARY E. MARTIN,  
FLORAL PARK,  
NEW YORK,**  
Will sell you FRESH, PURE,  
up-to-date  
**Flower Seeds and Bulbs.**

When you buy of me—you save  
money—get bright Flowers,  
fashionable colors, honest  
treatment, and PATRONIZE  
A WOMAN. —  
MONEY BACK IF WANTED.

oooooooooooo

**15 OF THESE VARIETIES IN  
FULL-SIZED PACKETS 25c.**

"A WHOLE FLOWER GARDEN FOR 25 CENTS."

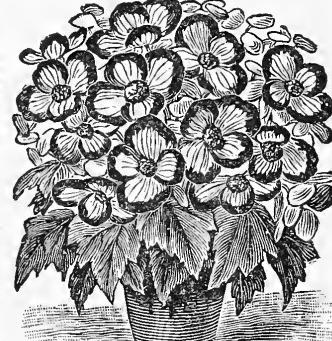
Alyssum Little Gem.	Mignonette Giant Tree
*Aster Giant Comet White. Immense; new	*Pansy Parisian Fancy 40 colors. New strain.
Dahlia Double. Large	Petunia --- Pyramidal Tree. French.
Dianthus or Japanese Clove Pink. Dble. 20 cols.	Poppies -- Shirley and Carnation. Double.
*Fairy Zinnias. Gems.	Snow Queen Candy- tuft. Elegant.
Giant Phlox Drum- mondi. Star, fringe, &c.	Sweet Peas, 40 kinds
*Japanese Imperial Morning Glory. New.	Verbena --- Mammoth Bright Flowers; 20 colors
Lemon Verbena.	

**NOVELTIES MARKED THUS \***

Anyone sending for 4 of these collections  
from 4 people, names and addresses enclosed,  
I will send

**♦ FREE ♦**

**5 BEGONIA  
• BULBS •  
IN 5 COLORS,  
or 5 BULBS 50c**



Flowers are 4 inches across. Crimson, Yellow, White, Pink and Blotched Bloom in pots in the house summer and winter; outside are smothered with bloom all summer.

**AGENTS WANTED** Little work, good pay. I pay good, sensible premiums, such as \$50 French Dinner Set, of 112 pieces; Genuine Diamond Ring, Watches, Furs, Ostrich Boas, Books, &c. Catalogue—Directions for Growing, Premium, and Prize Blanks with every order.

Miss Mary E. Martin, Floral Park, New York.

**E**LASTIC STOCKINGS. Circular free.  
FLAVELL'S, 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Headquarters for the Choicest  
**SEEDS, PLANTS,  
TREES, SHRUBS, VINES,  
ROSES, BULBS, Etc.**

Elegant 168 Page Catalog, Free.  
Send for it before buying.

Half saved by dealing direct. Everything mail size postpaid. Larger by express or freight. Satisfaction Guaranteed. 42nd year. 1000 Acres. 29 Greenhouses.

**STORRS & HARRISON CO.,  
Painesville, Ohio. Box 16**

# GREGORY'S

If you plant a little garden or a big farm, plant Gregory's Home Grown Seeds. They are warranted to be grown from the finest vegetables and flowers it is possible to raise. Every kind and variety worth growing.

## Gregory's Seed Catalogue

for 1896 contains much farm and garden knowledge that you can ill afford to miss. You should not attempt to plant without having read it. Free upon request.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON,  
MARBLEHEAD,  
MASS.

**SEEDS**

## HOW \$20 MADE \$500 IN 20 DAYS

A small investment now may lay the foundation for a substantial fortune. Write for our book, "How Fortunes are Made."

Newton Bennington & Co.  
Bankers and Brokers, - - - 47 Broadway, New York.



## FEATHERBONE

For Waists, Sleeves  
and Skirts

Instructions free.  
Call at our Parlors—833 Broadway, New York;  
185 Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 40 West Street,  
Boston; 1113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.  
Send 65c for 12-yard sample Skirt Bone.

Warren Featherbone Co.  
Three Oaks, Mich.

## FERRY'S SEEDS

Perfect seeds grow paying crops. Perfect seeds are not grown by chance. Nothing is ever left to chance in growing Ferry's Seeds. Dealers sell them everywhere. Write for

### FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

for 1896. Brimful of valuable information about best and newest seeds. Free by mail.

D. M. FERRY & CO.,  
Detroit, Mich.

# Peter Henderson & Co.

**NEW FREE DELIVERY SYSTEM**  
DELIVERS THEIR FAMOUS  
**SEEDS**  
AT CATALOGUE PRICES  
**FREE**

TO ANY POST OFFICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

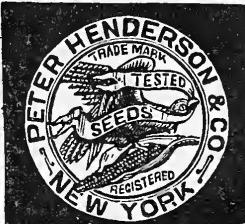
Our New Manual of "Everything for the Garden" is the grandest ever issued. It not only points the way to successful gardening, but is, as well, a careful gleaning of the world's newest and best in Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. Its 160 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, are embellished with over 500 engravings, and contain, besides, 6 beautiful colored plates of Novelties in Seeds and Plants.

**NOW THEN**, to trace our advertising we make the following unusually liberal offer: To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 20 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Manual, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50c. Pioneer Collection of Seeds, containing one packet each of New Mammoth Mignonette, New Bonfire Pansy, New "Blue Ribbon" Sweet Peas, Succession Cabbage Prizetaker Onion, and "Table Queen" Tomato, in a blue envelope which when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25c. cash payment on any order of goods selected from Manual to the amount of \$1 and upward.

## PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

Every genuine package of our Seeds bears this Red Trade-mark stamp or label.



Every genuine package of our Seeds bears this Red Trade-mark stamp or label.

### "IDEAL SPRING BEDS"

Our booklet, "Wide-Awake Facts about Sleep," illustrating and describing our IDEAL SPRING BEDS, together with an up-to-date pocket map of your State, sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps.

Foster Bros. Mfg Co., 26 Clay St., Utica, N. Y.

C. D. PEACOCK  
JEWELER AND SILVERSMITH  
CHICAGO, ILL.

### Music Box Latest Metal Cylinders.

Tunes unlimited. — See! — Hear it!

**CAPITAL**

DO YOU WISH to sell? DO YOU WANT a BARGAIN?

**MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED**  
And for Sale or Exchange.  
If you care to SAVE MONEY on LANTERNS and SLIDES of our OWN MAKE or others, send for catalogue to  
**HARBACH & CO.** 809 Filbert Street, PHILADELPHIA.

# Ellwanger & Barry's (1896)

## Catalogue

now in course of preparation will be the largest, handsomest and most valuable that they have published. It will contain accurate and reliable descriptions of the largest and choicest collections of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery, roses, etc., ever offered, besides ample cultural directions. It will be richly illustrated with half-tone engravings and will have a colored plate of new and unique design, and illustrated cover. This beautiful and practical work is designed to furnish the planter, orchardist, gardener, in fact every one who has grounds or a garden, with a guide and manual, which once employed will be regarded as invaluable and indispensable. It will be mailed to regular customers free, to others on receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

**ELLWANGER & BARRY,**

MT. HOPE NURSERIES. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

# Reed & Barton

**SILVERSMITHS**

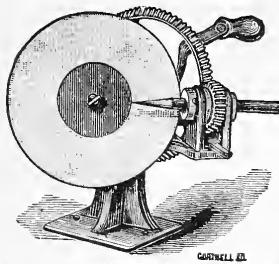
37 UNION SQ.  
AND 13 MAIDEN LANE  
NEW YORK.

WORKS  
AND OFFICES  
CHICAGO OFFICE TAUNTON,  
34 WASHINGTON ST. MASS.  
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE  
925 CHESTNUT ST.

OUR GOODS ARE SOLD BY THE LEADING JEWELERS.

"LA. MARQUISE" DESIGN PATENTED.

THE ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE DIFFERENT PIECES OF THIS PATTERN SHOW A PLEASEING VARIETY OF FLOWERS, INCLUDING THE ORCHID, GOLDEN ROD, CLEMATIS, WILD ROSE, DAISY, EASTER LILY, CHRYSANTHEMUM, FORGET-ME-NOT. A COMPLETE VARIETY OF FANCY PIECES IS MADE IN THIS PATTERN, NUMBERING OVER ONE HUNDRED, AND EMBRACING THE LATEST IDEAS IN SILVER SERVICE.

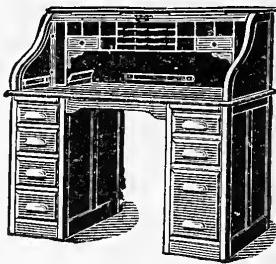


### THE GEM PENCIL SHARPENER

For Schools and Offices  
Sharpens both Lead and Slate Pencils.

PRICE, \$3.50

F. H. COOK & CO., Manufacturers  
LEOMINSTER, MASS.  
Descriptive Circular on application.

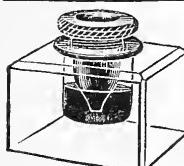


Send for Catalogues.

### Warranted OAK DESKS

38 inch . . . . .	\$10.00
48 " . . . . .	13.00
54 " . . . . .	16.00
60 " . . . . .	18.00

AMERICAN DESK & SEATING CO.  
CHICAGO, U.S.A.



Inks the Pen....  
.....Just Right.  
COLUMBIAN INKSTAND.

No inky fingers. No blots. No muddy ink. A boon to busy scribblers. \$1.00 to \$6.00 each. Sent prepaid. Catalogue free.  
BOYD & ABBOT CO. 257 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**Money Saver**  
\$5. Printing Press  
Print your own cards &c  
\$18. Press for circular or small newspaper. Catalogue free, presses, type paper, cards, &c. from maker KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn

Young or old have fun and make money printing for others. Typesetting easy by full printed instructions.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

**THE HUMAN HAIR,**  
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.  
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S. London.  
W. S. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
"Every one should read this little book."—Athenaeum.

**HOMES BY THE SEA.** Protected by Beautiful Islands Game, Oysters and Fish in abundance. Lemons, Oranges, Pineapples, and all sub-tropical Fruits and Flowers are grown to perfection. Climate delightful, Summer and Winter. Land fertile, high and dry. A nook in FLORIDA comparatively unknown, that offers advantages not found elsewhere. Seekers after health, pleasure or profit should read our Booklet, sent free by

THE LEMON BAY LAND CO., Grove City, Florida.

\$1

### LINCOLN FOUNTAIN PEN

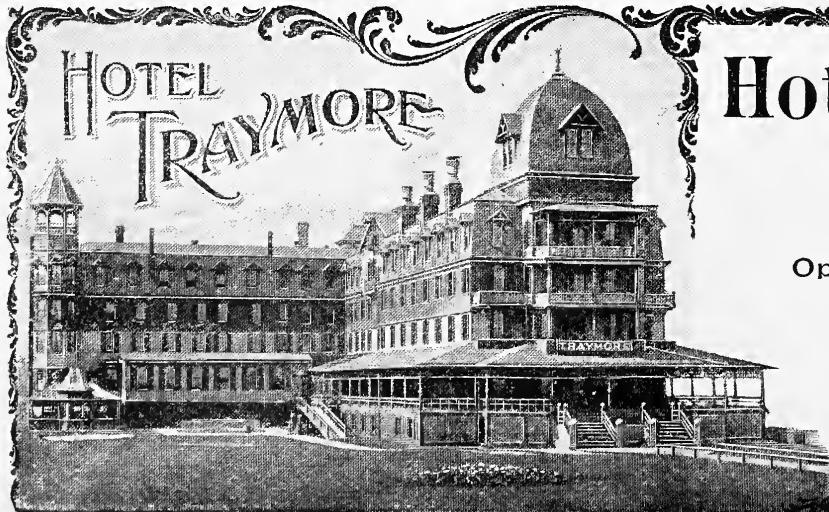


\$1

Solid Gold Pen—Hard Rubber Engraved Holder—Simple Construction—Always Ready—Never blots—No better working pen made—A regular \$2.50 pen.

To introduce, mailed complete, boxed, with filler, for \$1.00. Your money back—if you want it. Agents Wanted.

LINCOLN FOUNTAIN PEN CO., ROOM 18, 108 FULTON ST., NEW YORK



### Hotel Traymore ATLANTIC CITY

New Jersey

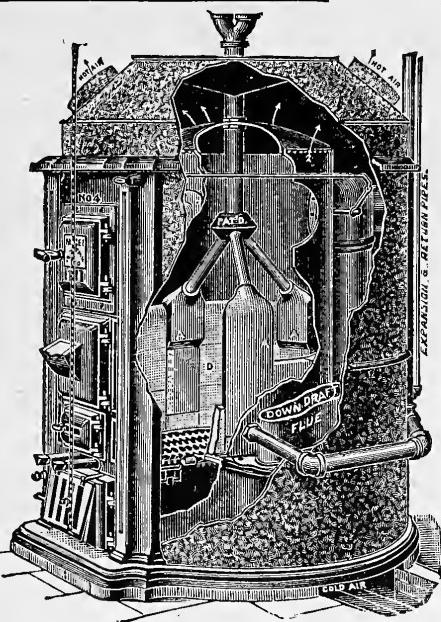
Open Throughout the Year

D. S. WHITE, JR.  
Proprietor

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**SUMMER HEAT**FOR WINTER  
HOMES

This Furnace, and the Magee Grand Range, have received highest awards wherever exhibited.  
Five Medals and highest prize, World's Fair, Chicago.

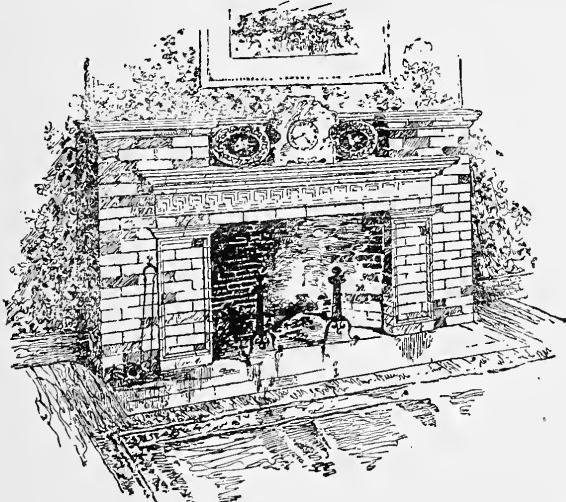


Gold Medals and Special Diploma at the last three Mechanic Fairs held at Boston, where they were shown.

With good ventilation is best secured by the use of -  
**The MAGEE BOSTON HEATER**  
for warm air only or in combination with Hot Water (as shown in cut). The Perfect and Healthful Heater with Lined Pot and Wrought Iron Radiator. Send for pamphlet descriptive with references. Mailed free.

**MACEE FURNACE CO.**  
Makers Highest Grade Heating and Cooking Apparatus for all uses.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

**ONE LIKE THIS**

Costs Only \$31.00

A FIREPLACE MANTEL made of *Ornamental Brick*. We sell these Mantels of Red, Cream, Buff, Pink, Brown and Gray Brick at prices from \$14.00 upwards. They cost no more than other kinds and are far better. Our customers find them exceedingly satisfactory in every respect. Any brick mason can set them up. Send 10 cents for sketch book of 40 designs.

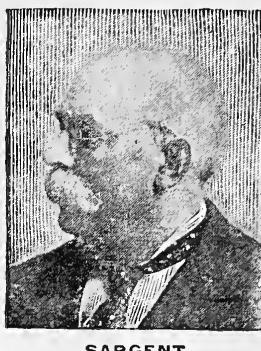
**PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.**

4 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**After the Hustle and Bustle**

now honestly what do you say, if after the hurry and worry, if after all does it pay to go through the strife of life with never a moment for rest? — No? I think so, too, and so will your wife, if you get



SARGENT



FOR YOUR REST, THE BEST NEST

**SARGENT'S ORIENTAL COUCH**

A home sweetener. Springs all over. Soft as a downy pillow. Changeable back, upright to flat. Adjusted by yourself. For parlor, library, boudoir, office or study. Send for catalogue.

NOTE.—We are the world's leaders in all things pertaining to comfort for the sick or well, such as Reclining, Rolling or Carrying Chairs; Invalids' Lifts, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Commodes, etc. Also reading appliances, rotary bookcases, etc. Write, state what you want, quote McClure's, and address

Geo. F. Sargent Company, 814 Broadway, New York

**The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,**

An institution for the scientific treatment of

**Cancer,**

Tumors, and all forms of Malignant Growths,

**WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.**

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment. Book and Circulars giving a description of our Sanatorium and Treatment, with terms and references, free.

Address **DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.**

## Do You Eat?

Of course—but does your food give you strength—and then

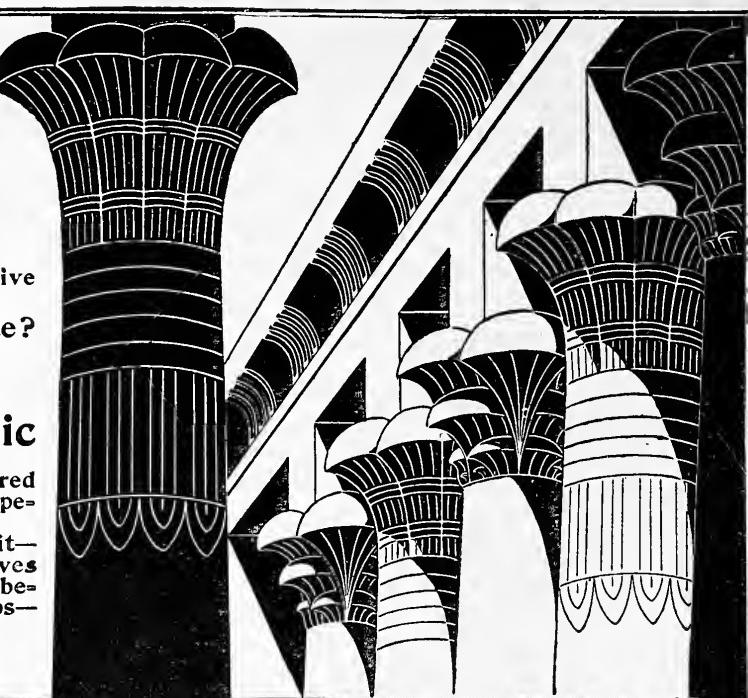
An Appetite?

### Pabst Malt Extract The "Best" Tonic

will make your food yield to the tired body all its nourishment and appetite will wait on good digestion.

"Oh, there's substance to it—it's life-giving, vivifying—it gives vim and bounce, it braces—this beneficent Extract of Malt and Hops—

### The "Best" Tonic



SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

PABST MILWAUKEE

TRADE MARK

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT



(Pussy knows what's good.)

## Flaccus Bros. Catsup

*Is better  
than all others.*

It's made of fine, ripe, Red Apple tomatoes, flavored with finest spices. If your grocer hasn't send us his name and address and we will mail you an elegant embossed calendar for 1896 free.

Flaccus Bros.,

Wheeling, W. Va.

# "BLUE LABEL"

is the only

## KETCHUP

that

Takes First Prizes  
Everywhere.

First—Last—Always the Same

IN BOTTLES—  
AT GROCERS.



If your dealer won't supply you, write us for priced catalog and booklet, "From Tree to Table," descriptive of our full line Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Preserves, Jellies, etc.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



# HUCKINS' SOUPS

Are Strictly Pure  
Stock Soups

made from the best selected Beef, Veal, and Poultry. *Positively* no extracts or gelatine used. If you want pure, unadulterated Soup, insist on having "Huckins'"—19 varieties.

Send 20 cents to pay express, and we will send you two  $\frac{2}{3}$  pint cans as samples—your choice.

J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.,

18 and 20 Waterford Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

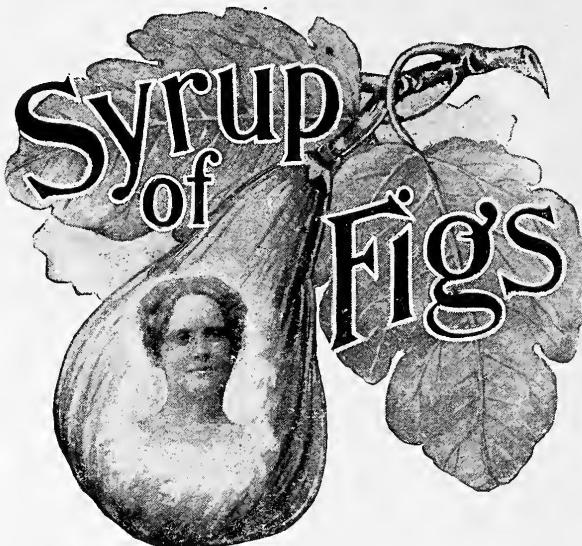
Put up in Quarts,  
Pints and  $\frac{2}{3}$  Pints.



One of the greatest factors in producing a clear, clean skin and therefore a perfect complexion, is the use of

### Agreeable

preventives taken in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, Racking Colds, or Fevers. Syrup of Figs is



### Mild and Sure,

pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP COMPANY

For sale by all druggists



CREATES  
A PERFECT  
COMPLEXION

Mrs. Graham's  
"Cucumber and Elder  
Flower, Cream"

It cleanses, whitens and beautifies the skin. It feeds and nourishes skin tissues, thus banishing wrinkles. It is harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price \$1.00 at druggists and agents, or sent anywhere prepaid. Sample Bottle, 10 cents.

A HANDSOME BOOK:  
"HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"  
FREE!

Agents Wanted.....Good Salaries

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM  
1424 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

### Good Food is the Only Way

It's a man's bad habits that hurt him more than overwork. The little habits of coffee and tobacco hurt worse than some of the big ones, because they are continued more steadily than the greater habits. Many a man is simply poisoned to death by the alkaloids of coffee and tobacco, and never will believe what is hurting him. Let him quit tobacco and use Postum Cereal, the food drink, in place of coffee, and very soon he finds that nature, the great restorer, is at work. No medicine is needed; simply quit doing those things which poison and waste the energy, and let nature build into body and brain from good food. Postum Cereal is made entirely of grains, and is nourishing and fattening. Use plain, common food and the food drink (it looks like coffee, but is not). Health will come and be of much more solid character than when patched up with drugs.

Sample Package, post-paid, 25 cents.

POSTUM CEREAL CO. (Ltd.)

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



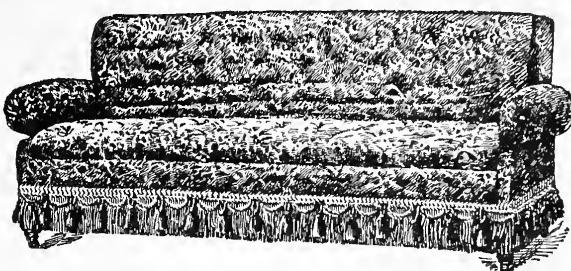
NO. 16. 6-LIGHT CANDELABRUM. HEIGHT 22 INCHES

NOTHING adds so much to a dining table as a Candelabrum of crystal glass. For absolute cleanliness and brilliancy no other Candelabra equals them. The fittings are interchangeable and can be readily taken apart and cleaned by anyone. If by accident they are broken, the broken part can be easily secured at your dealer in china and glass, or at the factory, at a nominal cost. They are hung with brilliant cut prisms, metal fittings are cast, and altogether make a substantial and beautiful piece for the dining table. Inquire of the dealer in crockery in your town. If he does not have them write to factory.

**Fostoria Glass Co.**  
**Moundsville**  
**West Virginia**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## SQUIRES' Sofa Beds ARE STANDARD



The leading Sofa Bed  
on the market for years

Nothing but the best materials are used, and we guarantee our goods superior to all others for comfort, elegance and durability.

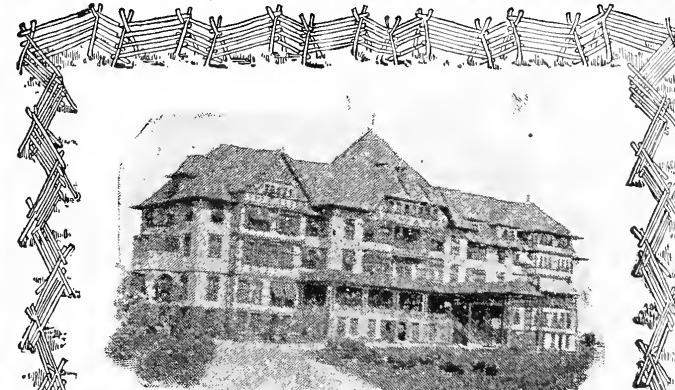
*Can be taken all apart by any one  
We pay the freight*

Write for catalog and prices.

**SIDNEY SQUIRES & CO.**

*Manufacturers*

331 Tremont Street  
BOSTON



**PENNOYER SANITARIUM**  
KENOSHA, WIS.

THE NORTHERN  
**Winter Resort**

Beautifully situate upon spacious grounds—75 acres—in one of the most healthful sections of the country. Luxurious accommodations. Hot water radiators in every room. Every comfort—baths, massage, electricity, skilled nursing, etc.—for invalids or those needing rest. For illustrated prospectus address

N. C. PENNOYER, M.D., Manager  
KENOSHA, WIS.



HOUSE AT KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.  
WM. RALPH EMERSON, ARCHITECT, BOSTON.

## IMPORTANT TO HOME BUILDERS.

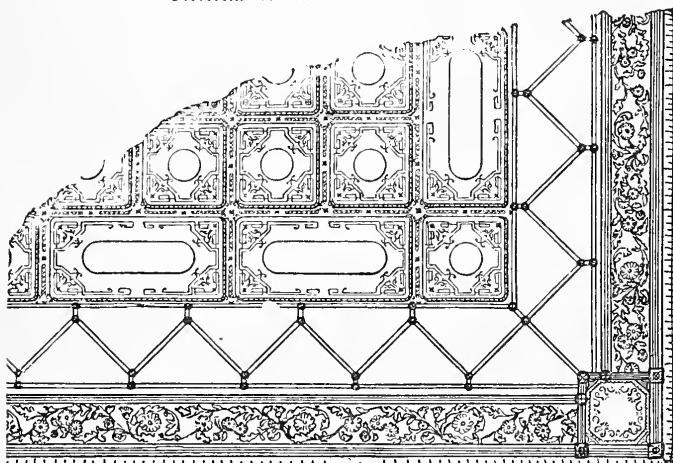


By sending six two-cent stamps I will mail you a book containing photographs and plans of fifty handsome dwellings, that have actually been built in the vicinity of New York City within the last two years, costing from 1,000 to 10,000 dollars.

H. GALLOWAY TEN EYCK, Architect,  
784 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

## PATENT PANELED METAL CEILINGS STAMPED STEEL PLATES

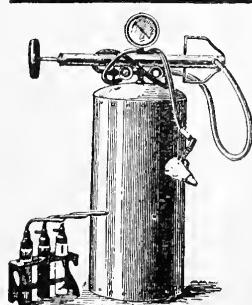
ORNAMENTAL AND FIRE-PROOF.



Make a **neat** and **economical** finish, easily applied in new buildings and over old plaster. A variety of designs for Churches, Halls, Theaters, Schools, Stores, Offices, etc. Send stamp for new catalogue and estimates, to

A. NORTHROP & CO., 22d Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

### WHEN SUFFERING



FROM  
LUNG and .... ASTHMA  
THROAT TROUBLES HAY FEVER  
CATARRH (ACUTE OR CHRONIC)

You want to be cured with the least possible expenditure of Time and Money. . . . .

### Our "ANTISEPTIC HOME TREATMENT"

DOES ALL THIS

Prof. W. H. HARTSOUGH, Columbus, O., says:—"Three Years ago I secured my bronchitis and catarrh. Your Home Treatment for these troubles is the only practical, scientific and successful one I have yet found." W. F. WELSH, M.D., Col., O.

For Method and References address

THE ANTISEPTIC HOME TREATMENT CO.  
435 High St., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

**A MOSS GREEN ROOF**  
gives an artistic effect to any shingled house.

## DEXTER BROTHERS' ENGLISH SHINGLE STAINS

will produce the Moss Greens, Wood Browns and Dull Reds. Send for sample boards and sketches to

DEXTER BROTHERS, 55 & 57 Broad Street, Boston.

The following Firms act as our Agents:

H. M. HOOKER CO., 57 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

PRATT & LAMBERT, New York City, N. Y.

W. W. LAWRENCE & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SMITH & YOUNG, San Francisco, Cal.

THE L. J. MATTISON CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

BAKER & RICHARDS, Seattle, Wash.

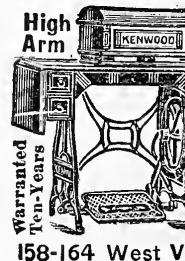
HENRY SEIM & CO., Baltimore, Md.

## MEMORIALS FOR CHRISTMAS

Decision should be made at once for all forms of memorial work to be erected for Christmas day.

Send for handbook. Free.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine Street, New York



### MY HUSBAND

Cant see how  
you do it.

\$60 Kenwood Machine for \$23.00  
\$50 Arlington Machine for \$19.50  
Standard Singers - \$8.00, \$11.00  
\$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attach-  
ments FREE. We pay freight ship any-  
where on 30 days free trial, in any home  
without asking one cent in advance. Buy  
from factory. Save agents large profits.  
Over 100,000 in stock. Catalogue and testi-  
monials Free. Write at once. Address  
(in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION,  
158-164 West Van Buren St., B 164 Chicago, Ill.

## "A New Carpet?"

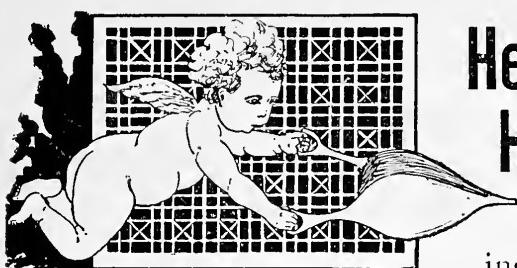
## Not Necessarily

Why not hear what we can tell you about a Parquet Floor. It's beautiful, cleanly, durable. Ours has special advantages ; but this subject is a broad one.

Write us.

AN unsatisfactory hard-wood floor probably argues poor treatment. Our wax would change matters.

S. C. JOHNSON,  
(Manufacturer)  
Racine, Wis.



## Healthful Heating

means having all rooms

and halls well warmed and ventilated.

### A Jackson Ventilating Grate

gives the cheer and ventilation of the open fire, and four times the heat usually received from grates. Thus, a single Jackson Grate will heat two or more exposed rooms, on one or different floors in coldest weather. They will heat an entire residence with two-thirds the fuel of a furnace, or one gives valuable service if the cellar heater is retained.

They can be fitted to any fireplace, and can easily be cared for by a woman. They combine economy and comfort and well merit their title "The Grates that Heat."

Catalogue 5 showing designs and sizes sent on application.

**EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO.,**  
51 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

**At  $\frac{1}{4}$  Price**

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness,  
Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Boilers, Mills  
Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles.  
Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

**SUNNYSIDE IRRIGATED FRUIT AND DAIRY FARMS**  
will make owners independent. Small Farms. Prices reasonable.  
Terms easy. Write F. H. HAGERTY, Tacoma, Wash.



### Flowers In The House

will thrive all winter long if you have a

### Powers Automatic Temperature Regulator

to control the heat. It insures the health of the family and prevents waste of fuel. Book about it, free.

**THE POWERS REGULATOR CO.,**

36 Dearborn St., Chicago (Main Office).

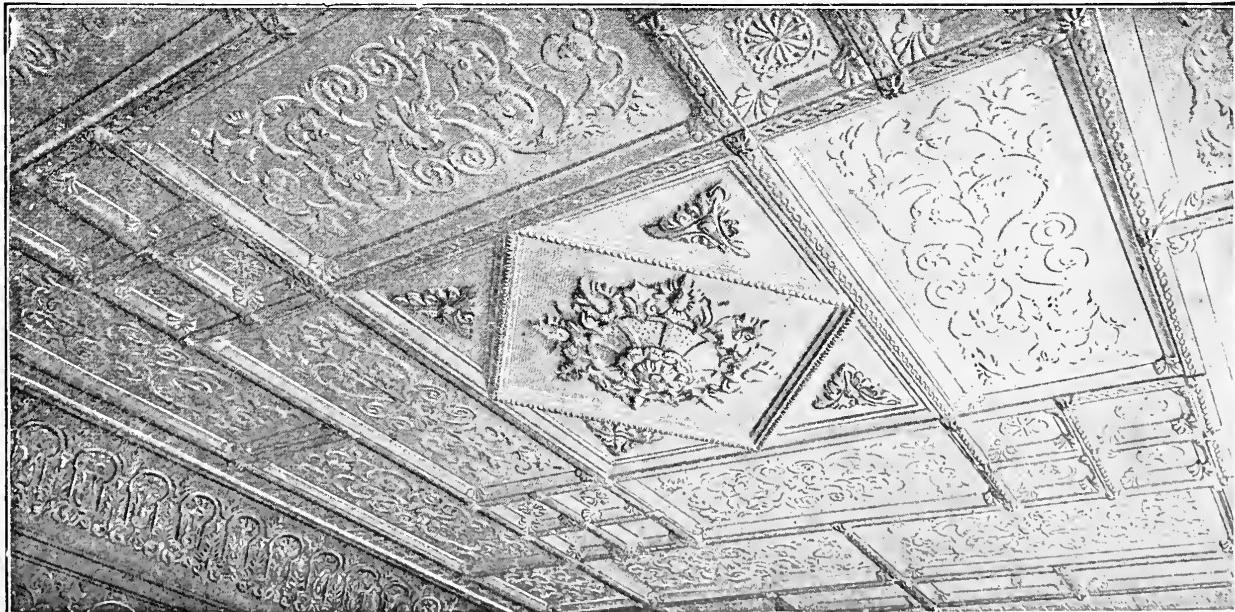
45 Oliver St., Boston.

508 Union Trust Bldg., St. Louis.

**THE SUNNYSIDE** + { Styles, \$6 to \$30. Enlarged at  
any time to any desired capacity. } +  
+ { Sunnyside Bookcase Co., Pa., Glard, Erie Co., Pa., } + **EXTENSION BOOKCASE**

**700,000**

Blotting Pads given away. Send stamp for some of them.  
**J. D. Johnston**, Newport, R. I.

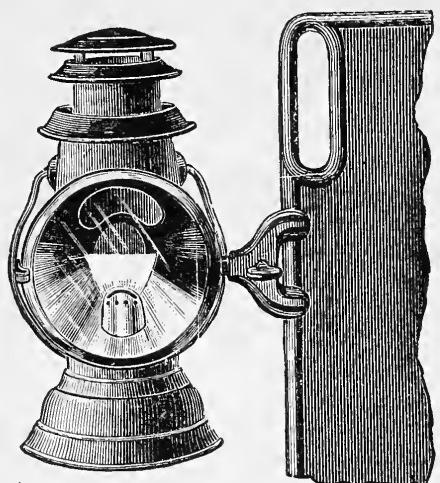


### SAGENDORPH'S Patent Sectional Steel Ceilings and Side Wall Finish

For churches, stores and residences. Beautiful, durable, artistic. Reproductions of the most eminent designers. Absolutely impervious to fire and water. No warping, cracking or shrinking. Cost less than any other furnishing material. Illus. catalogue free. Estimates furnished for iron roofing.

**THE PENN METAL CEILING & ROOFING CO., Sole Mfrs., 23D & HAMILTON STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



# Tubular Driving Lamp

IT is the only practicable and perfect driving lamp ever made.

IT will not blow nor jar out.

IT gives a clear, white light.

IT looks like a locomotive headlight.

IT throws all the light straight ahead from 200 to 300 feet.

IT burns kerosene.

Send for Book.

## Special Offer . . .

**CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT**  
**and send to us** and we will send book describing our Lamp, and will agree to send you one single Lamp or a pair at our wholesale price (very much less than the retail price). This offer will appear only once in McClure's Magazine.

R. E. DIETZ CO., 60 Laight Street, New York

## "SECURITY" Bicycle Holders

### WITH LOCKING ATTACHMENT

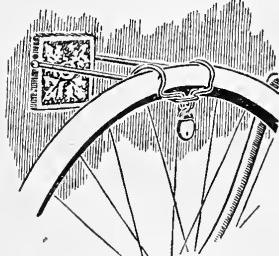
Are as far ahead of any other Holders as the Bicycles of today are ahead of the velocipedes of "ye olden time."

Attached to the wall of room, hall or office, they hold the bicycle firmly; do not mar the Tire or Rim and are quickly attached or released. Do not occupy any floor space.

**Form A** is especially adapted for home or office use, where space for Bicycle is most apt to be next to a wall, in which case the Bicycle can be held best

from the side. Circular with full description and prices of other styles on application.

WESTCOTT-JEWELL CO., Seneca Falls, N. Y.



FORM A. NO. 1, \$1.00

# Bellis CYCLES

The merits of the Bellis cycle, which is of the highest grade and handled by the best dealers only, cannot be set forth fully in the space of an advertisement, so an illustrated descriptive pamphlet will be gladly sent to any address.

BELLIS CYCLE CO.

124 South Penn Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

# Windsor BICYCLES



## The American Beauties For 1896....

Provok love at first sight and hold it captive.

Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure to be if you ride a

### Windsor....\$85 and \$100

For Catalogue, address

SIEG & WALPOLE MFG. CO....Kenosha, Wis.

Branch Houses—Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland, Ore.,  
Los Angeles, Cal. Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Remington Bicycles

the finest that  
experience can  
produce - that  
money can  
purchase.



For your name and address we will send you a handsomely illustrated catalog fully describing new models

**Remington Arms Co., 313-315 Broadway, New York City**

## Smalley Bicycles

**FOR ELITE RIDERS**

**THE SWELLEST WHEEL OF THE YEAR**

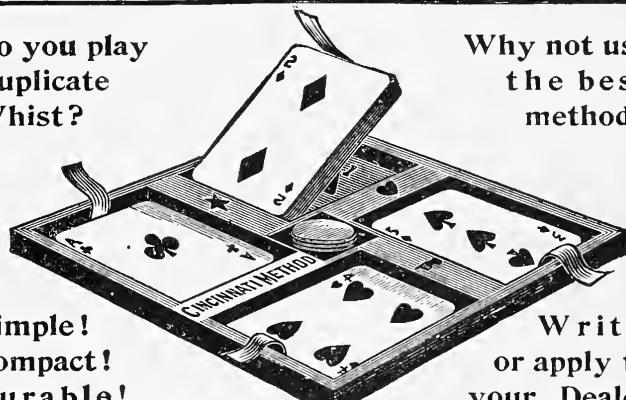
Nine Models—Aluminum Silver, Maroon and Black Enamel Finish, Extremely Handsome. Large Tubing—Narrow Tread—Detachable Sprocket. Weight, 17.25 lbs

"MOTHER OF PEARL QUEEN" IS A BEAUTY

Write for our handsome Catalogue

**Plymouth Cycle Mfg. Co., Plymouth, Ind.**

Do you play  
Duplicate  
Whist?



Why not use  
the best  
method?

Simple!  
Compact!  
Durable!

Write,  
or apply to  
your Dealer

Sample tray and card sent postpaid for forty cents.  
Set of 12 trays in handsome box, counters, rules, etc. .... \$4.50  
Same with 12 packs "U.S." Bicycle cards, (enameled), .... \$6.50  
Prepaid by express to any part of the United States.  
**M'f'd and sold by WALTER S. COLES, Neave Bldg, Cincinnati, O.**



# Richmond

Bicycle frames are made of finest  
seamless steel tubing, and wear best

For descriptive catalogue and  
address of nearest dealer, write

**RICHMOND BICYCLE CO., - - - Richmond, Ind.**

Eastern Branch: 97 Chambers St., New York

# ADVERTISERS!! COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR RIGHT BY CHOOSING THE **BIG FOUR**

THERE'S  
WISDOM  
IN A RIGHT  
CHOICE

IT MEANS DOLLARS IN YOUR POCKETS to choose The SCRIPPS - MCRAE LEAGUE Dailies. They put money in other people's pockets during 1895—

**WHY NOT IN YOURS  
IN 1896?**

The Scripps-McRae League Dailies, comprising The Big Four, guarantee an aggregate circulation exceeding

**300,000 Daily**

**Cincinnati Post**  
120,000 DAILY  
**St. Louis Chronicle**  
110,000 DAILY  
**Cleveland Chronicle**  
70,000 DAILY  
**Kentucky Post**  
12,000 DAILY



= **DO YOU KNOW A STRONGER  
COMBINATION?**

If you are advertising for profit put the Big 4 on your list

**E. T. PERRY**

**Manager Foreign Advertising Department**

**53 TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK**

**66 HARTFORD BUILDING, CHICAGO**

# THE BOSTON HERALD

*New England's Greatest Newspaper*



*The New England advertising field is the best on this continent.*

*In this great field The Boston Herald stands supreme. Its circulation, character and influence make it the ideal newspaper . . .*



*Its Purchasing Power  
is Unequalled*



## Do You Realize

how much a suspender buckle may affect your comfort? The HARRIS WIRE BUCKLE is a comfort promoter. It's so easy to adjust, never slips on the web, has no rough edges to tear the clothing, and can't break—Strongest Buckle ever made. It is but one of the advantages of the

### Harris Wire Buckle Suspenders

Another strong feature is the "Grip Back"—outwears the web. These suspenders cost but 25c. a pair—at the furnishers or by mail. They belong to the family of the famous

*Harris Patents* which received the Highest Award at the Atlanta Exposition . . . .

As a means of acquainting you with them we will mail you for 10 cents an interesting book and a fine, heavy silk Watch Fob, with a guaranteed gold-plated buckle.

**WIRE BUCKLE SUSPENDER CO. = WILLIAMSPORT, PA.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Food For Both.



Every nursing mother needs the kind of nourishment there is in

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S  
Malt-Nutrine**  
TRADE MARK.

The baby needs it in order to grow healthy and plump; the mother needs it in order to keep healthy and plump.

*To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.*

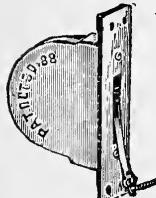
Prepared by

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N.,**  
St. Louis, U. S. A.

*Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.*

**SPECIAL NOTICE**—The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n. the disputed Highest Score of award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

## "THE LOST CHORD"



NO CORD USED IN

## THE CALDWELL SASH BALANCE

A perfect substitute for weights and cords for balancing window-sash. Have been in use successfully for seven years. Can be applied to old windows without altering sash or frame. Write for circular and price-list.

*Sold by the Hardware Trade.*

CALDWELL MFG. CO., 11 Jones St., Rochester, N.Y.

# BABIES



are subject to peculiar ills. The right remedy for babies' ills—especially worms and stomach disorders—is

### Frey's Vermifuge

—has cured children for 50 years. Send for illustrated book about the ills and the remedy. One bottle mailed for 25 cents.

E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

Awarded Gold Medal

**DURKEE'S  
SPICES  
SAUCES  
EXTRACTS  
OF  
PERFECT PURITY  
AND  
EXQUISITE FLAVOR**

Columbian Exposition.

YOUR GROCER  
DURKEE'S  
ORIGINAL  
SALAD  
DRESSING  
NEVER  
SPOILS  
FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS ETC.  
KEEP THEM.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# PRIZES WORTH \$2,500

Will be given by the publishers of the new popular word and letter game, KLOVA, in the  
**Greatest Spelling-Match Ever Known,**

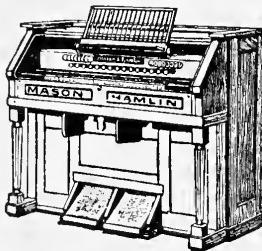
With PROF. AMOS R. WELLS, Managing Editor of "The Golden Rule," and E. F. MARKHAM, Business Manager of "The Boston Journal," as Judges

For the largest number of words made on the KLOVA Board, we will give one hundred valuable prizes to as many successful contestants. Send two two-cent stamps for our illustrated catalogue of prizes, with full directions.

**FIRST PRIZE.**

A Liszt Organ.

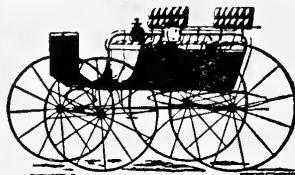
It is the instrument par excellence.  
Value, \$700.



**THIRD PRIZE.**

"The Essex Trap."

Beautiful in design. The French Carriage Co.,  
Makers. Value, \$236.



**SEVENTH PRIZE.**

The Celebrated "Bay State" Guitar.

Value, \$40.



**SECOND PRIZE.**

A Chickering Upright Piano.

Mahogany case. Value, \$575.



**FOURTH PRIZE.**

A Puritan Bicycle.

Either Lady's or Gentleman's. A beautiful  
machine. '96 Model. Value, \$100.



For Christmas

# KLOVA

**30th PRIZE.**

Victor  
Chest-Weights.



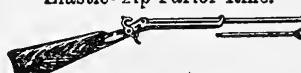
**19th PRIZE.**

The Loving Cup.  
From the Abram French Co.



**80th PRIZE.**

Elastic-Tip Parlor Rifle.



**50th PRIZE.**

Victor Intercollegiate  
Football.



**84th PRIZE.**

Silver Link Buttons.  
Daniel Low, Salem, Makers.



The above prizes and eighty-eight others are on exhibition at the warerooms of the makers in all cities of the country where the concerns named have places of business. The contest is open until March 1, 1896.

Klova is on sale at:

**Boston.**

Richard Schwarz  
H. Partridge and Company.  
Peabody-Whitney Company  
D. H. White and Company  
Jordan, Marsh, and Company  
W. B. Clarke and Company  
B. F. Larrabee and Company  
Pitts, Kimball, and Lewis  
Dame, Stoddard, and Kendall

**Chicago.**

The Leader  
The Fair  
The Boston Store.  
Marshall Field and Company  
Carson, Pirie, Scott, and Company

**New York.**

Schwarz Toy Bazaar.  
Hilton Hughes and Company  
Scharles Brothers.  
Peck and Snyder.

**Brooklyn.**  
Abram Straus.  
Journey and Burnham.

and by dealers everywhere; or will be sent for \$1.00, postpaid, by

## The Eddy Toy & Game Co.,

Manufacturers of the "Burritt Games." (Dept. A.G.) 258 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

References:  
THE GOLDEN RULE,  
ALL MERCANTILE AGENCIES.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



**EDUCATIONAL ATHLETIC FIGURES  
Twenty Years  
in Business**

**A COMPLETE SET**

embracing the above five figures, will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of 10 cents to pay charges. These figures are perfect in every particular, and suitable souvenirs of our twenty years as positive leaders in the manufacture of everything that is essential for outdoor or indoor sports and pastimes.

Sent by mail upon receipt of 10 cents to pay charges

**A. G. SPALDING & BROS.**

Largest Manufacturers of Bicycles and Athletic Goods in the world.

NEW YORK 126-130 Nassau St.

CHICAGO 147-149 Wabash Ave.

PHILADELPHIA 1216 Chestnut St.

**OLD GLORY**

**THORP'S best grade U. S. Standard, all wool BUNTING FLAGS ..**

**Full number of stars sewed on both sides.**

<b>4 x 6 feet . . . \$2.19</b>	<b>  6 x 10 feet . . . \$4.22</b>
<b>5 x 8 feet . . . 2.97</b>	<b>  8 x 12 feet . . . 5.95</b>

Larger sizes up to 40 feet, at proportionate prices. Sent, express paid, on receipt of price.

**S. S. THORP & CO.**  
**20 Fulton Street, NEW YORK CITY**  
Makers of Sails, Awnings, Tents and all description of Canvas Goods . . .  
Flag Catalogue —FREE— Tent Catalogue

# "SHIRK" BICYCLES



**For 1896**

are the best prettiest and easiest running wheels made.

**Light and Rigid Large Tubing Changeable Sprockets**

Built for Use

**The Highest Grade..\$100**

Send for Catalogue

**THE G. M. SHIRK MFG. COMPANY**

273 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Pacific Coast Agts: Howe Scale Co., San Francisco and Portland  
New York Agts: Wm. A. Stokes, 30 Warren Street



Made to KEEP ICE and to Preserve their Contents

**Cork Insulated Walls**

A system that offers more resistance to the heat than any other.

**All Styles for Family Use**

Also Special Tile-Lined

Special Refrigerators and Cooling Rooms of any description made to order. Send for catalogue.

**THE SHIRK REFRIGERATOR CO.**

273 Wabash Ave., Chicago

New York Agents: Wm. A. STOKES, 30 Warren Street

# The Orient Cycle is Up To Date

## A Comfortable Bicycle for Ladies and Gentlemen



Fitted up in the most satisfactory manner for riders seeking pleasure or health. Large Ball Bearings and Pneumatic Saddles are special features. Write for our exquisite Catalogue

**THE WALTHAM MFG. CO., 240 Broadway, New York**

Branches—Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, San Francisco





## Hearty, Healthy, Happy Children

Are made so and kept so by  
wearing Arnold's Knit Outfits,  
described in catalogue, sent free.

Made by the NOVELTY KNITTING CO., Albany, N. Y.  
311 BROADWAY.

## Ladies

we are making a  
lamp different from all  
others and much superior.  
It will not smoke, smell  
nor explode no "OUTS"  
about it.

Send \$1.20 for a lamp,  
without the glassware  
\$1.75 with chimney and  
shade delivered free, or  
postal for Catalogue tell-  
ing all about it.

**Bridgeport Brass Co.,**  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,

or 19 Murray St., N. Y. City.

Six Spools Best  
Six Cord

Or Solid Silver  
(any size)

## THREAD THIMBLE FREE

Cut the "Terra Cotta" label as shown here from only One  
box of **Sterling Dress Stays**, send to us, and we will mail you  
your choice of above articles FREE.

## STERLING DRESS STAYS

Same price as other stays, but better than any. Outlasts the  
garment. Moisture proof. Clock Spring Steel used. Patent end  
protectors. Guaranteed not to cut through. Superior to whale-  
bone. Received only Columbian Exposition award for Stays.

**CROTTY & MITCHELL, Weedsport, N. Y.**

## BEAUTIFUL MOOSE-HIDE MOCCASINS

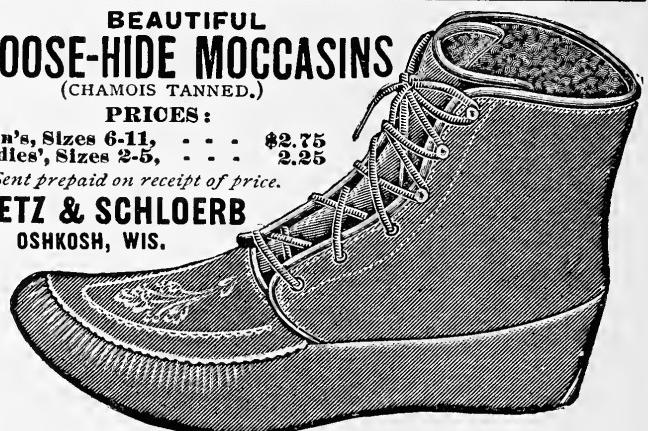
(CHAMOIS TANNED.)

### PRICES:

Men's, Sizes 6-11, : : : \$2.75  
Ladies', Sizes 2-5, : : : 2.25

*Sent prepaid on receipt of price.*

**METZ & SCHLOERB**  
OSHKOSH, WIS.



Who wears them? Why, people troubled with rheumatism, gout, or  
swollen feet from any cause whatever, when they cannot wear their  
ordinary footwear; sportsmen, for summer and winter outings; and, in  
fact, anybody wanting real foot comfort and foot ease at home.

## Parret's ~ ~ Lightning Eradicator.

**For Removing Stains, Oil, Pitch, Grease,  
Dirt, Paint, and Spots from Silks, Carpets,  
Woolen Goods, etc., without injury.**

When brought in contact with Grease converts it into a  
Soap, which, being sponged out leaves the goods like new. It  
never leaves a ring on clothing after removing spots like  
Benzine, Alcohol, Ammonia, Ether, etc. It is splendid for  
Cleaning Kid Gloves, it cleans them on the hand without  
taking them off and leaves them Soft, Dry and Pliable.

### IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM.

Sample box sent postpaid on receipt of 10cts. Large size, 25cts.

For Sale by all druggists.

**PARRET & CO.,** 130 Pearl Street,  
New York City.

**BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.**

**NONE OTHER GENUINE.**



# Lowney's CHOCOLATE BONBONS

*Name on Every Piece*

SEND 10 CENTS IN STAMPS FOR  
SAMPLE PACKAGE

If not to be had of your dealer we will send  
on receipt of price—1 lb., 75 cents; 2 lbs., \$1.50;  
5 lbs., \$3.00, delivered free in U. S.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.  
103 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

## A Pie Family

No. 4  
(The Father.)



No. 4—Families made happy by

### Atmore's Mince Meat Genuine ENGLISH Plum Pudding

Prepared with the most scrupulous care from the choicest materials. If you want pure goods, free from adulteration and chemicals,

Ask Your Grocer for

# ATMORE'S

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

## Flavor

Delicious  
and...  
Rich  
Distinguishes

Cudahy's  
Rex Brand  
Extract of  
Beef

A pretty booklet, "FROM THE RANCH TO THE TABLE," and a free sample mailed for two 2-cent stamps

THE CUDAHY PHARMACEUTICAL CO.  
South Omaha, Neb.

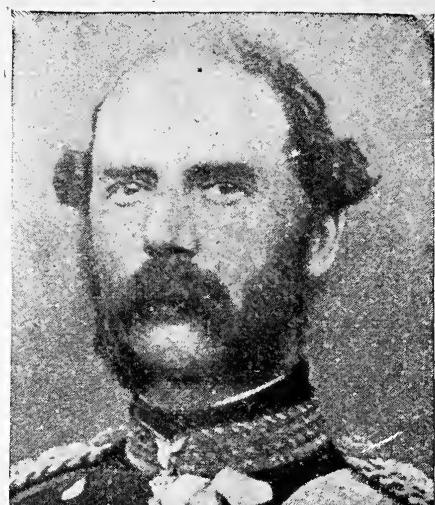




King Leopold.



King George.



King Christian.

## Kings and Emperors

of many countries not only have endorsed the

### Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

but have awarded to JOHANN HOFF, the originator of the extract, many titles.

#### KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM

Appointed JOHANN HOFF as Honorary Member of the Sanitary College at Brussels, in consideration of the highly nutritious and beneficial action of the Genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.

#### KING GEORGE OF GREECE

Appointed JOHANN HOFF as purveyor to his Court, "in consideration of the high excellence of his Malt Extract" (as stated in the appointment).

#### KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK wrote:

"I have noticed the beneficial action of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract on myself, as well as on others of my household, and am pleased to acknowledge this."

#### EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY

Appointed JOHANN HOFF as an Honorary Member of the National Society, of which he was the head, in acknowledgment of the merits of the Genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.

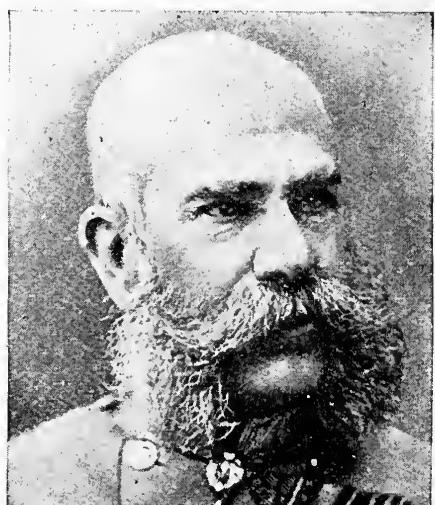
#### EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA

Personally decorated JOHANN HOFF in consideration of the benefits derived from the use of the Genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract in the Imperial Household, and said: "It affords me great pleasure to decorate you with the Cross of Merit with the crown."

Beware of imitations. The genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has this signature  on neck label. EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York.

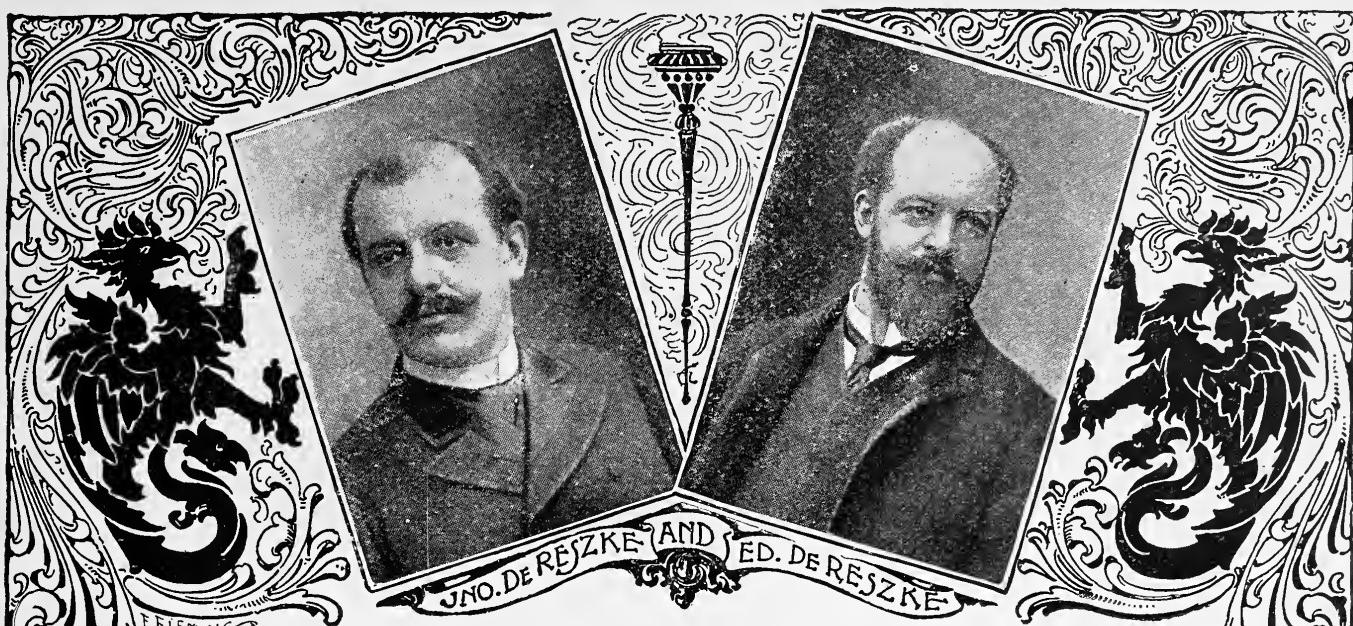


Emperor Frederick.



Emperor Francis Joseph.

**IT IS A  
STRENGTH  
GIVER**



## THE AEOLIAN

*"I have listened to and examined your remarkable instrument, and was surprised and pleased by it.*

*The Aeolian places the best music at the doors of all and affords a simple means of enjoying and studying the conceptions of the masters of music—ancient and modern.*

*The Aeolian is so cleverly constructed that, if the performer can grasp the inspiration of the composer, the instrument affords him every facility for interpreting the music with feeling. I take pleasure in wishing you every success."*

JEAN DE RESZKE,  
Operatic Tenor Abbey & Grau Opera Co.

*"The value of the Aeolian should be easily recognized, for it seems to me its field of usefulness is unlimited. I have noted its good qualities of tone and clearly defined execution; these are essentials which, combined with ease of operation and adaptability to orchestral scores, render it attractive to lovers of the highest grades of music, and invaluable to those who are unable to play, yet have a taste and desire to interpret this music for themselves.*

*As an aid to the cultivation of musical art the Aeolian will, undoubtedly, play an important part. EDOUARD DE RESZKE,*  
Operatic Bassoonist Abbey & Grau Opera Co.

To obtain a correct idea of the Aeolian it is necessary, first of all, to discard the traditional belief that all musical instruments of artistic merit require a long period of study and practice before the skill necessary to play them can be acquired and that any instrument of which this is not true must of necessity be mechanical and therefore not acceptable to the critical music-lover.

It is this deep-rooted belief that makes it so difficult for most people to comprehend the Aeolian without seeing and hearing it. With them "simplicity of operation" has always been associated with "mechanical music," and thus when we say that the Aeolian is easy to play we prejudice against the instrument a majority of those to whom mechanical music is abhorrent.

The Aeolian is easy to play—anyone can master it with a few days' practice; yet it is *not mechanical*.

We will try to make this comprehensive. In the Aeolian the Technique and the Expression are separated. The Technique, that is, the actual sounding of the notes, is performed by the instrument itself, while the Expression, the changes of Tempo and the variations of Tone Effects are controlled by the player. It is possible to play the Aeolian and make it sound mechanical. The piano at the hands of some performers is one of the most unsympathetic and mechanical of all instruments. As it is with the piano so it is with the Aeolian—it all depends upon the person playing. The music can be sweet and low or loud and majestic; it can be slow and somber or rapid and brilliant; the performer has complete control and the instrument is responsive to his every mood.

In considering our claims for the Aeolian it is well to bear in mind this fact: No mechanical instrument has ever succeeded in obtaining recognition from musicians of standing, whereas the Aeolian has been endorsed by hundreds of the foremost musicians of this country and Europe.

Visitors to see the Aeolian are always courteously received. We are desirous of having the instrument known to all. Catalogue upon request to any who can not call.

*There are five different styles of Aeolians, varying in price from \$210.00 to \$750.00. They are sold for cash or on the basis of moderate monthly payments. Pianos or organs are taken in exchange.*

*Music for the Aeolian costs from 60 cents, for the simpler popular pieces, to \$1.50, for the classical selections. Owners of Aeolians can obtain access to our entire catalogue of nearly ten thousand different pieces by means of the Aeolian Music Circulating Library. Subscription to the Library costs but a trifle over a dollar a month.*

## THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, 18 West 23d St., New York.

GEO. WHIGHT & CO., General Agents, 225 Regent St., London.

The M. Steinert & Sons Co., Cor. Boylston and Tremont Sts., Boston, Mass.

The M. Steinert Sons Co., Providence, R. I.

" " New Haven, Conn.

" " Springfield, Mass.

" " Worcester, Mass.

" " Lowell, Mass.

" " Portland, Me.

" " Bridgeport, Conn.

Messrs. Cluett & Sons, 49 State St., Albany, N. Y.

" 263 River St., Troy, N. Y.

D. H. Baldwin & Co., 158 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

" 20 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.

" 95 N. Pa. St., Indianapolis, Ind.

" 236 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.

C. J. Heppe & Son, 1117 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

Kohler & Chase, 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.

L. Grunewald & Co., 127 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

Sanders & Stayman, 13 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

" 934 F St., Washington, D. C.

F. J. Schwankovsky, 238 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The B. Dreher's Sons Co., 371 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

F. Knoll, 45 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Whitney & Currier Co., 219 Summit St., Toledo, O.

J. W. Martin & Bro., 73 State St., Rochester, N. J.

The Pratte Piano Co., 1676 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.

A. B. Campbell & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

Foster & Waldo, Minneapolis, Minn.

Walter D. Moses & Co., Richmond, Va.

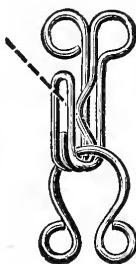
W. H. Johnson Co., Ltd., Halifax, N. S.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

An important  
trifle—The  
**DeLONG** Patent  
Hook and Eye  
and trifles make  
perfection.

See that

**hump?**



Richardson  
& De Long Bros.,  
Philadelphia.



## "SELVYT" BRAND Polishing Cloths

Now being sold by all leading stores throughout the country, at 10 cents upwards, according to size. They entirely do away with the necessity for buying expensive wash or chamois leathers, which they out-polish and out-wear, never become greasy, and are as good as new when washed.

For sale by all Dry Goods Stores, Upholsterers, Hardware and Drug Stores, Cycle Dealers, etc.

Wholesale inquiries should be addressed, "SELVYT," 381 and 383 Broadway, New York.

## Pretty Girls



All Want

## A Pretty Puff Box

One is given Free with every box of

### POZZONI'S CELEBRATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Ask for it. Sold everywhere, by all druggists and fancy goods dealers, or mailed on receipt of 50c in stamps. Address:

J. A. POZZONI PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## Boys' Clothing made by Boys' Tailors.

Take two tailors of equal skill and experience: Let one make men's clothes part of the time, and a boy's suit occasionally; let the other have nothing to do but think about, design, cut and make boys' clothes exclusively;

Which tailor is likely to be most satisfactory—for Boys?

An example of this tailoring exclusively for Boys is to be seen in our double-breasted, all-wool, Blue Cheviot Suits—color and satisfactory wear guaranteed, at \$5.50.

Catalogue with over 700 illustrations of the best things for children, free for 4 cents postage.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

SEE THAT "CHEVERET" IS STAMPED  
ON EVERY YARD. ACCEPT NO  
SUBSTITUTE.



CAN BE SECURED  
FROM EVERY  
PROMINENT RETAILER.

MANUFACTURED BY

Ingram Interlining Co.

Potter Building, New York.

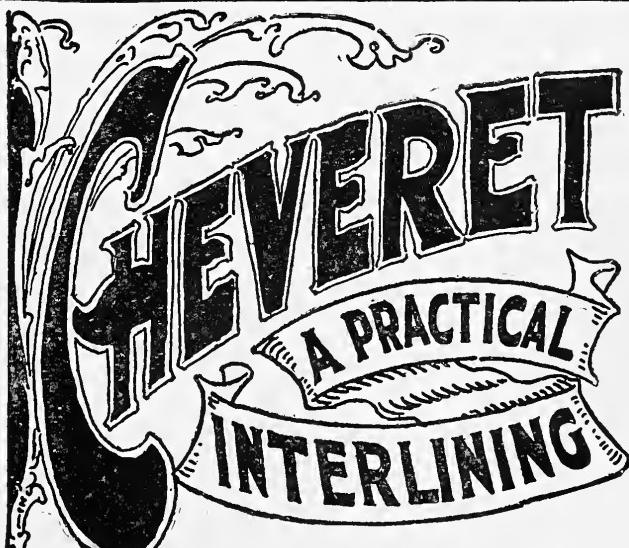
Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



MODERN Ideas of  
HEALTHFUL Dress are PERFECTED in

**FERRIS'**  
**Good Sense Corset** **Waists**

Don't Take Any Substitutes.



READ WHAT A NOTED  
WOMAN SAYS ABOUT CHEVERET.

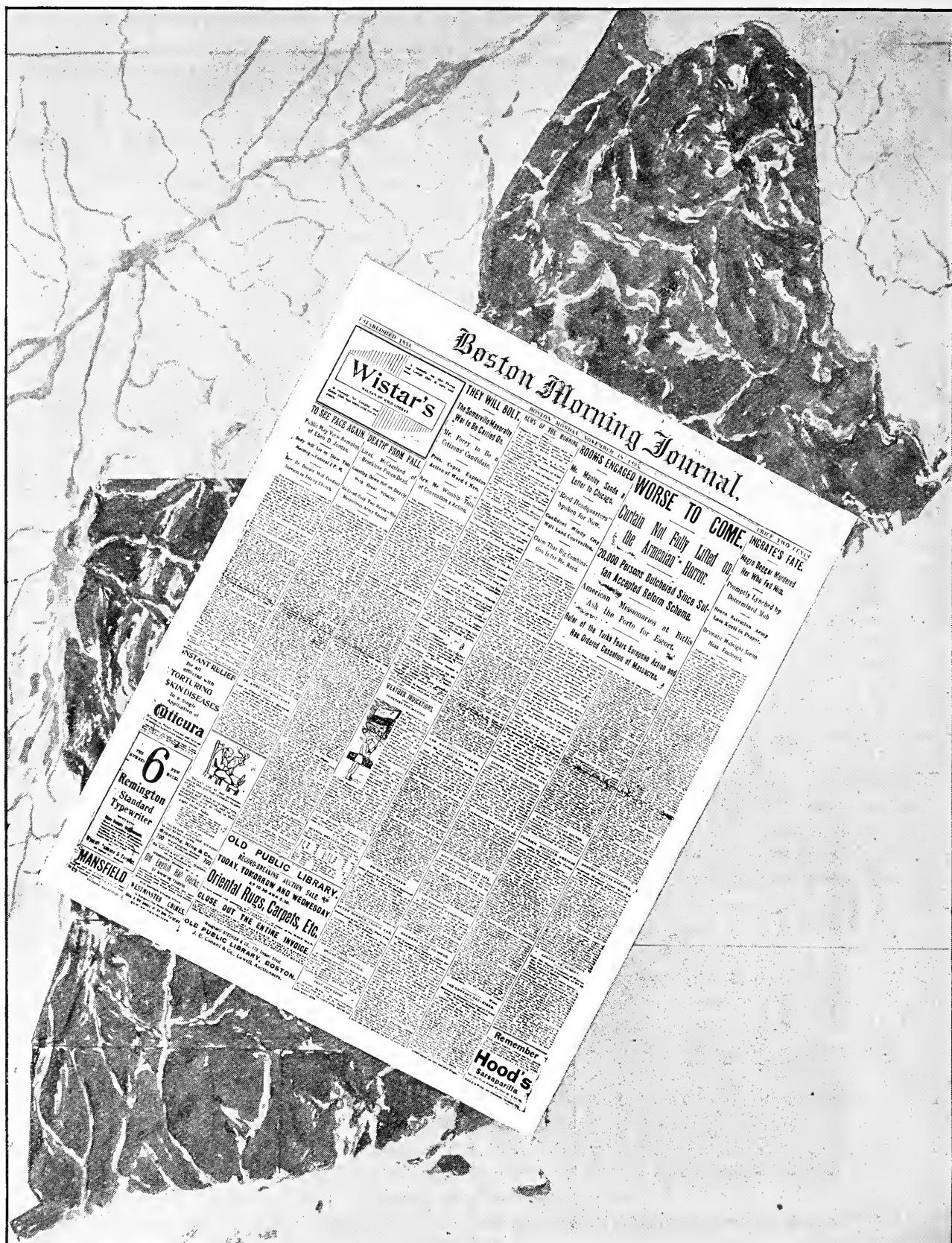
Copyrighted, 1895, by SCHLOSS, 54 W. 23d St., New York.

(Copy of Cissy Fitzgerald's Letter.)

"I have just received a very smart gown, with CHEVERET as an interlining. It makes the sleeves and skirt set better than any other interlining I ever used, without adding to weight, and I have tried them all. I have given special orders that in all my costumes for the winter they shall use CHEVERET exclusively. Very faithfully yours,

*Cissy Fitzgerald*

NOT AFFECTED BY DAMPNESS.



# It Covers New England

ESTABLISHED 1833

The Leading Republican Paper in a territory  
that is essentially Republican

For particulars as to rates,  
space, etc., address

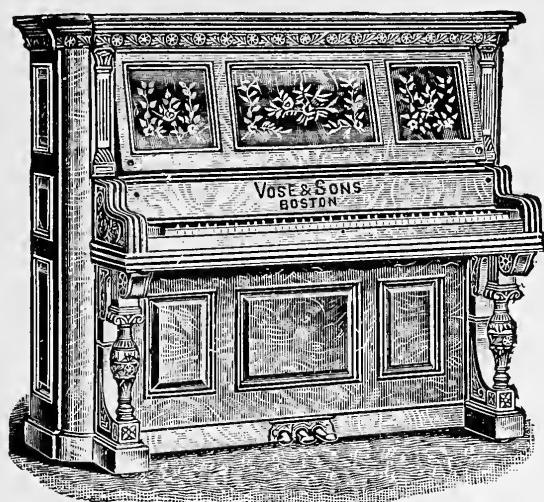
**THE BOSTON JOURNAL**  
**BOSTON, MASS.**

**DAILY  
SUNDAY  
WEEKLY**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# VOSE PIANOS

ESTABLISHED 1851.



Sold Over 34,000. DISTINCTLY SUPERIOR AND UP-TO-DATE.

Highest Award Columbian Exposition, 1893, for Tone, Touch, Scale, Action, Design, Material, Construction. :: :: ::

**MONTHLY PAYMENTS TAKEN.**

Delivered, Freight Prepaid, at your house.

Send for Handsome Illustrated Catalogue, FREE  
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

174 Tremont Street, = BOSTON, Mass.

# M<sup>C</sup> PHAIL PIANOS

FOR 56 YEARS  
MADE ON HONOR—SOLD ON MERIT

*Inspection Invited—Comparison Challenged*

OVER 14,000 McPhail Pianos in use in the city of Boston, the chief musical center of the United States, and many testimonials have been received from the leading critics in the profession, so that undeniably it is

## A PIANO WITH A REPUTATION

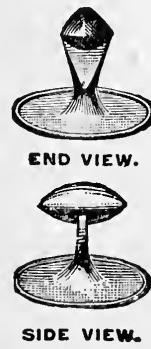
*Catalogues Free on Application*

On account of the many applications from collectors for our Prize Poster, same can be had from our agents, or will be sent in tubes (avoiding creasing), for ten cents in stamps.

**A. M. McPHAIL PIANO CO.**

Factory, Dept. D., = 520 Harrison Avenue  
BOSTON, MASS.

# Collar Keeper



Only a button—  
“The Benedict”  
Collar Button—  
but it works. Sold  
by all Jewelers  
and Outfitters.

Sole Manufacturers, Enos Richardson & Co., 23 Maiden Lane, N. Y.  
Send for Circular.

## Wedding Silver and Usher's Gifts

You will find our illustrated catalogue valuable in selecting your wedding gifts. Sent by request. Among the new specialties introduced this spring we mention a Pea Spoon, \$6.00; Tête-à-Tête Set, tea, sugar and cream, \$47.50; 12 Bouillon Spoons, \$12.00; Tea Set of five pieces, \$125.00; Salad Fork and Spoon, \$10.00; pair of Candle Sticks, \$36.00; 12 Tea Spoons, \$8.80.

For ushers we recommend a tasteful Scarf Pin, ranging from \$3.00 to \$10.00; Sleeve Links, \$3.50 to \$15.00; Tie Clasp, \$3.50; Enameled Studs, \$3.00 per set.

Our illustrated catalogue contains hundreds of illustrations of the latest productions in Jewelry, Silver Novelties, Watches, Diamonds and Silverware; sent on application.

To those making themselves known we will send a selection of anything desired for examination and selection. Our *bargain department* is full of attractive pieces of Silver and Diamond Jewelry at half original cost.

Jewelry and Silverware worn or passed accumulates in every household. We will purchase YOURS for its intrinsic or melting value (we assay monthly), or will credit your account in exchange for more serviceable articles. Send by registered mail or express.

**J. H. JOHNSTON & Co.**

17 Union Square, New York

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

TRY  
**ALTHEA SOAP**  
AND YOU WILL NOT RUE IT.



**ALTHEA**  
TRADE MARK

If your skin is rough and red, or pimpled, if it has lost the freshness and beauty of youth,

TREAT IT WITH

**ALTHEA LOTION OR SKIN FOOD.**

A delightful remedy for all skin diseases. Not a powder, not a cosmetic. Does not give artificial effect but **CURES** the skin and restores its natural beauty.

**ALTHEA COLD CREAM**

is the most reliable, pleasant and quickest to act. Try it. Delicate Perfume.

**ALTHEA HAIR FOOD**

A special preparation of refined Beef-marrow to grow hair.

Send for "Hints on the Toilet," free. A very useful book on the use of *toilet goods*.

**ALTHEA TOILET CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.**



**PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.**

For printing cards, marking linen, books, etc. Contains everything shown in cut. Type, Tweezers, Holder, Indelible Ink, Ink Pad, etc. Thoroughly practical for business or household use and a most instructive amusement. Sent with catalogue illustrating over 1000 Tricks and Novelties, for 10c. in stamps to pay postage and packing on outfit and catalogue. Same outfit with figures 15c. Large outfit for printing two lines 25c.

**Brownie Rubber Stamps**—A set of 6 grotesque little people with ink pad; price, postpaid, 10c.

G. A. R. series Rubber Stamps, 12 characters. Makes all kinds of Battles, Encampments and other military pictures, 25c. postpaid. Address

**ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.**  
Dept No. 99, 65 Cortland St., New York. Brownies 10c.



G. A. R. 25c.



Brownies 10c.



**STOUT PEOPLE**

easily reduce weight from 15 to 20 lbs. a month.

Miss Sarah J. Graham, Sheridanville, Pa., writes:—"I made the remedy at home according to your directions and have lost **75 lbs.** since using it. I think it is the simplest and grandest remedy in the world to reduce superfluous fat."

Mrs. Helen Weber, Marietta, O., says:—"It is an excellent flesh reducer and has improved my health wonderfully." It is "purely vegetable" and absolutely the safest and best remedy for Obesity. No starving. No sickness. A sample box and full particulars in a plain (sealed) envelope sent **FREE** for 4c.

**HALL CO., "E. M.,"**

BOX 404 - ST. LOUIS MO.

**KIRTLAND'S "WORLD BEATER"**  
**PIPE FOR \$1.00.**

**It's Equal Never Sold Anywhere for Less than \$2.00.**  
Made of Finest French Briar, elegantly finished, genuine **Amber Mouthpiece** with **Paragon Screw**, easily detachable, dry smoker opening at end of stem, to prevent burning of the tongue. Every pipe warranted not to burn out.

The finest quality of **Meerschaum**, with **Amber Mouthpiece**, in fine **Plush Lined Case** for **\$3.50**. Better value was never sold for less than **\$5.00**. Both pipes same style as illustration.

A right kind of a pipe for a comfortable smoke.



**The Beauty That Draws Us**

SEND FOR AND READ

**"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN"**

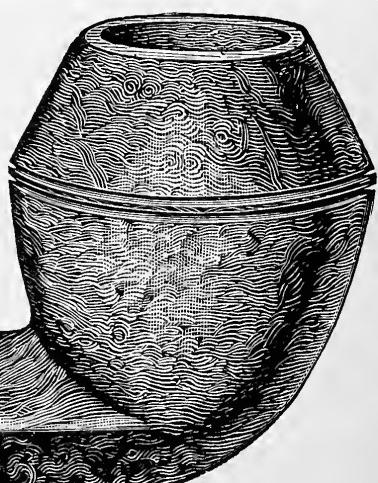
50 pages, beautifully illustrated  
**Beauty in Face, Form and Manners**

The question now settled  
Send five stamps

**Thompson's, 947 Broadway, N. Y.**

**KOLO DIAMONDS**

The new gems. Puzzlers for diamond experts. Rich, lasting white stones reflecting all of the fire, vim and colors of first water diamonds. Studs or scarf pins, \$5; ear rings or drops, \$10; rings, ladies' or gents', \$10. Kolo Diamond Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



**B. F. KIRTLAND,**

- DEPT. D, 45-47-49 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

# Allcock's Porous Plaster

**BEAR IN MIND**—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

## REDUCE YOUR FAT

*You Can Do It If You Take Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt and Wear His Scientific Obesity Band*

Abnormal enlargement of tissues is as dangerous as their wasting away, and as many die from obesity as from consumption.

Fat growth may be reduced and obesity may be cured.

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Fallon Hurd, a member of one of Chicago's leading families whose portrait is here given, writes: "In four weeks Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Salt, and Band reduced me 21 pounds and made my fat face and neck shapely."

No "tonics," "nervines," "sarsaparillas," or other medicines required when these remedies are used, for Dr.

Edison's Pills and Salt will reduce your fat and cure your chronic diseases at the same time. Obesity Fruit Salt, \$1.00 a bottle; Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle; Obesity Bands, \$2.50 and up. We send free "How to CURE OBESITY." Every fat person should read it. We will forward goods promptly. No printing on our envelopes.

**LORING & CO.**

BOSTON, No. 3 Hamilton Place, Dept. No. 63  
Stores CHICAGO, No. 113 State Street, Dept. No. 77  
N. Y. CITY, No. 40 W. 22d Street, Dept. No. 29



## "Changing Diseases"

In that delightful book, "Rudder Grange," the husband of Pomona gives as his reason for not removing from a malarial neighborhood, that it doesn't do for a man at his time of life to go about changing his diseases, and adding, that there are diseases incident to almost every locality, and that he likes a disease he is used to.

Now, in case of malarial diseases, aside from the unwillingness of patients to "change diseases," it is generally inconvenient to change their residences. If this were done in every case, some of our thriving communities would be depopulated.

Nothing is left, therefore, to do but to fortify oneself against malarial influences. For this purpose Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen has proved itself during the past twenty-five years the most efficient thing in the world.

Any person desiring to change disease for health should write us a plain statement of his or her case. The consultation is without charge.

**DRS. STARKEY & PALEN**

1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.; TORONTO, CAN.

# Trigestia

Combines the remedies which, above all others, are invaluable in the treatment of the various forms of digestive disorders. The Pepsin used is concentrated and of the highest digestive power. The Bismuth is the purest the market affords. The Nux Vomica is the best English extract. The efficacy of this combination lies in its triple effect—that of the actual solvent action of the Pepsin on all articles of food—the prevention of fermentation and formation of gases by the Bismuth, and the stimulant effect of the Nux Vomica (undoubtedly the best known tonic for nervous dyspepsia) on the secretion of the digestive fluids.

A Remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headache, Heartburn and Sour Stomach.

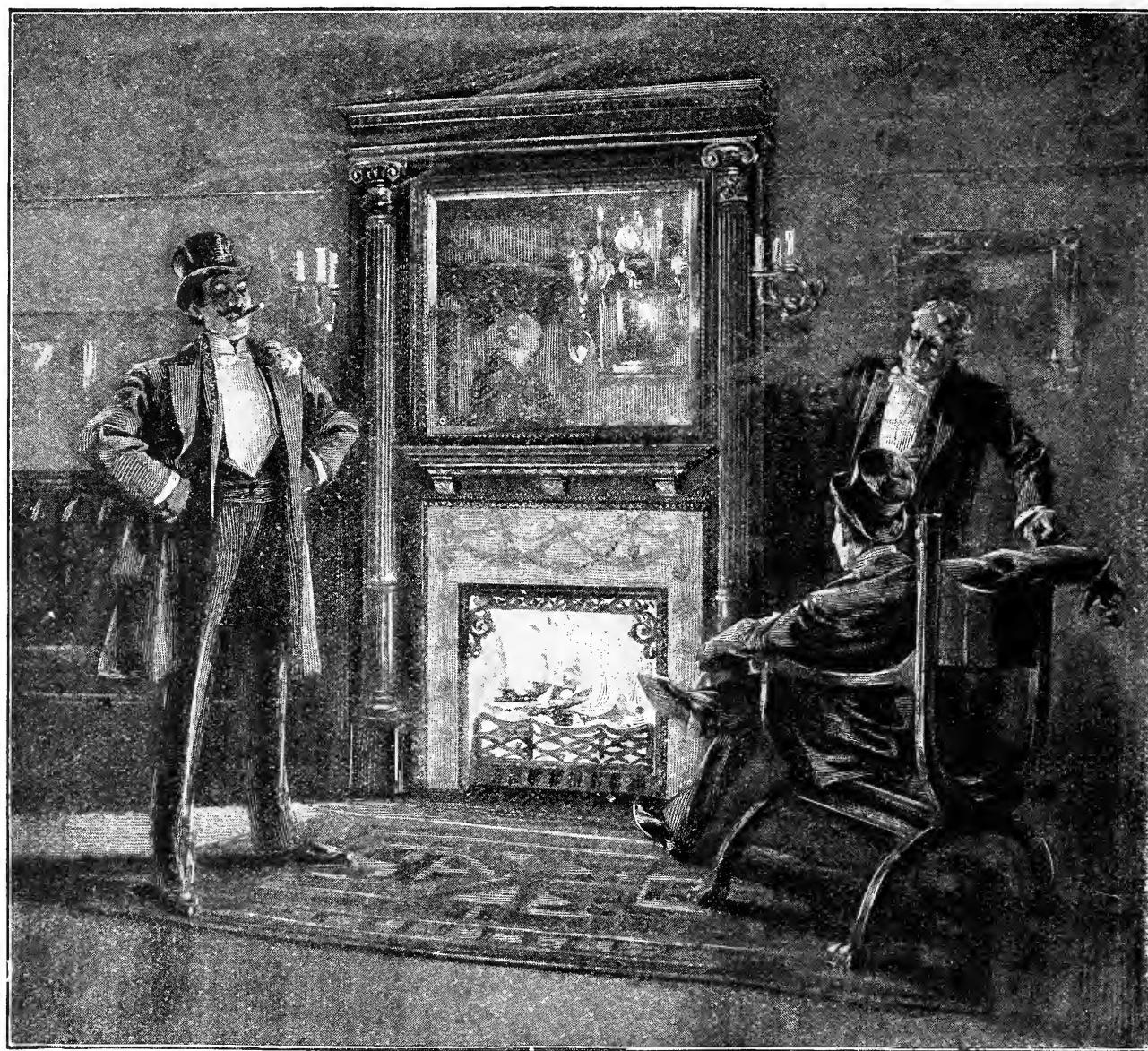
WILL RESTORE ROSY CHEEKS, ELASTIC STEP, AND HAPPY SPIRITS.

Price, 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle, post-paid.

A. J. DITMAN, Chemist,

2 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## Sharp Critics

who are possessed of good taste, and endowed with a discriminating sense of harmony and appropriateness in fittings and furnishings, are among our most frequent patrons. We invite a test of the fertility of our resources and ability to meet the wants of every purchaser in the line of

### Mantels, Grates, Tiling, Gas Logs, &c.

We have been Manufacturers for 59 years, being the Pioneer WOOD MANTEL Builders in the United States, during which time we have catered to the refined tastes of people in every State in the Union. Special designs at any price. Complete outfits, from \$12.00 to \$300.00, shown in our handsomely illustrated mantel catalogue, SENT FREE to any address.

Established 1836.

### The Robt. Mitchell Furniture Co.,

Manufacturers.

CINCINNATI.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

We publish a beautiful catalogue of **Furniture**, 144 pages, profusely illustrated, sent free. Also a catalogue of **Office** needs, such as Desks, Directors' Tables and Chairs, Letter Presses, and Stands, etc., sent free. Prices quoted on all goods either f.o.b. in Cincinnati or freight prepaid.

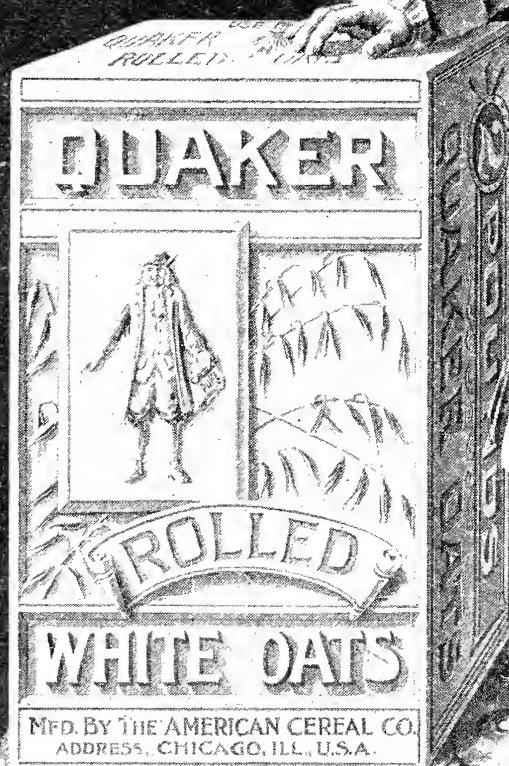
Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

QUAKER OATS



A TRUE WORD NEEDS NO OATH

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers,

# HIGGINS & SEITER

Fine China  
Rich Cut Glass

50 & 52 West 22d Street, New York  
170 Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I.

126-Piece Finest Limoges China  
Dinner Sets, \$35.00 complete



COVERED DISH

Very delicate Pink, Yellow or Lavender flowers—burnished gold handles.

A Splendid Set at a Moderate Price

Further illustrated in our 192-page catalogue No. 6-M. Copy mailed free if you wish it. Write.

# SUNLIGHT



SOAP

A sensible housewife is glad when a new and improved article, such as SUNLIGHT SOAP is brought to her notice. One twin bar will do a large wash in half a day, and do it easily. No drudgery.

The Twin Bar with  
Its Twin Benefits—Less Labor  
Greater Comfort

Lever Bros. Ltd.  
Hudson & Harrison Sts.,  
New York.

## The Stearns Bicycle

is known throughout cycling as a light, staunch, stylish, speedy mount. There's a best in everything; the '96 Stearns is a veritable edition de luxe among bicycles. Finished in black or orange.

Stearns riders are satisfied riders, and always proud as kings of their mounts.

Your address will insure receipt of our handsome new catalogue.

"The Yellow Fellow."

E. C. STEARNS & CO., Makers, Syracuse, N. Y.

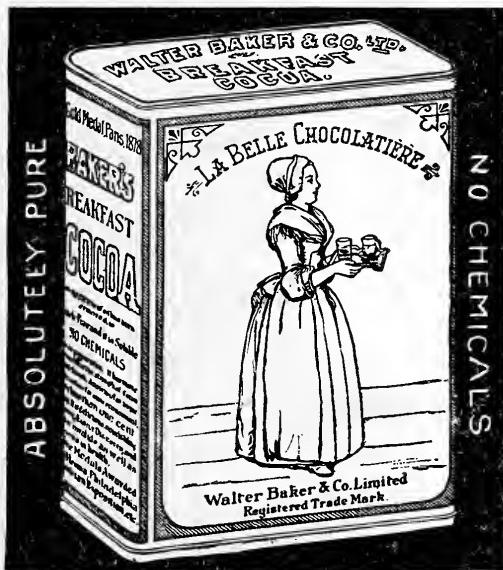
San Francisco, Cal.

Toronto, Ont.

THE TINKHAM CYCLE CO., Agents, 306-310 West 59th St., New York.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.  
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

## Breakfast Cocoa



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s  
**Breakfast Cocoa**

Made at

DORCHESTER, MASS.

It bears their Trade Mark  
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.  
Beware of Imitations.

# IVORY SOAP

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% PURE

Ivory Soap is white and pure; it is a clean soap and it washes clean.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.



*Meriden Britannia Co.*  
*Silver Plate that Wears.*

We guarantee every piece of silverware bearing our trade-mark, no matter where you buy it. Make sure of these trade-marks, and you will have silverware you can depend on.

1847 TRADE MARK ROGERS BROS.

Trade-mark on spoons, knives and forks.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.  
New York Salesrooms, 208 Fifth Avenue.

ALL CYCLISTS WOULD BE SATISFIED

DORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. CHICAGO BOSTON WASHINGTON NEW YORK BROOKLYN DETROIT COVENTRY ENGLAND

IF ALL WHEELS WERE AS GOOD AS Rembler Bicycles